

THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OLD SERIES COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

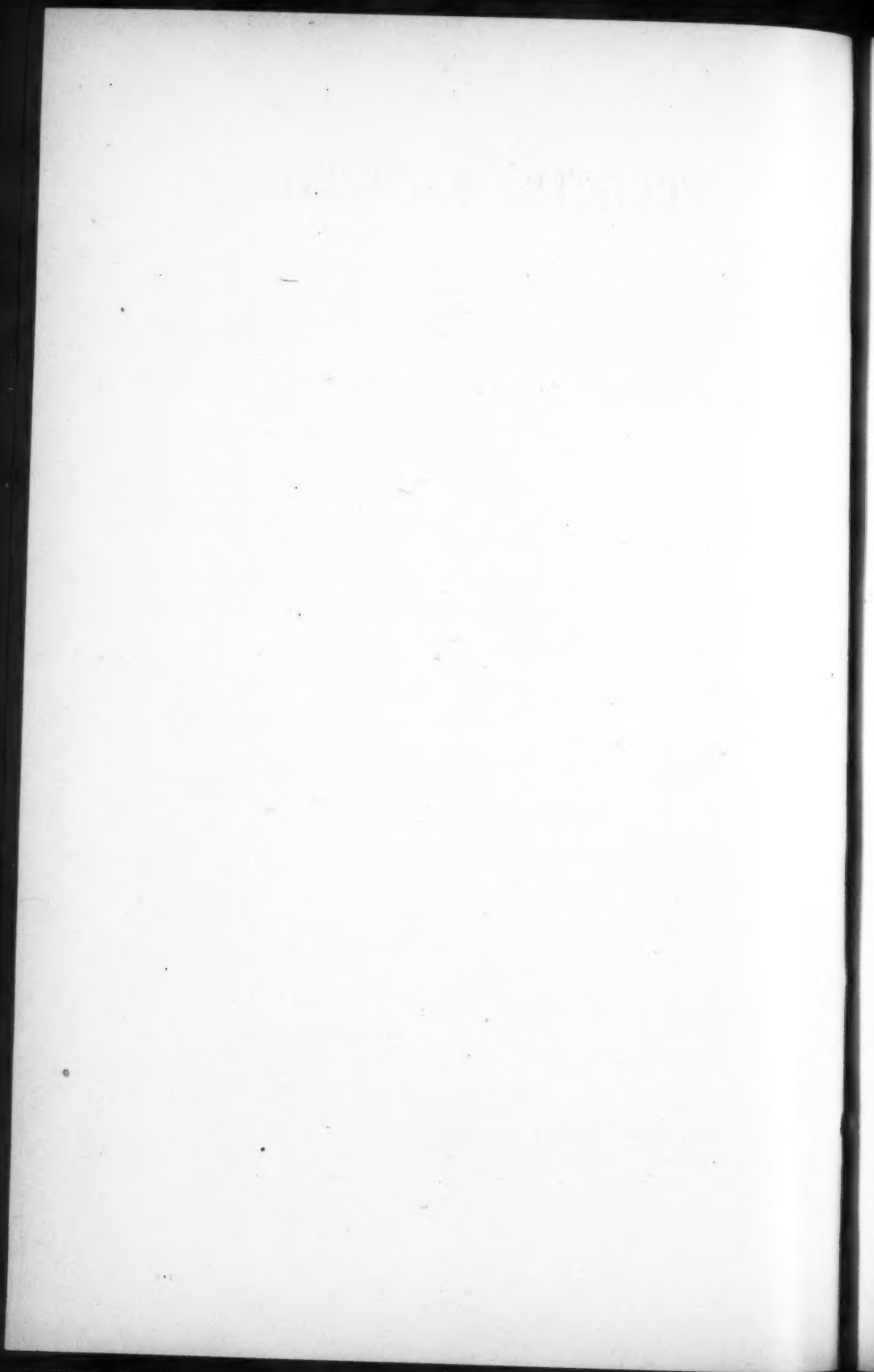
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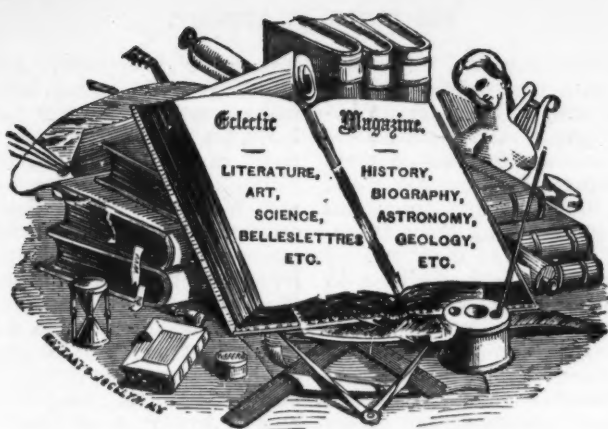
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# Eclectic Magazine

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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### THE DUTIES OF AUTHORS.\*

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

I PROPOSE to speak to you to-day upon a subject which, though I may perhaps be tempted to exaggerate its importance, possesses some real importance. I have undertaken to speak upon the duties of the class to which I belong. I make, however, no claims to the position of censor. I have no such claim, except, indeed, the claim of possessing some experience. There are two ways, I may observe, in which a man may acquire a sense of the importance of any moral law. One is by keeping the law and the other is by breaking it. In some ways, perhaps, the systematic offender has acquired the most valuable experience. No one can speak more feelingly about the

evils of intemperance than the reformed drunkard, unless it be the drunkard who has not reformed. The sober gentleman who has never exceeded can realize neither the force of the temptation nor the severity of the penalty. On the other hand, I must admit that some writers upon ethical questions have been men of fair moral character. I only make the statement by way of explaining that, in speaking of the duties of authors, I do not assert, even by the most indirect implication, that I personally have either observed or disregarded the principles which I shall discuss. Whether I am a model for imitation or an example of the evils to be avoided matters nothing to this discourse; though the question to which of these classes I belong has a certain interest for myself.

\* Address to the London Ethical Society, Feb. 25, 1894.

There is one other matter with which I can deal with very briefly. I have said that the subject has a certain importance. Upon that it is needless to dilate; for, in the first place, authors have been engaged for generations, and never more industriously than in this generation, in preaching the vast importance of authors to mankind. I could not hope to add anything to their eloquence upon a topic with which they are so familiar. We may, however, assume that the enormous mass of literature which is daily produced, whether its abundance be a matter of regret or exaltation, is at least a proof that a vast number of people read something and are, we may suppose, more or less affected by what they read. It cannot be indifferent to inquire what are the duties of those who undertake to provide for this ever-growing demand.

One matter has been lately discussed which may serve as a starting-point for what I have to say. A French author who came the other day to observe our manners and customs, was impressed by the fact that so much of our writing is anonymous. The public, that is, reads without knowing who are its instructors, and the instructors write without incurring any definite personal responsibility. The problem was naturally suggested whether such a system is not morally objectionable? Ought not a man who undertakes to speak as an authority let us know who he is, and therefore with what authority he speaks? The question could hardly be answered satisfactorily without some study of the facts; and especially of the way in which the system has grown up. I can only notice one or two obvious reflections. A century ago we boasted—and we had reason to boast—that the English Press was the freest in Europe. It was already a very important factor in political life. But at that period the profession of letters was still regarded as more or less disreputable. The great author—the poet, divine, or historian—was indeed fully as much respected as he is now; but to write for money or to write in periodicals was held to be not quite worthy of a gentleman. Byron, for example, refused to take

money for his poetry, and taunted others for taking money, until so much money was offered to him that he swallowed his scruples. Burns, though so much in need of money, had shortly before refused to write for money; and Wordsworth held that his high calling imposed upon him the duty of rather repelling than seeking the popularity by which money is to be won. We have changed all this, and the greatest modern authors are less apt to disavow a desire for pay than to complain that their pay is insufficient. Periodical writing, again—the only kind of writing which could make literature a source of a regular income,—was regarded as a kind of poor relation of the respectable or so-called learned professions, clerical, legal, and medical. Jeffrey, whose fame now rests upon his position as the editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, was for a long time anxious to conceal his employment as not exactly creditable. In the year 1809 the benchers of Lincoln's Inn passed a resolution that no one should be called to the Bar who had written for money in a newspaper. Writers in newspapers since that time have frequently risen to the Bench, and have been not the least honored of Cabinet Ministers. Yet the sentiment which involved a certain stigma has only disappeared in this generation. And the historical cause seems to be obvious. The newspaper press had gradually grown up in spite of authority. It had first been persecuted, and writers had escaped persecution by consenting to be spies or dependents upon great men. Half the hack-authors aspired to subsidies from secret-service money, and the other half were looking for a reward when their patrons should have a turn in the distribution of good things. The Press was freer than elsewhere, for the English system of government gave importance to public discussion. Both Ministers and Opposition wished to influence voters through the Press. But the authors were in the position of dependent auxiliaries, prosecuted for libel if they went too far, and recompensed by pensions for the risks they had to run; they were despised, even by those who used them, as a set of mercenary

guerillas, employed to do dirty work and insinuate charges which could not be made by responsible people, and ready, as was supposed, to serve on whichever side would pay them best. According to a well-known anecdote, two writers of the eighteenth century decided by the toss of a halfpenny which should write for Walpole and which should write for his adversary Pulteney; but the choice was generally decided by less reputable motives. Now, so long as the Press meant such a class it was of course natural that the trade should be regarded as discreditable; and should be carried on by men who had less care for their character than for their pockets. In England, where our development has been continuous and traditions linger long, the sentiment long survived; and the practice which corresponded to it—the practice, that is, of anonymity—has itself survived the sentiment which gave it birth.

I do not, indeed, mean to insinuate that the practice may not have better reasons than that which led to its first adoption. The mask was formerly worn by men who were ashamed of their employment; who had the same reasons for wearing it as a thief or an anarchist may have for a disguise. It may now be worn even by men who are proud of their profession, because the mask has a different significance. When a journalist calls himself "we" instead of "I" the word really represents a fact: the fact that he speaks not simply as an individual but as the mouthpiece of a corporation, which itself claims to be the organ of a party. The plural covers whatever additional weight may be due to this representative character. To consider the value of this justification would take me too far. I have spoken of this historical fact because I think that it illustrates a more general problem.

For, in the first place, I think that there were some elements in the older sentiment which deserved respect. When an author was as anxious to disavow the charge of writing for money as an author at the present day is to claim his reward, I cannot, for my part, simply set him down as silly.

"My songs," said Burns, "are either above price or below price, and, therefore, I will accept nothing." I respect his feelings. He may not have been quite logical; but he was surely right in the belief that the poet whose inspiration should come from his breeches-pocket would never write true songs or embody the very spirit of a nation. I do not doubt that authors ought to be paid; but I certainly agree that a money reward never ought to be the sole aim of their writing. And I confess that some utterances about copyrights in these days have jarred upon me, because they seem to imply that the doctrine is not disavowed so unequivocally as it should be by our leaders. I am, indeed, happy to believe, as I fully believe, that there has never been a time at which more good work has been done for pure love of the work independently, and even in defiance of pecuniary considerations. But I cannot help thinking that in their desire to establish a right to the profits of their work, authors have condescended at moments to speak as if that reward constituted their sole motive to work, instead of being desired—as it may most properly be desired—simply as the means of enabling them to work. The old contempt was aristocratic, and in these days we have come to use aristocratic as a term of abuse. My own impression is that we ought to be just even to aristocrats; and in that contempt for all such work, I think that there was a genuine element of self-respect. The noble despised the poor scribe who had to get his living by his pen. We, my Lords, as Chesterfield put it, may thank providence that we do not depend upon our brains. It is wrong, no doubt, to despise anybody; and especially mean to despise a man for poverty. But the sentiment also included the belief—surely not so wrong—that the adventurer who joined the ranks of a party for the sake of the pay was so far contemptible, and likely to join the party which paid best. The misfortune, no doubt, was that the political state involved such dependence; and the desirable solution that every one should become independent. Till that solution was more or less

reached, the corresponding sentiment was inevitable, and not without meaning.

Well, the literary class has had its declaration of independence. An author has long ceased to need a patron, and he is in little danger of the law of libel. The question occurs: What are the qualities by which we should justify our independence? Have we not still a certain stoop of the shoulders, a kind of traditional shamefacedness, an awkwardness of manner, and a tendency to blush and stammer, which shows that we are not quite at ease in our new position? Or have we not—it is a more serious question—exchanged dependence upon the great for dependence upon the public rather than learnt to stand upon our own feet? Have we made ourselves, and, if we have not, how can we make ourselves, worthy of our position as free men? We boast that the Press does part of what used to be done by the Priesthood, that we enlighten, and encourage, and purify public opinion. There is a whole class which depends upon us for intellectual culture; which reads nothing that is not in newspapers and magazines. Do we give them a whole some training, provide them with sound knowledge, and stimulate them to real thought? Are we such a priesthood as is really raising the standard of human life; or such a priesthood as is clinging to power by echoing the superstitions of its congregations? Nature is ruled by obeying her; and what is called ruling public opinion is too often servilely following its dictates. There is an old story which tells how a certain newspaper used to send out an emissary to discover what was the common remark that every one was making in omnibuses and club smoking-rooms, and to fashion it into next morning's article for the instruction of mankind. The echo affected to set the tune which it really repeated. Now there is nothing more flattering than an echo. "This must be an inspired teacher, for he says exactly what I thought myself," is a very common and effective argument. To reproduce the opinions of the average reader; to dress them so skilfully that he will be pleased to see what keen in-

telligence is implied in holding such opinions; to say just what everybody wishes to have said, a little more neatly than everybody could say it, or, at the outside, to say to-day what every one will be saying to-morrow, is one path to success in journalism. There is, I am afraid, much so-called education which tends to nothing better than a development of this art.

I refrain from discussing this question: the rather because it is obvious that such changes must work themselves out gradually, and that we may assume for the present that the position will not be materially changed. I am, therefore, content to infer that the journalist should at least bear in mind one obvious criterion. He should never say anything anonymously to which he would be ashamed to sign his name. I do not mean merely that he should not be libellous or spiteful—I hope and believe that the underhand assassin of reputations, who at one period was common enough, has almost ceased to exist,—but rather that he should refrain from that pompous assumption of omniscience which would be ludicrous in a simple individual. He should say nothing when he speaks in the plural which would make him look silly if he used the first person singular. Now, this modest requirement involves, I think, a good deal. I will try to say what it involves by an example of which I frequently think. I remember a young gentleman who, in my hearing, confessed, in answer to a question from Carlyle, that he did a certain amount of journalistic work. The great man thereupon said with his usual candor, and, I must add, without any personal discourtesy, that, in his opinion, the journalism of the period was just so much ditchwater. What should be a well of English undefiled, poured forth streams little better than a public sewer. The phrase, like some other prophetic utterances, sounded a trifle harsh, but was all the more calculated to set me thinking. My thinking naturally led me to reflect upon Carlyle's own example. I was invited some time afterward to sign a little testimonial presented to him upon his eightieth birthday, in imitation of the gift which he had himself forwarded



to Goethe. In this it was said, and said, I think, most truly, that Carlyle was himself an example of the heroic life in literature. And why? A good many epigrams have been levelled at Carlyle, and he has more than once been ridiculed as the philosopher who preached the virtues of silence in thirty volumes. Now, Carlyle's utterances about silence may not have been unimpeachable, but I think that, stated in a commonplace way, they substantially come to this: that idle talk, a mere spinning of phrases, is a very demoralizing habit and one great mischief of the present day; but that the serious and careful utterance of real thought and genuine knowledge must be considered rather as a mode of action than of talk, and deserves the cordial welcome of all men. A Goethe affects action as much as a Napoleon. Carlyle did not really mean to draw the line between an active and a literary life, for he knew as well as any man that literature may at once require the most strenuous activity, and be the source of life and vigor in active men, but between frivolity and earnestness, between the mere waste and dissipation of energy and its concentration upon some worthy purpose. Judged by such a standard, Carlyle's words were also deeds. He wrote a good deal for he lived a long time, and had for many years to live by his pen. I could, I think, mention several professional authors who habitually provide as much copy in a month as Carlyle ever achieved in a year. But, luckily for them, their works are not collected. Carlyle appears to be voluminous because he never wrote anything which was not worth preservation, and this was because he never wrote an essay without making it as good as his abilities permitted. He did so, although he was till middle life hard pressed for money and helping to support his family out of his narrow earnings. He stuck indomitably to his own ideal of what was best, though he had slowly to form a public which could appreciate him. And through long years of struggle and hardship he never condescended to make easy gains at the price of inferior workmanship, or to lower his standard of excellence in or-

der to meet the immediate demands of editors. In that sense, if in no other, I call Carlyle a worthy hero of literature, and I reverence his example a great deal more, I fear, than I have imitated it.

Perhaps, indeed, a man must have an unusually, even unreasonably, strong conviction of the truth and importance of his mission before he can make such sacrifices in order to discharge it worthily. To most of us the question occurs whether it can possibly be worth while to do so. Perhaps, if I devoted myself exclusively to delivering my message to mankind as forcibly as I could, and to make all necessary preparations, it might be rather more effective than the second-hand twaddle which I actually produce. But would the game be worth the candle? I have, it may be, a family to support. Should I not, as an honest man, think first of my butcher and my baker and of paying the collector of rates before I undertake to become an immortal author? Probably, at the best, my immortality would be a very short one, for there is not one author in a thousand who can make his voice audible at the distance of a generation. Is it not better and wiser to earn an honest living by innocent small talk than to aim at a great success and let my children go barefoot and lose their schooling? That low man, says Browning's grammarian:

"That low man goes on adding one to one  
His hundred's soon hit:  
This high man, aiming at a million  
Misses an unit."

Is it not better to hit your hundred than to aim at your million and miss it? That is a problem which I do not think it possible to answer by a general rule. We rightly honor the Carlyle or the Wordsworth who has forced the public to admire him in spite of critical gibes and long obscurity; but we must not forget that even success does not necessarily justify the audacity which has won it, and that a good many people who fancied themselves to be capable of enlightening the world have been empty-headed impostors who would have done better to

take the critics' advice: drop their pens and mind their gallipots. Devotion to an ideal, like other high qualities, may be misplaced and counterfeited by mere personal vanity. But leaving each man to decide by the concrete circumstances of his own case, I still hold that at least we should try in this respect to act in Carlyle's spirit. I cannot blame the author who under certain conditions feels that his first duty is to pay his weekly bills, so long, of course, as he does not earn the money by pandering to the bad passions of his readers; for there are modes of making a livelihood by the pen to which starvation or the workhouse would be preferred by any high-minded man. But we will not judge harshly of the author who lives by supplying innocent, if rather insipid, food for public amusement. He might be capable of better things; but, then, he might certainly be doing much worse. Yet in any case, I say that, to have a tolerably comfortable conscience, an author should try to look a little farther than this. The great mass of mankind has to devote most of its energies to employments which require nothing more than honest work; and yet even the humblest can do something to maintain and elevate the moral standard of their surroundings. The author, so far as he is simply a journeyman, a reporter of ordinary events and speeches, for example, does his duty so far as he reports them honestly, and we have no more to say to him. But the author who takes part in political and social or religious discussions has a responsibility which involves something more. Probably he feels, I am sure enough that I feel, that his performance makes remarkably little difference to mankind in general; and that he is playing only an infinitesimal part in the great processes by which the huge world blunders along, struggling into some approximation to a more tolerable order. He may compare himself to one of the myriads of insects building up one square yard on the coral reef which stretches for hundreds of leagues. Yet even the coral reef depends on the units, and if the insect's powers are small it concerns him to make the best

of them. Now, to make the best of them implies some genuine interest in his work; something that makes the reader perceive that he is being addressed by a human being, not a mere machine for vamping up old materials. I have been struck in reading newspaper articles, even my own, by the curious loss of individuality which a man seems to suffer as a writer. Unconsciously the author takes the color of his organ, he adopts not only its sentiment but its style, and seems to become a mere transmitter of messages, with whose substance he has no more to do than the wires of the electric telegraph which carries them. But, now and then, we suddenly come across something fresh and original; we know by instinct that we are being addressed by another man, and are in a living relation to a separate human being, not to a mere drilled characterless unit of a disciplined army; we find actually thoughts, convictions, arguments, which, though all arguments are old, have evidently struck the writer's mind and not merely been transmitted into his pen; and then we may know that we are in the presence of a real force and meeting with a man who is doing his duty. I refrain from mentioning, though I easily could mention, living modern instances. But on looking to the history of the past, it is curious to notice how rare the phenomenon is, and how important it is when it occurs. Think for a moment, for example, of old Cobbett, agricultural laborer and soldier, with nothing to help him but his shrewd mother-wit and his burly English strength. He wrote much that was poor and clumsy enough; much, too, that was pure claptrap, and much that was dictated by personal motives and desire for notoriety. But, in spite of this, the untaught peasant became one of the great political forces, more effective than the ninety and nine elegant *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviewers who had all the advantages which he lacked. Why? Partly, no doubt, because he was a really strong man; but also because he had at least one genuine and deeply-rooted conviction, springing out of his profound desire for the welfare of the class which was both the largest and

the most helpless of the England of his day. He is, therefore, one example, and there are many others, of the singular power which is exercised in journalism by a man, under whatever disadvantages, who possesses, or rather who is possessed by, some master-thought, and utters it in season and out of season with perhaps disproportionate intensity, but with perfect sincerity. Now, though Cobbett would be in some respects a bad model, I only refer to him in this sense. When my young friends consult me as to the conditions of successful journalism, my first bit of advice comes to this: know something really; at any rate try to know something; be the slaves of some genuine idea, or you will be the slaves of a newspaper—a bit of mechanism instead of a man. You can carry on the business with self-respect—whatever your success—if it is also something more than a business; if, for example, you can honestly feel that you are helping on the propaganda of sound principle, denouncing real grievances, and speaking from genuine belief. No man has a right to lay down the law to statesmen as though he were in possession of absolute knowledge, or as though he were a man of science talking to a class of ignorant school-boys. But every man ought to believe that truth is attainable, and to endeavor with all his power to attain it. He should study the great problems of the day historically: for he must know how they have arisen; what previous attempts have been made to solve them; how far recent suggestions are mere reproductions of exploded fallacies; and so qualify himself to see things in their true relations as facts of a great process of evolution. He should endeavor to be philosophical in spirit, so far, at least, as to seek to base his opinions upon general principles and to look at the events of the day from a higher point of view than that of personal or party expediency. And he must, though upon this it is hardly necessary to insist, be familiar with the affairs of the day: for no one can apply principles to politics effectively without a genuine first-hand knowledge of the actual currents of political life. Unless a man can take up his

calling in some spirit, he can be but a mere retailer of popular commonplaces and must live from hand to mouth or upon the chance utterances of people as thoughtless as himself, increasing the volume of mere noise which threatens to drown sense. But if he seriously cultivates his powers, and enriches his mind, he may feel sure that even in journalism he may be discharging one of the most important functions which a man can undertake. He may be right or wrong in the particular doctrines which he supports. Indeed, the first and most obvious result of any attempt to take wider views of politics is the admission that wisdom (and as certainly, nonsense) is not the exclusive possession of any party in politics, literature, or philosophy. But something is done whenever a man of trained intellect and genuine conviction lifts popular discussion to a higher plane. When it gets above the region of personal invective or pure platitude, and involves a conscious reference to great principles and to the remote conditions of the little bit of history which we are actually transacting. When John Stuart Mill became a Member of the House of Commons, and was accepted as a philosopher coming among practical men, he said much that displeased his hearers, but it was observed by competent judges at the time that the tone of parliamentary debates was perceptibly raised. Members of Parliament were forced to reflect for the moment not only how their speeches would tell in next day's reports and what traps they were setting for opponents, but also for a brief instant, how their arguments would stand the test of impartial logic. Mill tells a significant story in his autobiography, which perhaps indicates one source of his influence. When he appeared upon the hustings he was asked whether he had not said that the English working-classes were generally liars? He replied simply "I did," and the reply was, he says, received with "vehement applause." The incident, he says, convinced him that the working-classes valued nothing more than thorough straightforwardness, and honored a man for daring to tell them of their faults. I hope that it is so: I believe,

in point of fact, that no quality is more heartily honored than unflinching political honesty. And I confess that I have often wondered why it is that where the reward is so clear so few people take the plain road which leads to it. It seems equally clear that moral courage pays better than any other quality in politics, and that it is the rarest of all qualities even to be simulated. We are all anxious to show how profound is our affection for the masses; but how many candidates for their favor dare to give Mr. Mill's proof of genuine respect? No doubt you must make it clear that you possess some other qualities before you can hope to conciliate the respect of a class by accusing it openly of habitual lying. Indeed, this might be taken as a test of genuine independence. Till you can tell men of their faults without being suspected of spite or bad temper—till you can praise them without being suspected of unworthy flattery—you are not really in a position worthy to be called independent. How many journalists—I say nothing of statesmen—stand firmly enough on their own legs to speak out without giving offence? We are often told of a great revolution of opinion and especially of the abandonment of the old prejudice against government interference. That a great change has taken place in the opinions which men profess is undeniable; though how far that change has been due to unbiassed scientific reflection and how far to a change in the conditions of popularity is a very different question. I see, for example, a statement by an honorable gentleman that he approves of the Eight Hours Bill because the principle of non-interference with adult labor is obsolete. It is too late to avow it. If the honorable gentleman means to say that experience has proved the principle to be erroneous, he is of course justified in abandoning it. But, if his meaning be simply that the principle has gone out of fashion, what is this but to admit that you will abandon any doctrine as soon as it ceases to be popular? Do we really mean to assert that a fallacious doctrine can never get the upper hand; that the beliefs of to-day are always better than the be-

liefs of yesterday; that every man who has dared to stick to an opinion condemned by a majority must necessarily be a fool for his pains. That really seems to be a common opinion. We hear a great deal at the present day about "mandates," and mandate seems to be regarded not simply as a declaration of the will of a majority which must, in point of fact, be obeyed, but as the official utterance of an infallible church which cannot in point of logic be erroneous. Now, I confess that I have always had a weakness for the faithful Abdiel. I believe that a man is often doing invaluable services who resists the dominant current of opinion, who denounces fallacies when they are growing and flourishing, and points out that a revolution in belief, even though it be inevitable for the time, and even though it contain an element of right reason, may yet contain errors and hasty judgments and deviations from the true line of progress, which require exposure the more unsparing in proportion to their temporary popularity. Is not the ordinary journalist's frame of mind singularly unfavorable to his discharge of this function? and is it not inevitable that it should be so as long as the journalist's only aim is to gain a hearing somehow? It matters not which side he takes. He denounces some new doctrine, but only in the name of the current prejudices which it happens to shock. He advocates it, but only because it is the last new fashion of the day. In either case, he falls into the ordinary party vice of imagining that his opponents must be fools or knaves, that their opinions are directly inspired by the devil or a judicial blindness inflicted by Providence, simply because he will not take the trouble to understand them. The man who would try to raise himself above the position of the mere pander to passing antipathies, must widen his intellectual horizon. He must qualify himself to take broad views; he must learn that his little list of commonplaces do not represent real thought, but is often the embodiment of mere prejudice, or perhaps the deposit of words left by thinkers of past generations; he must learn to do more than merely dish them up with a new sauce; he must



concentrate his abilities upon definite problems, consider how they have arisen and what is their relation to the past and the future. To do so requires some disinterestedness: some love of truth for its own sake: and a capacity for answering your opponent by explaining him instead of a mere quickness for taunting him personally. It requires, no doubt, serious and prolonged application. Even such a training will not enable a man to unlock all the puzzles of the day, but it may help toward the desirable consummation in which a solution is at least sought in connection with established principles and with a constant reference to the organized experience which also can be a safe guide to more reasonable conclusions. Even the attempt to do so may strengthen a man against the temptation to take short cuts to notoriety and seek a momentary sensation at the sacrifice of permanent effect. We owe gratitude to all who have acted upon such principles and won the influence which comes at last, though it comes slowly, to honest work bestowed even upon such shifting materials as political and moral philosophy.

I have dwelt so far chiefly upon political journalism, because it is so characteristic a part of modern literature and illustrates so clearly some obvious tendencies of the time. I must say something, however, of another department of literature, which is sometimes said to have nothing at all to do with morality. The poet or the novelist, it is suggested, has no duties except that duty which Scheherazade discharged at the risk of her neck, the duty of keeping her master amused. If, instead of telling him stories about genii, she had read him every morning an orthodox sermon or an ethical discourse, the one thousand and one nights would have been diminished by one thousand. Am I to tell our modern Scheherazades to forget the *Arabian Nights* and adopt for our use passages from the homilies or Tillotson? Some religious persons have taken that horn of the dilemma, and perhaps with some plausibility. When the world is heaving with the throes of a social earthquake, what right have you or I to be lounging on sofas, telling silly

stories about young ladies' and gentlemen's billings and cooings? Perhaps the condemnation should be extended to recreations less obviously frivolous. Your philosopher who tries to distinguish or to identify "is" and "is not," and to draw the true line between object and subject, has a very fascinating plaything, but is perhaps as far from influencing the world. Judging from the history of past philosophical cobwebs, he might as well be forming conundrums or learning how to throw grain through the eye of a needle.

I only refer to this to say that I am not in favor of suppressing either art or philosophy. I have a kind of hankering after them in some forms myself. I assume without further argument that Shakespeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth, and Fielding, and Scott, and Dickens, did well in devoting themselves to literature, and probably did more to make the world happier and better than if they had composed sermons or systems of philosophy. I must, as I said, refrain from pronouncing any set eulogy upon the services rendered by authors. This only I take for granted. No one, I think, of any intellectual capacity can remember the early days when his faculties were ripening, when he wandered, for the pure delight of wandering, in the enchanted world of the great imaginative writers, saw through their eyes and unconsciously caught the contagion of their sympathies, without feeling a deep gratitude to the men who not only gave him so much innocent pleasure, but who incidentally refined his taste and roused his enthusiasm, and quickened his perception of whatever is beautiful, or heroic, or pathetic, in the moral or the natural world. The highest literature embodies the instincts by which a cultivated people differs from the barbarous, and the classes which are in a true sense civilized, which enjoy and appreciate the ennobling as distinguished from the coarser pleasures, and rise above the merely brutal life. One who aspires to be a leader, or to follow the steps of the leaders, in this band of crusaders against barbarism must surely have some corresponding duties. I am here upon the edge of certain troublesome controversies

which I shall refrain from discussing at length. This only I need say. Some great authors explicitly accept this function. Milton, and, in later days, Wordsworth, identified the offices of the prophet and the poet, and set themselves deliberately to expound an ideal of life and justify the ways of God to man. And Milton gave the principle in his famous saying that he who would write well hereafter of laudable things must be himself a true poem. Yet men equally great have impressed readers by their apparent indifference to such considerations. They accept the new commandment which, as Emerson tells us, the Muse gave to her darling son, "Thou shalt not preach." Shakespeare and Scott did not consciously and deliberately write to set forth any ideal; they even wrote, more or less, to make money; they were magnificent opulent geniuses who poured out their imaginative wealth liberally and spontaneously, without a thought of any particular moral, simply because their minds were full to overflowing of great thoughts and vivid images, which they diffused as liberally as the rose gives its scent. Are we to say that they were wrong or morally inferior, even if artistically superior, to those who wrote, like Milton or Dante, with a more definite aim? Must I condemn Scott because he did not write, like the excellent Miss Edgeworth, or even like Dickens in some of his stories, to preach consciously that honesty is the best policy, or that selfishness is a vice; and, if so, must I not condemn a man from whom I have not only received an incalculable amount of innocent enjoyment, but imbibed—it is my own fault if I have not imbibed—many thoughts that have strengthened and stimulated the best elements of my nature. If I insist upon the moral influences am I not confounding the poet and the preacher, and falling under the lash of I know not how many critical connoisseurs? If I renounce the preachers, I am renouncing some of the greatest artists and indirectly sanctioning even such art as is worthy only of Holywell Street, which panders to the worst passions.

I will say what I think. Great

writers, it seems to me, may be great in two ways; and the greatest is he who combines them most thoroughly. The first-rate writer, in the first place, must—to use a frequently misapplied word—be a thorough realist. He is great in proportion to the width and depth of the truths which he grasps and to which he gives the most perfect expression. When we read Shakespeare at his best, what strikes us is that he has expressed once for all some home-truth about human nature and the world round which all inferior writers seem to have been blundering without ever achieving a complete utterance. More generally, every great period of our literature has been marked in one shape or other by a fresh realism, or what is called the desire to return to Nature: to get rid of the phrases which have become conventional and unreal, and express the real living ultimate truth. Shakespeare and the great men of his time were all inspired by a passion for Nature; they were animated by the desire to "hold the mirror up to Nature:" to portray real vivid human passion, for they had burst through the old mediæval chains of theological dogma, and were aroused to a sudden fresh perception of the beauties which had been unrecognized and misconceived by ascetic monks. The men of Pope's time, again, believed in what they, too, called the "religion of Nature," and tried to hasten the day when enlightened reason should finally crush what Berkeley called the "pedantry of courts and schools." Wordsworth and his followers inaugurated a new era by proposing a return to "Nature," because the language, which with Pope expressed a real meaning, had again become the conventional language of a narrow class of critics and the town. It is in all ages one great function of the imaginative writers to get rid of mere survivals; to forego the spectacles used by their ancestors as helps which have now become encumbrances; to destroy the formulas employed only to save the trouble of thinking, and make us see facts directly instead of being befooled by words. In that sense, it is their great service that they break up the old frost of dreary commonplace, and give life

and power in place of an acceptance of mere ossified or fossilized remnants of what once was thought. Briefly, they teach us to see what is before us. So far the function of the poet resembles that of the scientific and philosophic observer. He differs radically in method, because he proceeds by intuition instead of analysis; shows us the type instead of classifying the attributes of a class; and gives us a real living man, a Falstaff or a Hamlet, instead of propounding a psychological theory as to the relations of the will, the intellect, and the emotions.

I take it, therefore, that realism in this sense is one essential characteristic of great imaginative power. I hold it to be more than ever necessary; more necessary because scientific methods of thought are more developed. It is less possible for a serious writer to make use of the merely fanciful symbols which were perfectly legitimate as long as they represented real beliefs, but are now fitter for only the lighter moods. The greatest writers have to dispense with fairies and fighting gods and goddesses, and the muses, and to show us a direct portraiture of the forces by which society is actually moved. But the functions of the great writer, though they involve a perception of truth, are not adequately defined by the simple condition of truthfulness. He has to be—may I say it?—a preacher; he cannot help it; and, so far as he cannot help it, his preaching will be elevating in proportion as it is truthful. He does not preach in the sense in which a moralist preaches, by arguing in favor of this or that doctrine or expounding the consequences of opinions. It is not his business to prove but to see, and to make you see. But, in another sense, he cannot help preaching, because his power over you is founded upon sympathy, upon the personal claims, upon the clearness with which he sees and the vividness with which he portrays the real nature of the instincts which make men lovable or hateful. What are really the most fascinating books in the language? I was impressed the other day by discovering that perhaps the most popular of all English books, judging by the number of editions, is Gold-

smith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. To what does it owe its popularity? Obviously to the exquisite keenness of Goldsmith's perception of the moral beauty of a simple character, which is always saved from the charge of being unctuous or sentimental by the constant play of gentle and yet penetrative humor. Do we not love Charles Lamb for a similar reason? Why, again, do we love Scott, as all men ought to love him? Is it not because his Jeanie Deans and his Dandie Dinmont, and a hundred more characters, show the geniality, the manliness as well as the shrewd common-sense of their creation, and his vivid perception of the elements which ennoble the national character which he loved so well. Why does the British public love Dickens so well? For his incomparable fun, no doubt; but also because the fun is always associated with a keen perception of certain moral qualities which they regard with, it may be, even excessive admiration. But to give no more examples, I am content to say that the enduring power of every great writer depends not merely on his intellectual forces, but upon the charm of his character—the clear recognition of what it really is that makes life beautiful and desirable, and of what are the baser elements that fight against the elevating forces. We are under intellectual obligations to the man of science who will tell us, for example, how mountain chains have been raised and carved into their present shape. But we are grateful to the great poets and prose-writers, to Wordsworth and Mr. Ruskin, for interpreting and stimulating the emotions which make the vision of the great peaks a source of pure delight. We may, in the same way, thank the psychologist who can make more intelligible the principle of association of ideas or trace the development of the moral sense or the social affections. But we love the man who, like Goldsmith, and Lamb, and Scott, and Wordsworth, has revealed to us by actual portraits of typical characters the sweetness and tenderness and truthfulness which may be embodied in humble characters. Love, says Wordsworth of his shepherd lord:

" Love had he found in huts where poor men  
lie,  
His daily teachers had been woods and  
rills ;  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

The power of discovering and of making us discover such thoughts in the huts of poor men and in natural scenery is the true prerogative of the poet, and it is to that power that he owes his enduring place in our hearts.

I have said this much because I think that it is in a perversion of these principles that we shall find some of the temptations to which the author is in these days most liable. I can only glance at them briefly. One perversion, for example, is indicated by the common use of the phrase "realism." This word has various meanings; but the commonest, perhaps, would not be misrepresented by saying that it involves a confusion between the functions of the man of science and the poet. In a scientific sense, it is a sufficient reason for setting forth any theory that you believe it to be true. The facts which you describe may be hideous and revolting: it is not the less desirable that they should be accurately known. The poet and novelist may be equally justified in taking hideous and revolting facts into account. That, for example, is the duty of a satirist; and I am not at all concerned to say that satire is illegitimate—I think it perfectly legitimate. I should be the last to assert that a writer should confine himself to such facts as can be discussed with decency in presence of a young ladies' school. On the contrary, I think that, if not the most enviable privilege, it is sometimes a duty of the novelist to set forth vice and crime, and even, it may be, to set them forth in impressive and startling shapes. It is his duty to represent them truly and to make them intelligible; to show how they may be natural, and not to misrepresent even a villain. All I say is that he should also recognize the fact that they are hideous and revolting. And, therefore, this is no excuse for the man who really dwells upon such facts not because they are facts, but because he knows that such descriptions are the

easiest way of attracting morbid tastes; and that he can get a readier market by being irreverent and indecent than by any other expedients. To defend such work on the excuse of realism is simply to indulge in a bit of contemptible humbug, too transparent to need exposure. The purpose of an artist, you say, is to give pleasure not to preach. That is perfectly true; but to give pleasure to whom? If it is to give pleasure to the prurient, to the cynical, to the debauchee, to give the kind of pleasure which to a pure minded man is pain, and of which even the blackguard is ashamed, then I will not quarrel over words, and ask whether it can be truly artistic, but I will simply reply that I should have a greater respect for a man who lived by picking pockets. But, you reply, it requires a great deal of skill. So does picking pockets, and so do some other kinds of human energy which I need not particularize. If the ethical judgment be really irrelevant æsthetically, the æsthetic judgment must be irrelevant ethically. If that doctrine be true, however, we are therefore quite at liberty to say that however beautiful the thing may be it is blackguardly and beastly. I will, however, express my own conviction that what is disgusting to a right-minded man cannot be really beautiful, and that the sentiments which it offends cannot be put out of court simply because they are called moral. They have as good a right to be considered as any others.

There is a temptation of the opposite kind: the temptation to what I may briefly call sentimentalism. The virtue of idealism is as necessary as the virtue of realism; and every great writer shows his greatness by combining the two. The contradictory of the real is not properly the ideal, but the unreal—which is a very different thing. For idealism means properly, as I take it, that quality in virtue of which a poem or a fiction does not represent merely the scientific or photographic reproduction of matters of fact, but incarnates an idea and expresses a sentiment. A great work imparts to us the impression made upon a mind of unusual power, reflectiveness, and emotional sensibility by some aspect of the



world in which we all live but which he can see more vividly. To be really impressive, therefore, it must correspond to truth and be the genuine product of experience. The erroneous idealism is that which perverts the truth in order to gain apparent emphasis; which deals in the impossible, the absurd and the exaggerated; and supposes a world which cannot even be better than the actual because it cannot exist; it has the defect of being arbitrary and inconceivable. So political utopias are interesting in proportion as they suggest a legitimate construction based upon actual facts and observed laws of human nature. So soon as we see that they presuppose a world of monstrosities, of impossible combinations of incompatible qualities, they become mere playthings. And the same is true of every work of imagination; as soon as it ceases to have a foundation in truth—to be other than realistic—it loses its real hold upon our sympathies. You solve no problem when you call in a god to cut the knot. This is the tendency of the sentimentalist, who refuses to be bound by the actual conditions. His creations are ephemeral because only plausible even to the imagination; while the illusions to which they are congenial survive. And he probably falls into the further error that the emotion which he utters becomes as fictitious as the laws which he invents. The man who weeps because he is melted at the sight of misery touches us; but when he weeps because he finds it pleasant, or because he wishes to make a public exhibition of his tenderness of heart, we find him out by degrees and call him a humbug and a sentimentalist. Sham feelings and moral facts are the staple of the sentimentalist and the cause of his inevitable decay.

These remarks may serve to suggest the temptations which must beset the author in our days, though peculiar to our day only in the degree in which authorship has become more professional. For the ideal author is the man who, having discovered truth, desires to reveal it to his fellows, or being full of perceptions of beauty cannot resist the impulse to embody them in

words or outward symbols. But when he desires also to live by his powers, he is at once in a position of which all authors know the peril. He becomes self-conscious; for he has a perpetual poultice of public favor or enmity applied to soften his fibres, and to make him feel, even in his study, that an eye is upon him and that he must so act as always to preserve attention; he is tempted to produce sensation at any cost—to shock and startle by horrors if he cannot move the sympathies by gentle arts: for a man who cannot command the pathetic can, at least, always be disgusting. He can turn our stomachs if he cannot move our hearts. He is tempted, at least, to caricature—to show how keen is his perception by crude and glaring colors and to indulge in the grotesque as an easy substitute for the really graphic; he can affect a facile cynicism to show how profound is his penetration, and show that marvellous knowledge of the world and the human heart, and that power of discovering the emptiness of all apparent virtues which is so common an endowment of young gentlemen upon their first initiation into real experience of life.

Some such danger is, indeed, shared by others than the author. It is the misfortune of his calling that success with him is intrinsically associated with notoriety. A man may do good work in many departments of life, of which no one will ever hear beyond a narrow circle. I hold, for my part, that the greatest part of the good work which is done in the world is actually of that kind, and that the best is done for the pure love of work. The world knows nothing of its greatest men, and as little, perhaps, of its best. But what would be the good of writing a *Hamlet* or a divine comedy if nobody was to read it? Some great writers, I know, have prided themselves on finding fit audience and few; and I fully agree that a man who could really influence a few seminal minds might be well content with such a result of his labors. But, after all, the genuine aim of a great author must be directly or indirectly to affect the world in which he lives, whether by changing its beliefs or stimulating its emotions. And, as

a rule, he cannot do so without becoming known, and even known to vast numbers of readers. Some religious writers, the author, for example, of the *Imitation of Christ*, have influenced many generations, while absolutely concealing their identity. Even they must, at least, have desired that their works should be known; and the case is a rare one. For the author generally, success of the worthiest kind, success in enlightening, encouraging, and stimulating his fellow-men, is inextricably connected with success of a lower kind, the success measured by fame and popularity. That, of course, is equally the case with statesmanship: a statesman has to appeal to crowds and is too apt to be fascinated by thunders of applause; public oratory, even in the pulpit, is a terrible stimulant to unworthy vanity. The author only differs in this, that his very function presupposes a temperament of more than average sensibility; that he does not get that case-hardening which is administered to the statesman by the opposition orator; and that publicity has a specially intoxicating effect upon the man whose proper home is in his study, and who, perhaps, leaves it only to mix with a circle of reverent admirers.

I have tried to indicate some of the obvious temptations of authors, especially so far as they are strengthened by the practice of authorship as a profession. They may be summed up by saying that they tend to degrade the profession into a trade, and a trade which has as many tricks as the least elevating kind of business. It would be, perhaps, desirable to end by deducing some definite moral. But, in the first place, I think that any such moral as I could give is sufficiently indicated by the statement of the dangers. And, in the second place, I do not think that there is any moral that can be regarded as peculiar to authors. For an author, after all, is a man and, as all men ought to be, a workman. His power comes to this, that he is a man with a special capacity for exciting sympathy. That he should be a good workman, therefore, goes without saying; and it follows that he should have a sense of

responsibility in whatever department he undertakes; that he should not bestow his advice upon us without qualifying himself to be a competent adviser; nor write philosophical speculation without serious study of philosophy; nor, if possible, produce poetry or even fiction without filling his mind by observation or training it by sympathy with the great movements of thought which are shaping the world in which we live. It is a sort of paradox which cannot be avoided, that we must warn a man that one condition of all good work is that it should be spontaneous and yet tell him that it should be directed to make men better and happier. It seems to be saying that the conscious pursuit of a given end would be inconsistent with the attainment of the end. Yet I believe that this is a paradox which can be achieved in practice, on the simple condition of a reasonable modesty. The author, that is, should not listen to those who would exaggerate the importance of his work. The world can get on very well without it; and even the greatest men are far more the product than the producers of the intellectual surroundings. The acceptance of that truth—I hold it to be a truth—will help to keep in check the exaggerated estimate of the importance of making a noise in the world which is our besetting sin, and help to make a regulating principle of what is a theoretical belief, that a man who is doing honestly good work in any department, whether under the eyes of a multitude or of a few, will be happiest if he can learn to take pleasure in doing it thoroughly rather than in advertising it widely. And, finally, with that conviction we shall be less liable to the common error of an author who grumbles at his want of success, and becomes morbid and irritable and inclined to lower his standard, when in reality he ought to remember that he is as unreasonable as a marksman who should complain of the target for keeping out of the line of fire. "It is my own fault" is often a bitter reflection, but a bitter may be a very wholesome tonic.—*National Review*.

## PERSONALITY AS THE OUTCOME OF EVOLUTION.

BY EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

IN a former essay an attempt was made to show that there is a true capacity in the human for the divine, and that this capacity lies in and is defined by personality. Each man, because he is a person, a self in whom the union of knowing and known is accomplished, holds therein a proof that his nature transcends the finite, and demands for its complete realization a response from the infinite. To this response we gave the name of Revelation, and saw that, to be adequate, it must be the revelation of a person, because no other form of being could fully respond to human need and yet not transcend human comprehension. But it must have been felt that from one important point of view the presentation of the subject was wholly incomplete. It took account of man alone, and made no mention of the order to which he belongs, and such treatment of him in the present stage of scientific knowledge has become impossible. "For good or ill man is bound to the universe," as intrinsically as any of the lower forms of life which were his own previous stages, or as the inorganic elements from which these lower forms themselves hold their unexplained derivation; and any theory of his nature which separates him, save by recognition of his higher development, from the rest of creation, contains within itself its own sentence of death. It becomes therefore imperative to inquire whether the stress laid on personality as the clue to man's right understanding of himself, and of his relation to that power by which he exists, is open to the fatal objection above stated.

In the first place, we must remark that though personality is a pre-eminent, it cannot be regarded as an exclusive, characteristic of man. All the lower animals, even the lowest, have some consciousness that they are "other than the things they touch," and though we must ascend far in the scale of organized being before we can venture to assert that this mere con-

sciousness shows signs of rising into *self-consciousness* as human experience teaches us to understand it, yet none the less is it true that from the first moment when the first lowly organism felt, in however crude a form, that it was distinct from its environment, a process of development commenced whose present stage is perhaps as far removed from its ultimate goal as from its almost unrecognizable origin. To regard personality as the result of evolution, however, may not impossibly cause a shock to the minds of many, as though that capacity for the divine, which is the pledge of their sonship to God, were degraded by having become theirs through long stages of development instead of being received, as they suppose, more directly from Him. The readjustment of the mental attitude rendered necessary from time to time by the discovery of truths of high significance bearing upon the deepest problems of life is always a painful process, and this is more especially the case when the need for such a readjustment shows us that our faith as well as our reason needs enlightening and expanding. There is always a tendency to crystallization in the minds of men, to lock into set and rigid shapes both their knowledge and their beliefs, and consequently when the contents of either or of both become too great to be adequately expressed in the old forms, the latter are burst asunder with a violence which seems at first rather the consequence of disintegration than of development. After a time, however, order reappears through the confusion, and we perceive that the process which we so greatly feared, far from entailing loss, has resulted in the removal of limitations, and the consequent widening of our intellectual and spiritual horizon. The principal readjustment required in the present instance is in our conception of matter, for if personality be the result of what is called material development, it is very evident that matter must be possessed of an essentially different nature

from that which we have hitherto been content to bestow on it.\* Some authorities indeed boldly declare this to be the case, and would have us see in matter "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life," and to this no exception need be taken, so long as we are careful to define what we mean by "promise and potency." The "promise and potency" of the oak lies in the acorn. Why? Because the acorn is living. The "promise and potency" of the fully developed animal lies in the embryo. Why? Because the embryo is living. In both these cases, and in any others which can be adduced from organic nature, it is life which is the real "promise and potency," for without it no development would be possible. To say, therefore, that the "promise and potency of all terrestrial life" lies in matter, is simply to state that matter is living, for life can only come from life. If asked what is the kind of life, we must point to its highest known development in order to reply, and that highest development is man. Human nature, as the ultimate outcome of "material" evolution, contains the only key to the interpretation of matter. Unless we find it here, we shall find it nowhere. To look for it in lower organisms, or anywhere in inorganic nature, is futile; we might as well think to understand vegetable life by handling a packet of seeds. But if we have the courage to say: This far-reaching intelligence, this unconquerable will, this undying love, this boundless aspiration, are what matter is capable of; they are what has been slowly evolved through countless ages out of that primordial substance, if substance it may be called, which as truly contained the germ of every subsequent manifestation of its ever-developing life as the

seed contains the germ of the "blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear," or the rudimentary cell the germ of the "human form divine," materialism takes upon itself a different aspect indeed, and seems to require another name altogether. Matter can only have attained to this marvellous development by reason of the life which was in it, and that life is what in its highest manifestation we have agreed to call "spiritual," meaning thereby the intelligent, self-conscious life of the thinking subject. If we choose henceforth to call this life "material," we only by so doing assert in the strongest terms that, in the ancient sense of the word, no such thing as matter exists, for we have endowed it with all the properties comprehended under the category of spirit. We cannot deny these properties because they stare us in the face, but we can, if we so desire, make confusion worse confounded by including under the same head the universal life and the form which it takes. This is what we do when we say that "matter is the promise and potency of all terrestrial life;" the words are only an incoherent expression of the obvious truism that life is the "promise and potency" of further life, and they spiritualize matter far more than they materialize spirit.

Let it then be allowed that the highest human faculties, nay, that which is more than any or all of them combined, because it is that of which they are attributes — personality — arose through evolution, and what follows? It follows that since the whole course of evolution has conspired to produce and to assign this predominant place to personality, personality was implicitly present throughout all the stages of "material" development. The birth for which nature has travailed is the birth of personality, the "assemblage of various forces operating blindly" has been guided throughout its immeasurable range of action by informing mind, not yet conscious of itself, but tending ever to become so. The mystery of man and the mystery of the universe are therefore indeed one, and in man do we first receive a hint of its solution, because in him does personality first become explicit;

\* The word "bestow" is advisedly used. In order to formulate the laws of matter, men of science are compelled to postulate certain fundamental properties, the two most important of which—viz., inertia and self-attraction—are in direct contradiction to one another. Matter cannot both be incapable of initiating or changing its own motion, and at the same time obey the law of universal attraction. One of these two assumptions must be false, or, if not, then there is some higher reconciling principle at present unknown to science.



in him alone do we see knowing and known united. This human imperfect union is, however, but the indication of a union which transcends though it includes the human, and which is the fountain of all life and knowledge. The words: "In Him we live, and move, and have our being," words whose literal truth every fresh discovery of science only enables us to perceive more clearly, contain the only adequate explanation of the two fundamental facts of all existence, the origin and development of that order whose culmination is man's conscious sonship to God. Of the former, we are told by modern agnosticism that we can know positively nothing. "The creation of matter is inconceivable, implies a relation in thought between something and nothing—a relation of which one term is absent, an impossible relation." But this impossible relation is implied only if we regard the difference between subject and object either as an impassable gulf not bridged over even in the divine nature, or as so fused in the latter as to be a difference no longer, subject and object losing all distinctiveness, and becoming merged in a vast abstraction of being of which nothing positive can be predicated. If instead of this we regard the divine nature as the all-embracing principle of unity, reconciling these opposite but not antagonistic conditions of thought and existence, so that they are blent into one perfect whole, the inconceivability of creation disappears;\* for

\* "It is, however, earnestly desired to deprecate the possible misconception that the writer's intention is to 'explain' creation. Not even Mr. Spencer could more strongly realize the futility of such an attempt. 'For my thoughts are not as your thoughts, nor my ways as your ways,' may be as true and deep a conviction of the Christian heart and intellect with regard to the Supreme Being as of the agnostic with regard to the Unknowable. But to say that creation is conceivable, is by no means the same thing as to say that we 'know how it was done.' We can conceive the motions of the celestial bodies, we can even formulate the laws regulating those motions, but he whose conception of the stellar universe is the most adequate is he who is most able to perceive how far that conception is from embracing the whole truth; how little he knows in comparison with what there is to be known; and the reservations we must make with regard to such knowledge as this

there is no longer any necessity to postulate a relation in thought between "something and nothing." The relation is between two equally essential realities, the divine thought and its expression. A relation which is divine must be eternal; and we are therefore led to the conclusion of the eternity of matter *not in spite*, but *because of*, the eternity of God. When we speak of creation, therefore, we should refer not to the creation of matter, but to the bringing into existence of that order to which we belong, and which is one development of matter, or of the divine expression of the divine thought under, as appears to us, self-imposed limitations.

Regarding creation in this light, the whole course of material development takes a new and majestic meaning, for we see that the material is no less spiritual than the spiritual itself, the one being the expression of the other; and many facts which are hard of comprehension and a bar to faith when we are driven, on the hypothesis of the hard-and-fast division, or even antagonism between spirit and matter, to attribute a twofold origin to man—a physical derivation from lower forms of life, and a spiritual derivation from the "Father of spirits"—fall into their true place when we look upon the whole "progressive life" of nature as a single divine development. We may take an example from biological science by way of illustration.

Mr. Wallace, in his work on "Darwinism," thus states, in the chapter devoted to "Darwinism applied to Man," the argument from continuity:

"Mr. Darwin's mode of argument consists in showing that the rudiments of most, if not all, the mental and moral faculties of man can be detected in some animals. The manifestations of intelligence, amounting in some cases to distinct acts of reasoning in many animals,

are as nothing compared to the reservations forced upon us in venturing to assert that we know anything about creation. Nevertheless, it is an imperative duty in these days to give a 'reason for the faith that is in us,' to say why to us creation is not inconceivable, and in thus exercising the intellect on matters which are not for that the less matters of faith, we do but obey the apostolic injunction, 'Be not children in mind . . . in mind be ye men.'"

are adduced as exhibiting in a much less degree the intelligence and reasoning of man. Instances of curiosity, imitation, attention, wonder, are given; while examples are also adduced which may be interpreted as proving that animals exhibit kindness to their fellows, or manifest pride, contempt, and shame. Some are said to have the rudiments of language because they utter several different sounds, each of which has a definite meaning to their fellows, or to their young [Professor Garnier's observations on the 'Simian tongue' corroborate this view]; others, the rudiments of arithmetic, because they seem to count and remember up to three, four, or even five. A sense of beauty is attributed to them on account of their own bright colors, or the use of colored objects in their nests; while dogs, cats, and horses are said to have imagination, because they appear to be disturbed by dreams. Even some distant approach to the rudiments of religion is said to be found in the deep love and complete submission of the dog to his master.\*

Now Mr. Wallace, in common with nearly all those who, though evolutionists, are nevertheless convinced that at some stage of man's development a "spiritual nature was superadded to his animal nature," considers it incumbent on him to show that there are faculties in man of which no rudiments can be found in the lower animals, and this he proceeds to do with great ability by adducing as instances the mathematical, musical and artistic faculties, which he claims to have shown by two distinct lines of argument to be "in their mode of origin, their function and their variations altogether distinct from those other characters and faculties which are essential to him [man], and which have been brought to their actual state of efficiency by the necessities of their existence."† Whether Mr. Wallace's arguments are or not refutable is of supreme importance if we regard man as the sole exemplification of spiritual life; it is absolutely immaterial if we regard him as the highest manifestation of a spiritual life which is universal; for then the question whether the same life is known under the same kind of manifestations throughout the whole course of evolution, or under different kinds of manifestations at different stages of it, sinks into insignificance when brought into the light of the cen-

tral and eternal truth, that whatever be its manifestations it is still the same, and is returning through an ever-ascending scale to its divine and eternal source.

But if the origin and goal of the universe be indeed God, if in Him we see the alpha and omega of that order which derives its existence from Him, then where is the shock to faith in applying the principle of evolution to account for the whole nature of man? Since we came from God, can it be of importance, save as an education, through what stages or through how many we return to Him? Since "the final outcome of that speculation commenced by the primitive man is that the power manifested throughout the world distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness"\* —in other words, since the life of the universe as well as the life of man is a spiritual life—why need we seek for a separate origin for man? This is no "gospel of dirt" as it was ignorantly called before the true bearing of evolution on previous knowledge and beliefs was understood; it is the shedding of a flood of light upon that older revelation given empirically in the childhood of the race, but which long ago led men to that "faith in the intelligibility of the universe"† through which all the victories of science have been won, and the depth and fulness of whose meaning was never so apparent as it has become in these days of increased and increasing knowledge, if we do but consent not to set bounds to the truth of God. But, alas! many of us fail to see that a divine revelation which is indeed such, must illuminate the whole range of nature and of man. Nothing can be left outside of it, nothing be untouched by its transforming power; for if it is personality in which lies the capacity for conscious sonship

\* Herbert Spencer's "Ecclesiastical Institutions."

† "And I say, have faith in the intelligibility of the universe. Intelligibility has been the great creed in the strength of which all intellectual advance has been attempted, and all scientific progress made."—Dr. Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Presidential Address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association, 1891.

\* Wallace's "Darwinism," pp. 461, 462.

† *Ibid.*, p. 462.

to God, and if personality is the outcome of evolution, then the whole history of that evolution, every fresh fact we can learn about it, every further truth we can discover, is nothing less than an extension of revelation, enabling us to take wider and deeper hold on the central fact of all revelation, the manifestation under the conditions of the universal order of Him who is its life. Thus the great truth forces itself upon us with ever-increasing clearness, that man is the interpretation of the universe to which he belongs, for it is only when his self-conscious and intelligent life emerges into view that the Godward tendency of the whole creation is made apparent, and the gospel which unveils to him the deepest mystery of "spiritual being" is the gospel which assures him of the union of the human with the divine, and consequently of the natural with the divine. When, therefore, we speak of the "life of nature being a means to the higher life of spirit,"\* the word "higher" should be used only in the sense of more perfectly developed. If nature lives with a spiritual life, and *the immanence of God means this*, it is not a higher kind of life, but a higher manifestation of the same kind of life that we find in nature risen into human self-consciousness. "Of Him, and by Him, and unto Him," are all things, not some things, or some beings more than others; but in man alone is developed the capacity of understanding his origin and destiny, and of co-operating intelligently and voluntarily in his own further evolution. In God is life for the whole universe, but to man alone is that life also light, and as he (individually or collectively) develops toward his perfect being, so does that light become greater, showing "all things new" to him as he gradually perceives them more adequately and truly. At first he is in the condition of the partially healed blind man who saw "men as trees walking," but who, as his cure progressed, became able to distinguish not only men from trees, but men from one another, beholding all objects in their true order and re-

lationship. So not once, but many times in the history of the individual and the race alike, do "old things pass away and all things become new," as the enlightened and purified vision grows clearer and stronger, enabling us, by means of the things which appear, to penetrate with ever closer approximation into the glory of "the things that are," instead, as so many of our teachers would have us believe, remaining conscious of the latter only through a haunting unrest and dissatisfaction in illusions from which we cannot escape.

And this fact, that the light of life is given to man alone, removes what might be to many minds a great and serious difficulty in regarding personality as the outcome of evolution, for otherwise it might seem that if human self-conscious life is the product of nature, if it be true that "the power manifested throughout the world distinguished as material, is the same power which in ourselves wells up under the form of consciousness," then there is no pledge of the individual continuance of that personality, for its appearance may be nothing more than a transient form of the "Omnipresent Energy" which is the cause of every natural manifestation. To this the answer is: Human personality in its parts, equally as in the whole, is in possession of that which cannot die, life in conscious communion with God.\*

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\* It may be said there are millions who are not so conscious, but we must remember that there are degrees in consciousness. It is possible to be conscious, and yet not know of what we are conscious, as the case of every young infant exemplifies. Thus man can be conscious of God and not know it. Every effort, be it that of the most uncultured savage or the profoundest philosopher, to penetrate beyond the things of time and sense is caused by a consciousness of God: every homage of agnostic thought to the supreme majesty of the Unknowable; every secret accusation of the conscience brought against sins and shortcomings of which none but the accused will ever be cognizant, is caused by a consciousness of God; and He who doth not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, will, through that personal course of discipline and training from which none can be exempted, develop into its full power and beauty that consciousness of Himself which is the stamp of personal, and therefore of human, life.

\* Caird's "Evolution of Religion," vol. ii. p. 117.

If eternal life consists, as our Lord tells us, in the knowledge of God, then eternal life in the true sense of the word cannot exist below the human stage, for until that is reached there is not even the capacity for such knowledge. The potentiality of the capacity may exist, but that is not the capacity itself, and a being in whom it is developed is more widely removed from his nearest ape-ancestor than the latter is from those marvellous forms of inorganic structure which seem to give us the first direct hint of the vitality of matter. The spirit which returns to God who gave it, does not return as it came forth. It emerged from Him, how far back we may not venture to surmise, as the life-principle of that order which is its expression, full of divine "promise and potency," but unconscious of its origin and undifferentiated in its activities. It returns to Him no longer as a "potentiality," but in the perfected form of perfected human personality, which, as an organic whole, can only reach and realize its completeness by the full and entire development and persistence of each one of those separate self-conscious beings which are its constituent parts.

We are thus led, no less by the conclusion forced upon us that personality is the outcome of evolution than by a due consideration of its meaning, to a far firmer and deeper because more rational grasp upon the great truth of the Incarnation than has been possible before the present stage of scientific knowledge. Its "cosmic significance," almost lost sight of during and subse-

quent to the Middle Ages, was even in the times of the early Christian Fathers, whose hold upon it gave man his first glimpse into the organic unity of creation, more intuitive than reasoned, and may be compared to the insight which men of scientific genius have shown into principles which were yet not completely verified, nor seen in their true application and connection till increased knowledge enabled them to be more perfectly elucidated. But we who live in the full light of those magnificent discoveries and generalizations which are the glory of the nineteenth century, we to whom the organic unity of creation is not a matter of faith but of demonstration,—we can unhesitatingly avow that not alone the intuitive perception of the religious consciousness, but the calm decision of the intellect, enables us to take our stand upon the undeniable truth, that "if a theomorphic view of man be of the essence of a Christian's faith," it is no less the essence of a rational comprehension of that order whose culmination and representative he is, and the expression of whose hope is found in the faith to which such noble utterance has been given by Charles Kingsley: "Out of God's boundless bosom, the fount of life, we came; through selfish, stormy youth and contrite tears—just not too late, through manhood not altogether useless, through slow and chill old age, we return whence we came, to the bosom of God once more, to go forth again with fresh knowledge and fresh powers to nobler work. Amen."—*Contemporary Review*.

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OLD NEW ENGLAND.\*

THERE is no greater refreshment for a mind wearied with the noise and worry of the present than to be carried out from itself into the far-away past, and to be enabled to realize the daily life, participate in the joys and sorrows, and revel in the quaint and strange humors of remote ancestors, with a

zest proportioned to their dissimilarity to the men and women, the customs and fashions of to-day. Even the woes, sad yet comical, of a New England baby in the fresh and hardy days of the Puritan colonists, may be contemplated with a healthy tendency to thankfulness that life in these later times is not so bad after all, especially for the neophytes.

To such a healing transmigration Mrs. Earle's dainty little book grace-

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\* Customs and Fashions in Old New England. By Alice Morse Earle. London: David Nutt. 1893.



fully lends itself. Indeed, she herself strikes the keynote of this grateful mood in the artless yet artful motto on her title-page: "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank him not less fervently, for being one step further from them in the march of ages."

But the book by no means confines itself to a detail of the sufferings of King Baby in those early New England days. Beyond the charming chapter on "Child Life," three hundred and fifty pages are devoted to no less, if not still more, interesting topics, ranging from "Courtship and Marriage" and "Domestic Service" down to "Raiment and Vesture," "Doctors and Patients," and the unavoidable sequence and close, "Funeral and Burial Customs." If the reader is contemplating a grand historical romance, the accessories filled in with the beautiful accuracy of Sir Walter Scott, the scene laid in New England in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, here is the very volume for him, an indispensable guide to most of the picturesque peculiarities of the period, a handbook wholly free from dulness and dryness.

When the Puritan baby opened his eyes in the raw New England atmosphere, he began his hard struggle for life. If it were summer, he probably would be warm enough. But if it were winter, his transition from the hot fireside, where his tiny face was scorched by the roaring wood fire, to the distance of a few feet, would bring him within range of a temperature that would grievously discomfort him, and possibly benumb and stupefy him by its severity.

When but a few days of his sojourn in a strange world were over, a rude shock was in reserve for the tender little colonist. On the very next Sunday after his birth he was carried through the frosty air to the damp and chilly meeting-house, there to be baptized. And he might consider himself fortunate if he was simply sprinkled or touched with the freezing fluid, and not bodily immersed in it. Often the ice had to be broken in the christening bowl; and of one hard parson

it is recorded that he persisted in infant immersion till his own child nearly lost its life thereby. It certainly is to his credit that after that experiment he broke away from his hazardous routine. A living heart evidently was hidden under his iron exterior.

In the diary of Judge Samuel Sewall—a New England Pepys or Evelyn, of whose journalistic gossip Mrs. Earle has made judicious use—we find proof that rough, bitter weather was not allowed to defer the performance of this initiatory rite. One of his own children was baptized when four days old. "Day was louring after the storm but not freezing. Child shrank at the water but Cry'd not." So with another little fellow, on a blustering, windy Sabbath. "Small wonder," reflects our author, "that they quickly yielded up their souls after the short struggle for life so gloomily and so coldly begun." The majority of Sewall's numerous children died in infancy; and of Cotton Mather's fifteen, only two survived him.

Infant mortality was appalling in its amount in those stern Puritan days. Mrs. Earle playfully suggests that "its natural result—the survival of the fittest—may account for the present tough endurance of the New England people." Large families were the order of the day. Twenty children were by no means an abnormal number. Sir William Phips was one of twenty-six, all of the same mother. Green, the fourth Bostonian printer, had thirty children; the Rev. John Sherman, of Watertown, twenty-six. It would be unfair to attribute the excessive juvenile mortality to any want of affection on the part of Puritan parents, who were sincerely anxious for the welfare of their children both in this world and the next. But their treatment of the young, however well-intentioned, was sadly wanting in judgment and in tenderness with respect both to body and soul.

It might be thought that the parents of such a large tribe would be puzzled to find names for these dozens of children. But this, at least, was no trouble to those devout men and women. Instead of rummaging the Bible for fresh appellations, they felt free to

manufacture or adopt names expressive of such qualities as they admired or hoped for. For example, the children of Roger Clap rejoiced in these singular prefixes: Experience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Desire, Unite, and Supply.

These large families, it is to be feared, were lessened off, in a great measure, by bad nursing and unsuitable diet. "Rickets" was one of the principal diseases of children; and for this and other complaints they were dosed with a nauseous mixture called "snail water" or "snail pottage." In this concoction the ingredients ranged from baked and pounded snails and salted worms, to rosemary, agrimony, the strongest ale, etc. Two spoonfuls of the diluted product of this fearful compound were to be given to the little sufferer in four spoonfuls of small beer morning and afternoon. The recipe might well call him "the patient," for so he or she had to be in every sense of the word.

As to the food of these children we possess little information. A writer in an eighteenth-century almanac throws some light on the subject in his advice about the "Easy Rearing of Children." He recommends a thoroughly Spartan regimen. As soon as boys can run alone they are to go without hats, in the bitter air of New England—like the Blue Coat boys in the milder atmosphere of Old England—to harden them. To make the feet tough, he advises that children's feet should be wetted in cold water, and that they should wear thin-soled shoes, "that the wet may come freely in!" A few such recipes for the hardening process certainly were well adapted to keep down any redundancy of population in a rising colony. The diet recommended by this sage for these small probationers sounds a little strong in these degenerate days. He tells parents that it is best to feed young children on "milk, pottage, flummery, bread and cheese, and not let them drink their beer"—which was to be a little heated—"till they have first eaten a piece of brown bread."

Surviving these preliminary ordeals, the little pilgrims were speedily committed to the tender mercies of the

schoolmaster and schoolmistress. "The Youth in this country are verie Sharp and early Ripe in their Capacities," says Cotton Mather in one of his sermons. The New England settlers were, for the most part, men of intelligence and good education, and they paid early attention to the establishment of schools for their precocious offspring. Both girls and boys began with dame schools, where the girls were taught to cook, to spin, weave, and knit, and all other housewifely accomplishments. Fine embroidery was the special delight both of young girls and grown-up ladies; and their devotion to this pursuit gained for the latter the title of "lazy squaws" from the Indians, who thought they should have been digging in the fields instead of embroidering coifs.

"The boys were thrust at once into that iron-handed but wholly wise grasp—the Latin Grammar. The minds trained in earliest youth in that study, as it was then taught, have made their deep and noble impress on this nation," says our author; and we do not feel inclined to dispute her *dictum*. Mathematics did not make much show till later years. Penmanship claimed the greatest attention. In spelling much latitude was allowed, and little heed seems to have been paid to the use of "simme colings nots of interogations peorids and commoes." The reading and parsing books included the Bible, the Catechism, the Psalm Book, and that specially cheerful string of rhymes, "The Day of Doom." Mrs. Earle is curious to know how the sharp little colonists managed to parse such lines as these from the Bay Psalm Book:—

And said He would not let them waste; had  
not  
Moses stood (whom he chose)  
'fore him i' the breach; to turn his wrath  
lest he should waste those.

The Puritan schoolmaster carried out *con amore* the Solomonic precept not to spare the rod. Every instrument of chastisement was employed by the stern masters and mistresses, from

A beesome of byrche for babes verry fit  
To a long lasting lybbet for lubbers as meete.

Altogether we cannot but join in Mrs. Earle's thankful conclusion to her chapter on "Child Life:—"

I often fancy I should have enjoyed living in the good old times, but I am glad I never was a child in colonial New England—to have been baptized in ice water, fed on brown bread and warm beer, to have had to learn the Assembly's Catechism and "explain all the Quaestions with conferring Texts," to have been constantly threatened with fear of death and terror of God, to have been forced to commit Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" to memory, and, after all, to have been whipped with a tattling stick.

Yet, with all these drawbacks the child life was not usually an unhappy one. The clear, sharp New England air ordinarily kept the spirits of the children up to concert pitch; and there must have been much fun and frolic and cheery chat in these large families of lively, irrepressible girls and boys. In the courts of a generation or two the over-strict primness and morbid gloom of adult life gave place to "frivolity and worldliness," and a growing passion for amusement. And in this transformation scene the young shared with their elders, whether for good or evil. On one excellent point in the children of old, now too much lost sight of in New and Old England alike, Mrs. Earle remarks:—

Of the demeanor of children to their parents nought can be said but praise. Respectful in word and deed, every letter, every record shows that the young Puritans truly honored their fathers and mothers. It were well for them to thus obey the law of God, for by the law of the land high-handed disobedience of parents was punishable by death. I do not find this penalty ever was paid, as it was under the sway of grim Calvin, a fact which redounds to the credit both of justice and youth in colonial days.

Passing on to a more engaging subject, we find that in the infant days of New England bachelors—confirmed ones—found themselves in a sad plight. Rare as they were, they were looked upon with intense scorn and disfavor by the whole community, instead of being regarded with the kindly interest accorded to them in the present day. If a man was not married, ladies, lawyers, parsons, and laymen were all against him. He was a suspected character. There *must* be something wrong with a man who did not set about getting a wife in a land where such a blessing was so essential. Rare and bleak would life on the shores of New England be without a good helpmeet.

Confirmed bachelors were not often allowed to live alone, or to make themselves comfortable where they chose, but had to take up their abode wherever and with whomsoever the "court" thought fit. In Hartford they had to pay a fine of twenty shillings a week! apparently in order that the single bliss of these "lone-men" might not advantage them by saving the cost of a wife. On the other hand, the mysteriously comical regulation of Eastham, a Massachusetts town, in 1695, seems to be more concerned about the killing of crows and blackbirds than about the promotion of marriages:—

Every unmarried man in the township shall kill six blackbirds or three crows while he remains single; as a penalty for not doing it, shall not be married until he obey this order.

This was rather hard upon the short-sighted man; but apparently he could take his time over the job, and live and die a bachelor.

Over such misguided men—the unmarried—the constable, the watchman, and the tithing-man had to exercise a special supervision; and no doubt these busybodies would "lose the duty in the joy" of spying and tattling and reporting about the "scircumstances and conuersation" of these odd fish. In many towns, however, "incurridgement"—it is the choice phonetic spelling of a lawmaker of those days, when every sturdy citizen had his own theory of orthography, and Pitmanism triumphed gloriously—was given to wedlock by the assignment of home lots to bachelors upon marriage.

In those primitive times old maids, maidens "withering on the virgin stalk" in single blessedness, were not easily found. That wedding-loving race was ungallant enough to fix the Rubicon of old-maidism at an absurdly early age, about five-and-twenty, and to bestow upon unmarried ladies of thirty the ungracious name of "thornbacks." Still, scarce as unchosen ladies were, we find record of one or two who adorned the world to a fine old age. In the Plymouth Church record, under date March 19, 1667, is this entry of the death of a lady of this category:—

Mary Carpenter sister of Mrs. Alice Bradford wife of Governor Bradford being newly en-

tered into the 91st year of her age. She was a godly old maid never married.

Josselyn, an Englishman who travelled in the colony in 1663, gives a glimpse of Boston process of courtship in those days :—

On the South there is a small but pleasant Common, where the Gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their Marmalet-Madams till the nine o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations.

But the Boston youth had to be very cautious how he ventured on this demure promenade in public with his fair sweetheart. The Puritan law-giver, who, as our author says, "interfered in every detail, small and great, of the public and private life of the citizen," had his eye on the young gallant, and fines, imprisonment, or the whipping-post, were the rocks on which he would be wrecked, should he attempt to "inveigle the affections of any maide or maide-servant," without the parental leave and approval. The prenuptial settlements were sharply looked after by those keen New Englanders. A most amusing account is given of Judge Sewall's many courtships; taken from his diary. Whether he was as eager after filthy lucre in his first matrimonial venture with Captain Hull's daughter, Hannah, as in his subsequent ones, we cannot tell. His record is all too brief :—

Mrs. Hannah Hull saw me when I took my Degree, and set her affection on me, though I knew nothing of it till after our Marriage.

No doubt he managed the matter discreetly, for we find that this good wife had as her dowry her weight in silver shillings! Forty-three years of matrimonial happiness were terminated by her death; and then, like a true Puritan, the grave old judge must marry again. He lost no time about the business. In less than four months from his wife's demise he makes this demure entry in his diary: "Wandering" (? wondering) "in my mind whether to live a married or a single life." And even before that date he had a look about among the comely, well-dowered widows of Boston.

Such an array of widows! Boston fairly blossomed with widows, the widows of all the "true New England men," whose wills Sewall had drawn up, whose dying bedsides

he had blessed and harassed with his prayers, whose bodies he had borne to the grave, whose funeral gloves, and scarves, and rings he had received and appraised, and whose estates he had settled. Over this sombre flower-bed of black-garbed widows, these hardy perennials, did this aged Puritan butterfly amorously hover, loth to settle, tasting each solemn sweet, calculating the richness of the soil in which each was planted, gauging the golden promise of fruit, and perhaps longing for the whole garden of full blown blossoms. "Ancient maides" were held in little esteem by him; not one thornback is on his list.

The particulars of his several courtships, with their encouragements, successes, and rebuffs, are given in the judge's own words, and yield amusing and edifying reading. Among his love gifts to Widow Denison we find: "Dr. Mathers sermons neatly bound and told her in it we were invited to a wedding;" a good way of popping the question by book. The amiable widow duly responded with "very good Curds." Other gifts from the judge followed: "K. Georges Effigies in Copper and an English Crown of K. Charles II. 1677." Then something for the palate: "A pound of Reasons and Proportionate Almonds." Again a higher style: "A Psalm-book elegantly bound in Turkey leather." "A pair of Shoe Buckles cost five shillings three pence." "Two Cases with a knife and fork in each; one Turtle Shell Tackling; the other long with Ivory Handles squar'd cost four shillings sixpence."

In Judge Sewall's case, of course, the difficulties and risks of courtship were small. He was rich and a lawyer, and knew how to sail clear of pains and penalties if his matches were broken off by himself. Besides, in the Boston of those days his domestic affairs would be discussed as minutely as in an English village of our own day, and no end of officious friends would offer their services as matchmakers for such an excellent mate. In some localities, however, the ancient art of courtship labored under serious disadvantages. In the Connecticut Valley the sweethearts, primly seated on opposite sides of the great fireplace, had to "whisper their tender nothings" through a "courting-stick," a long, hollow stick fitted with mouth and ear pieces. This telephonic mode of courtship, conduct-



ed under the eyes of the whole family circle, must have had a chilling effect on the heart and nerves of the ardent suitor.

In the early years of New England a formal ceremony of betrothal took place in public a little before the actual marriage. "A pastor was usually employed," says Cotton Mather, "and a sermon preached on this occasion." At one such solemnity Ephesians vi. 10, 11, was taken as the text by the officiating minister, "to teach that marriage is a state of *warfare* condition." Such it certainly proved to some wives. One poor lady stated, in a Connecticut paper, that her loving spouse "cruelly pulled my hair, pinched my flesh, kicked me out of bed, drag'd me by my arms & heels, flung ashes upon me to smother me, flung water from the well till I had not a dry thread on me." No doubt, after this catalogue of her wrongs, she claimed the protection of the laws, which were justly severe on bad husbands.

For the discourse delivered on the Sunday of the bride's first appearance at church or meeting, her "coming out" or "walking out" day, she was allowed to prescribe the text. This custom led to the exercise of much ingenuity in the selection of pointed passages. Among those chosen for these interesting occasions was Ecclesiastes iv. 9, 10: "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow." Still more personally appropriate was the text selected by a Hephzibah of that period on her marriage with a young man rejoicing in the name of Asa: 2 Chronicles xiv. 2: "And Asa did that which was good and right in the eyes of the Lord." From such a tempting text the good minister could spin out a long sermon, while the bride and bridegroom sat up with pleased and proud attention. Indeed, we are told, in some communities the happy couple gratified the public still farther by occupying a prominent seat in the gallery, and in the midst of the sermon rising to their feet and turning round slowly several times, so that their gaping, gossiping friends and neighbors might ad-

mire their bridal finery from every point of view.

Though the wooing in those days displayed much cold calculation and great lack of sentiment, Mrs. Earle thinks that Puritan husbands and wives "were happy in their marriages, though their love was shy, even sombre, and 'flowered out of sight like the fern.'" Some of their loving letters after marriage still exist; and certainly the one we quote below goes far to prove that in the early New England days there were wives as tender and true as the Lucy Hutchinsons and the Lady Fanshaws of the old country. It is to Governor Winthrop from his wife Margaret:—

MY OWN DEAR HUSBAND: How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved and how he is pleased with her poor endeavors? I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may always be pleasing to thee, and that these comforts we have in each other may be daily increased so far as they be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord; I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed and rest contented. I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I shall name two: First, because thou lovest God; and secondly because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in good time, for which time I shall pray. And thus with my mother's and my own best love to yourself I shall leave scribbling. Farewell my good husband, the Lord keep thee.

Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

We pass on to a subject interesting to ladies in all ages—that of domestic service. It would be a mistake to suppose that the present generation of English and American housewives suffers more from the scarcity of feminine "helps" than any previous one. In old New England the difficulty was a

very trying one. Listen to the sad complaint of the Rev. Ezekiel Rogers in 1656 :—

Much ado have I with my own family, hard to get a servant glad of catechizing or family duties. I had a rare blessing of servants in Yorkshire, and those I brought over were a blessing, but the young brood doth much afflict me.

Later on, savages—Indian captives taken in war—were employed in the fields, and in the houses, too, to the discomfort and danger of the distracted housewives. These wild helps were divided into lots and assigned to housekeepers. It is rather discouraging to find a man like Roger Williams begging for "one of the drove of Adam's degenerate seed" to be assigned him as a slave. It is less startling to observe the notorious Hugh Peters, of Salem, writing to a Boston friend: "Wee have heard of a diuidence of women and children in the baye & would bee glad of a share viz. a young woman or girle & a boy if you thinke good." Lowell makes humorous comment on these doubtful aids :—

Let any housewife of our day who does not find the Keltic element in domestic life so refreshing as to Mr. Arnold in literature, imagine a household with one wild Pequot woman, communicated with by signs, for the maid-of-all-work, and take courage. Those were serious times, indeed, when your cook might give warning by taking your scalp or chignon, as the case might be, and making off with it into the woods.

It was not likely that these wild creatures of the plains and forests could "cotton down" to the cramped and sombre routine of a New England homestead. The china and earthenware must speedily have suffered. The unfortunate infants committed to the care of Pequot nurses had need to be of india rubber elasticity to preserve them from broken backs and fractured limbs. A Massachusetts minister, the Rev. Peter Thatcher, in 1674, bought an Indian girl for five pounds down and five pounds more at the year's end—a high price in those days. Soon after the purchase, Thatcher, who, Mrs. Earle assures us, was "really a very kindly gentleman and a good Christian," makes the following entry in his diary: "Came home and found my Indian girl had liked to have knocked

my Theodorah on the head by letting her fall. Whereupon I took a good walnut stick and beat the Indian girl to purpose till she promised to do so no more." If such was the discipline practised by this specially "kindly gentleman" on his captive maid, we may conclude that the general treatment of these caged creatures of the woods did not err on the side of too great mildness and mercy.

It is not astonishing, then, that in early New England newspapers we find frequent advertisements offering rewards for the recovery of runaway servants, or slaves as we should now call them. In these premonitory advances toward negro slavery, it is, however, pleasant to note that the poor Indian girls were able to get some alleviation to their hard lot by adorning themselves with the striking variety of color dear to the wild feminine heart. So, in the *Boston News Letter* of October, 1707, we get the following advertisement :—

Run away from her master Baker. A tall Lusty Carolina Indian woman named Keziah Wampum, having long straight Black Hair tied up with a red Hair Lace, very much marked in the hands and face. Had on a strip'd red blue & white Homespun Jacket & a Red one. A Black & White Silk Crape Petticoat, A White Shift, as Also a blue one with her, and a mixt Blue and White Linsey Woolsey Apron.

A more striking conglomeration of finery is thus catalogued in an advertisement for the recovery of another Indian lady twenty-one years later :—

She wore off a Narrow Stript pink Cherredary Gown turn'd up with a little flour'd red & white Callico. A Stript Homespun Quilted Petticoat, a plain muslin Apron, a suit of plain Pinnars & a red & white flower'd knot, also a pair of green Stone Earrings with White Cotton Stockings & Leather heel'd Wooden Shoes.

The male Indians who clandestinely "sloped" were not a whit behind the females in this matter. They often disappeared rigged out in their masters' best clothes, and even wearing their flaxen, beribboned wigs, which must have had a fine tragic-comic effect when crowning those brown, saturnine, "hatchet" countenances.

To make up for these Indian imperfections, sons and daughters of some of the early hard-working settlers took

service with their friends and relations, and thought it no dishonor. Thus, Roger Williams writes in his enigmatical style, that his daughter "desires to spend some time in service & liked much Mrs. Brenton who wanted." But this neighborly form of kindly assistance was necessarily limited in extent; and soon the colonists began to consider whether negro slavery was not a better way to solve the domestic difficulty. "A. K. H. B." has shown us long ago that there is a great deal in "the Art of Putting Things," and we may reckon Emanuel Downing as an early master of that ingenious art. For in 1645 that prominent Puritan wrote that he considered it "synne in us, having power in our hand, to suffer them [the Indians] to maintain the worship of the devill," and so, animated of course by the best motives, introduced his suggestion that Indians should be exchanged for negroes, or "Moorees," as they were called: "I doe not see how wee can thrive vntill wee in to gett a stock of slaves sufficient to doe all our business."

The suggestion was soon put into practice, with a sad strain of evil results. As our author remarks:—

Though the early planters came to New England to obtain and maintain liberty and "bond slaverie, villinage," and other feudal servitudes were prohibited, under the ninety-first article of the Body of Liberties, still they needed but this suggestion of Downing's to adopt quickly what was then the universal and unquestioned practice of all Christian nations—slavery. . . . By 1687 a French refugee wrote home: "You may also here own Negroes and Negresses, there is not a house in Boston however small may be its means, that has not one or two."

It was not long before the African slave trade thrived and flourished in New England, "the land of the free," just as strongly as in Virginia, and was attended with all the horrors of the middle passage. The loss of life was great. The hardening, degrading influence of traffic in fellow-beings was soon proved by the heartlessness, the indifference to common humanity, displayed in the newspapers and letters of the day.

I have never seen [says Mrs. Earle] in any Southern newspapers advertisements of negro sales that surpass in heartlessness and vicious-

ness the advertisements of our New England newspapers of the eighteenth century. Negro children were advertised to be given away in Boston, and were sold by the pound as was other merchandise.

Surely these Puritan colonists and their descendants had sadly forgotten the spirit and the ways of him

Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,  
To break the chain from every limb,  
The bolt from every prison door!

"Negro-stealing by the Americans" did not come to an end till as late as 1864—only thirty years ago! Then a brig bringing from Africa a cargo of "black ivory" was lost at sea, crowded negroes and cruel captors going down in one hapless mass—"a grim ending to three centuries of incredible and unending cruelty."

All honor to good old Judge Sewall! We pardon his garrulity, in his private journal, where he was simply chatting confidentially to himself about the courting adventures to which we have alluded. We overlook his childish gossip, because he wrote the first anti-slavery tract ever published in America, "The Selling of Joseph." His brave protest did not avail. Other colonists were deady opposed to the diabolic traffic, but were willing to buy slaves in order, forsooth, "that the poor heathen might be brought up in a Christian land, be led away from their idols," quoting Abraham and other patriarchs as their justifying referees. One respectable elder at Newport, whence the New England slavers set sail, was in the habit of giving thanks in meeting on the next Sunday after the arrival of a slaver, "that a gracious, overruling Providence had been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted heathen to enjoy the blessings of a Gospel dispensation." But what could be said to such hypocritical self-deceivers by ministers who themselves were slave-owners? In that category, alas! were to be found such names as Daillé, Hopkins, Williams, Cotton Mather, and Jonathan Edwards. Mather possessed a negro worth £50, the gift of his congregation; and the good man, in his gratitude, devoted the black bondsman to God's service, with the sincere desire to save his soul through God's grace.

At a later date, however, he records that he had found his unregenerate slave "horribly arrested by spirits," by which, says our author, "he did not mean captured by the dreaded emissaries of the devil who pervaded the air of Boston and Salem at that time, but simply very drunk."

Many of these stolen blacks, however, made faithful and loving servants. One such, a freeman, lived in the service of Judge Sewall, who really deserved well of the children of Ham. Of him—by name "Boston"—Mrs. Earle gives this pleasing account, carefully gleaned out of the judge's diary :

We see Boston taking the Sewall children out sledding ; we see him carrying one of the little daughters out of town in his arms when the neighbors were suddenly smitten with that colonial plague, the small-pox. We find him, in later years, a tender nurse, sleeping by the fire in languishing Hannah Sewall's sick chamber ; and we can see him as he sat through the lonely nights with his dead and dearly loved mistress till she was hidden from his view. It is pleasing to know that though he lived a servant he was buried like a gentleman ; he received that token of final respect so highly prized in Boston—a ceremonious funeral, with a good fire, and chairs set in rows, and plenty of wine and cake, and a notice in the *News Letter*, and doubtless gloves in decent numbers.

On another such worthy, but one who died a slave, this touching epitaph is to be found at Attleborough, Massachusetts :—

Here lies the best of slaves  
Now turning into dust,  
Cæsar the Æthiopian claims  
A place among the just.

His faithful soul has fled  
To realms of heavenly light,  
And by the blood that Jesus shed  
Is changed from black to white.

Jan. 15th he quitted the stage  
In the 77th year of his age.  
1781.

New England slave-owners and witch-hunters, and Quaker-whippers receive their deserts in the scathing strains of John Greenleaf Whittier, whose honest soul rebelled against their being held up as models of Christian freemen.

But there was still another class of servants—in reality, white slaves. These were bound or indentured men, women, and children, sent out to the

new colonies in large batches. They were of three classes : voluntary emigrants, called "free-willers," or "redemptioners ;" "kids," or kidnapped innocents ; and convicts, transported for their crimes. The last were consigned chiefly to Virginia. The "kids" were trepanned from Scotland, Ireland, and England ; and their captors drove a bold and money-making trade. It is rather a satisfaction to learn that these indentured servants were "just as trying as the Indians and the negroes." A plaintive letter from John Winthrop to his father in 1717, details his troubles and his wife's vexations with a wearisome wild Irish bondmaid :—

It is not convenient now to write the trouble and plague we have had with this Irish creature the year past. Lying and unfaithfull ; w'd doe things on purpose in contradiction and vexation to her mistress ; lye out of the house a nights and have contrivances w'th fellows that have been stealing from o'r estate and gett drink out of ye cellar for them ; saucy and impudent, as when we have taken her to task for her wickedness she has gone away to complain of cruell usage. I can truly say we have used this base creature w'th a great deal of kindness and lenity. She w'd frequently take her mistress capps and stockins, handkerchers, etc., to dresse herself, and away without leave among her companions.

A still more terrible indictment against a maid, Priscilla Beckford, is to be found in a letter from John Wyster, head agent at Richmond Island in Maine, to Mr. Trelawny, of the London Company, in 1639. Its racy old English phrases and delightfully unfettered spelling render it emphatically good reading. We extract a few sentences :—

You write of some yll reports is given of my Wyfe for beatinge the maide ; yf a faire waye will not doe yt, beatinge must sometimes vppon such Idle girrels as she is. Yf you think yt fitte for my Wyfe to do all the work, and the maide sitt still, and she must forbear her hands to strike, then the work will ly vndonn. She hath bin now 2½ yeares in the house & I do not thinke she hath risen 20 tymes before my Wyfe hath been vp to Call her, and many tymes light the fire before she comes out of her bed. She hath twice gone a meching in the woodes which we have bin faine to send all our Company to seek her. We can hardly keep her within doors after we are gonn to bed except we carry the key of the door to bed with vs. She coulede never milke Cow nor Goate since she came hither. Our men do not desire to have her boy the kittle for them she is so sluttish. . . . Her beat-



inge that she hath had hath never hurt her body nor limes. She is so fatt & soggy she can hardly do any worke. Yf this maide at her lazy tymes when she hath bin found in her yll accyons do not deserve 2 or 3 blowes I pray you who hath the most reason to complain my Wyfe or maide. My Wyfe hath an Vnthankefull office. Yt does not please me well, being she hath taken so much paines and care to order things as well as she could, and ryse in the morning rath & go to bed soe latte, and have hard speeches for yt.

Poor, "soggy" slavey! we should like to have heard her side of the question.

Leaving these living movables, these black and white chattels, we will glance, for a moment, at the inanimate belongings of the primitive settlers. In the early colonial houses of the better sort the first room beyond the threshold was the entry—bare of furniture, simply the vestibule to the rest of the house. Then came the hall, which in Puritan houses was not a mere passage, but the living-room, the keeping-room, the dwelling-room, where the family sat and ate their meals. The old inventories give full particulars of the customary furniture of this useful apartment. That of Governor Eaton is often quoted. From it Mrs. Earle draws a pretty picture of a New England interior in 1657:—

Now, this was a very liberally furnished living room. There were plenty of seats for diners and loungers, if Puritans ever lounged; two long forms and a dozen stools of various heights, with green or embroidered cushions, upon which to sit while at the governor's board; and seven chairs, gay with needlework covers, to draw around his fireplace with its shining paraphernalia of various-sized andirons, tongs, and bellows. The low, heavy-raftered room, with these plentiful seats, the tables with their Turkey covers, the picturesque cupboard, with its rich cloth, and its display of the governor's silver plate, all aglow with the light of a great wood fire, make a pretty picture of comfortable simplicity, pleasant of contemplation in our *bric-à-brac* filled days, a fit setting for the figures of the governor, "New England's glory full of warmth and light," and his dearest, greatest, best of temporal enjoyments, "his vertuous, prudent, and prayerful wife."

On the other side of the entry was the parlor. It was sometimes used as a dining-room, sometimes as a state bedroom. It often contained, besides furniture like that of the hall, chests of drawers to hold the family linen,

and "that family idol—the best bed." Also the *escritoire*, or *scrutoire*, which Phillips, in his "New World of Words" (1696), defines as "a sort of large Cabinet with several Boxes, and a place for Pen, Ink and Paper, the door of which opening downward and resting upon Frames that are to be drawn out and put back, serves for a Table to write on."

The discomforts of these picturesque dwellings, with their sanded floors, roomy chimneys, and bare-raftered ceilings, were, of course, very great in the sharp New England winters. The icy blast blew fiercely in and through them. Cotton Mather, on a Sabbath in January, 1697, notes, as he shivers before a great fire, that "the Juices forced out at the end of short billets of wood by the heat of the flame on which they were laid, yett froze into Ice on their coming out." And some years later he records: "'Tis Dreadful cold, my ink glass in my standish is froze and splitt in my very stove. My ink in my pen suffers a congelation." But the big chimneys shrank in size as the forests disappeared, and sea coal, in some measure took the place of logs. Stoves came into use in the towns as early as 1695, and other appliances followed to "drive the cold winter away," or, at all events, keep it out of doors.

Holidays and festivals, in the first century of the New England colony, were few and far between. Its laws forbade the observance of the holy days of the Church of England. Christmas, now so highly prized and hailed by saint and sinner, was then spent in hard work. Later on, when its observance as a Christian festival seemed likely to creep in, a fine of five shillings was inflicted on any one who observed it as a holiday by forbearing of labor, feasting, or any other way. Good Judge Sewall watched jealously the state of popular feeling on the subject, and grimly rejoiced when business and bustling traffic went on as usual. On December 25, 1685, he has this unpromising entry:—

Carts came to town and shops open as usual. Some somehow observe the day, but are vexed I believe that the Body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it.

It was only in the beginning of the nineteenth century that Christmas established its position as a New England holiday. However, the early Pilgrims made up a little for this deprivation by the occasional appointment of a Thanksgiving day, or week, as a grateful break in their plodding round of labor. The first Thanksgiving week of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was held in November, 1621. We find a brief account of the brave little company's feast of body and soul in a letter from Edward Winslow to a friend in England:—

Our harvest being gotten in our governor sent four men on fowling that so we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week. At which time among other recreations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and amongst the rest their greatest king Massasoit with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer which they brought and bestow'd on our governor, and upon the captains and others.

Mrs. Earle, with a few deft touches, gives a bright bit of color to the scene:—

The picture of that Thanksgiving day, the block-house with its few cannon, the Pilgrim men in buff breeches, red waistcoats, and green or sad-colored mandillions; the great company of Indians, gay in holiday paint and feathers and furs; the few sad, overworked, homesick women, in worn and simple gowns, with plain coifs and kerchiefs, and the pathetic handful of little children, forms a keen contrast to the prosperous, cheerful Thanksgivings of a century later.

But Thanksgiving day, in those primeval times, was not the chief New England holiday. Election, Training, Commencement (of the colleges), claimed their respective days. The last-mentioned was one of their proudest holidays. Sewall always makes a note of the Harvard celebration, with its exercises, dinner, wine, and Commencement cake, which he regularly took round to his friends. The fasts were another occasion of holiday. And they were portentously numerous:—

The God of the Puritans was a jealous God, and many fasts were appointed to avert his

wrath, as shown in blasted wheat, moulded beans, wormy pease, and mildewed corn; in drought and grasshoppers; in Indian invasions; in caterpillars and other woes of New England; in children dying by the chincough; in the "excessive rains from the bottles of Heaven"—all these evils being sent for the crying sins of wig-wearing, sheltering Quakers, not paying the ministers, etc.

Sports and diversions were not many in those olden days, when, as Froissart writes of some in a former age, "they took their pleasures sadly—after their fashion." The great alleviation to each busy week was the "lecture" on the Thursday, when the religious exercises sometimes lasted five hours. This mid-week gathering, sober and solemn as it was, afforded a welcome interval from labor. Accordingly it was seized with avidity, and soon became a vehicle of "furious dissipation." Young people gladly availed themselves of these meetings as "a pretext and a means for enjoyable communion," and attended in such numbers as to inflict a rather heavy tax on the hospitable friends who kindly provided food, and cooked it, for the lecture-lovers from a distance.

But we must take our leave of these Old New England times, and of the worthy people who figured in them. Limits of space forbid our following Mrs. Earle through the other interesting topics which she has treated with enviable ease and skill. Her command of rare material, in the shape of old letters and diaries, scarce books and newspapers, and amply annotated almanacs, inaccessible, for the most part, to us on this side of the Atlantic, and the tact and humor which mark her handling of a difficult subject, render her volume invaluable to the lover of old times and quaint people. We shall look with hopeful anticipation for other books from her pen, treating of other phases of the olden life, with which she is so genuinely familiar. Not the least valuable page of the work before us is the last, in which she does justice to the sincere piety which lay deep down in the hearts of those stern and often mistaken men. "The accounts," she concludes, "of the wondrous and almost inspired calm which settled on those afflicted hearts, bearing steadfastly the Christian belief as

taught by the Puritan Church, make us long for the simplicity of faith, and the certainty of heaven and happy re-

union with loved ones, which they felt so triumphantly, so gloriously."—*London Quarterly Review*.

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ENGLISH AND FRENCH MANNERS.

BY FREDERIC CARREL.

THE Continent possesses a code of manners which is uniform in most important points, but the Englishman stands ethically alone in Europe. He has a neighbor from whose territory he is separated by a narrow strip of sea which he crosses frequently. He has been familiar with his ways from childhood and yet he is unable to understand him, as that neighbor to fathom his peculiarities.

The chief general distinctions in the characters of the two nations are an excess of sensitiveness and punctiliousness in the Gaul, and a corresponding excess of unhesitating enterprise and indifference in the Briton. In France everything is controlled and scrupulously apportioned. Pleasures as well as commodities are weighed with the greatest accuracy and the system of checks in all transactions has been raised to the highest degree of perfection. There is a nervous dread of fraud and the minutest and most costly measures are taken to prevent it. It seems that the French mind is averse to leaving anything to chance or to allowing any loophole for prevarication in any of the dealings of life. The smaller the issue, the more rigorously the regulations are observed, and whenever the stake becomes very large, as in great commercial undertakings, the observance of rules is much more uncertain. French financial associations, for instance, are formed with the utmost completeness. Their organization is perfect, and their statutes, framed with admirable minuteness, provide for every possible contingency. Yet, within the last ten years, we have seen a series of colossal enterprises, arranged to work with the regularity of clocks, successively undermined by the recklessness, the extravagance or the "megalomania" of their chiefs. The contrast between the order which reigns in the counting-house and

the hazardousness of the private office is remarkable. Again, the public administration, though too elaborate, is a model of ingenuity and discipline. If, however, it be compared with the working of the Parliament, the difference will be found to be considerable.

The life of a Frenchman is considerably regulated by the State. From youth to old age he is under the tyranny of officialdom and he is forced to bear the blood-tax as well as the numberless imposts which encumber all professions and callings. But he endures it all good-humoredly and seldom complains of the fresh burdens which are constantly being placed upon him. He has still a remnant of the old Roman feeling of duty to the State, and respect for unwise laws, however history might seem to disprove it, is firmly implanted in his heart. The rights of individuals, in France, are very clearly defined; certain sums of money procure certain rights which are honestly retained for the payer, who is always respected whosoever he may be. The smallest shopkeeper does not establish a shop without having made minute calculations, and arranged his tariff on a basis which he seldom thinks of changing. He has appointed all things carefully to scale, and if custom favor him, he is content with his position and scope; if not, he must endeavor to sell his business (which he had probably bought) with as little loss as possible. Extravagance, in any case, is seldom a cause of misfortune among this class, whose prudence is proverbial. They spend somewhat lavishly in perfecting and beautifying the place of trade, because their trade is part of their lives and they love to make it attractive, not only to the eye of the customer but to their own.

In England we find a very different series of conceptions. There is a mini-

mum of control, individuals are freer, there is a less mathematical weighing of things, the idea is more studied than the perfection of its elaboration, and there is a certain looseness and want of precision in English institutions which might be taken advantage of, and often is, by the dishonest. But the English are more or less inclined to trust and are not addicted to reducing life too much to scale and measure. The Englishman is business-like and expeditious in his undertakings; he uses the means as a rough-and-ready passport to the end. His home, on which he bestows all his powers of adornment, is the real object of his care: the counting-house and the shop are only considered worthy of a practical species of decoration. He does not possess the same desire as his neighbor for refining all he comes into contact with to its utmost limit. With regard to temperament, the two nations are still more dissimilar. The French character is a strange mixture of patience and impatience. The French are patient to a certain point and for the attainment of an end, but if the tide of circumstances set too strongly against them they are capable of abandoning in a day the principle of a lifetime. This hastiness has been shown distinctly in their later history. When the Parisian populace in 1789, weary of the abuses and the inefficiency of the government of Louis XVI., broke in one day with the traditions of eight centuries, they exhibited this temper. When they abandoned the Napoleonic dynasty on the morrow of the battle of Sedan they showed it once again. A nation's character is reflected in its history. In this respect their temper is somewhat of the feminine order—calm and amiable so long as it is not ruffled, but fiercely hostile when disturbed. This impatience, indeed, is not one of the best sides of the French character, and it contrasts strangely with the obstinate perseverance of the Englishman, who is never seen to better advantage than when trying to achieve the impossible. The latter, no doubt, often carries this propensity to extremes, when endeavoring to force success against the greatest obstacles, and with all his philosophy, it is doubtful if he contrives to make

his life as pleasant for himself as the Gaul who yields to the inevitable so much more readily. In France, as the saying has it, a door must be either shut or open.

There still linger in England some traces of the old feeling of respect for superiors which has disappeared to a great extent in France. The lower classes in England (those as yet untainted by socialism) attach a real meaning to the term "gentlefolk" as applied to persons of birth and education not necessarily noble or rich, whose acts are supposed to be invariably honorable. No corresponding class exists in France, and the *bourgeoisie*, which most nearly resembles it, is too often the personification of the hard egoism which was one of the determining causes of the Revolution. Mutual politeness between superiors and inferiors is certainly greater in France than in England, but the ancient respect for persons of refinement is very rare.

When we approach the subject of the people, we see the same contrasts as in the other classes. The populace in France, and especially in Paris, is a degree higher in the social ladder than in England. They are healthier, happier, and more intelligent; their dress is cleaner and more suitable for their callings; they are more thrifty, and they are never offensively vulgar. They have a greater respect for their women, whose faces are much less careworn than those of the English housewife, and whose well-developed figures offer none of the cruel woundings of the sense of human proportion which are presented by the British workman's careless spouse. The latter, if a little more virtuous than her French prototype, is largely deficient in sobriety and ingenuity. Who that has ever witnessed a wedding party at Meudon or at Suresnes and noticed with how much rational merriment the occasion is celebrated, the decorum which is observed, the gallantry of the men and the pleasant frankness of their manners, can fail to be struck with the superiority of the masses in France? A spirit of contentment seems to pervade these bridal parties, and it is to be regretted that the ridicule to which their one day's splendor exposes them from the mock-



ing Parisians is beginning to cause their discontinuance. Compare this with the solemnness of the British laborer's wedding, and the advantage will unquestionably be on the French side. The lower classes in France have a better place in the plan of society and their dignity is greater.

Let us now consider patriotism in its conception by the two nations. Patriotism in France is at once a warm and earnest sentiment springing from the hearts of the people, and a noisy species of nervosity, frequently aggressive and often only half sincere. It is excited, in this latter phase, and chiefly kept alive, by the cheap prints which appeal to what is considered to be the instincts of the masses. Of course I am not alluding here to legitimate love of country, but to the kind of propaganda which brings it artificially and unnecessarily before the minds of the people, on the most trivial grounds. It is no doubt natural that in a country which lives so much within itself, the idea of patriotism should be more largely developed than in one which extends its scope all over the world, but it is unfortunate that it should be made the pretext for a great deal of political manoeuvring which is not creditable to the nation. No country loves glory so much as France, and patriotism, especially in its present form, is a kind of prospective glory which the child is trained to cultivate from his tenderest years. Whether it is a healthy feeling is a matter on which opinion may be divided, but considering the situation of France to-day, it is easy to see that it is a natural one. Patriotism, at all events, is an ever-popular subject on the lips of a deputy or in the columns of a newspaper, and no matter how badly it is treated, its success is assured. In the name of patriotism the grossest errors are condoned, and the most serious shortcomings are pardoned. True patriotism is one of the leading virtues of the French race, but there exists by its side a commercial patriotism which too often discredits it.

When, during the course of last year, a deputy in the French Chamber, who had long attempted to discredit the Government of the hour by every means

in his power, produced the memorable set of false papers by which the British Embassy was said to be the purchaser of state secrets—perhaps the most ludicrous blunder ever committed—the Press and the public condoned the error because it had been made, as they considered, from patriotic motives.

Is it necessary to add, that the ephemeral popularity of that strange political juggler, Boulanger, was entirely owing to the constant profession of patriotism which he made?

In England patriotism is of a less demonstrative nature. It is less generally mentioned, either by speakers or in the press, because it is too well understood to need it. It is so fundamental a principle, that the hearth and home are to be defended to the death against invaders, that the subject is hardly considered worthy of being referred to. There is no word, indeed, in the English language which conveys all that is meant by the word "patrie"—the word "England" sufficing to the Englishman to denote the country of the world in which justice, morals, meat and sanitation are best and holiest. He feels that the wide-reaching arms of the gigantic Empire protect him wherever he may be, and he does not form the same attachment to his village steeple as the Frenchman of the country districts, whose aspiration, when in a foreign land, is to return to end his life beneath its shadow. Patriotism in England is a practical virtue, with much stern courage and resolution to support it, but with little romance. It is not used decoratively as in France, but it is not the less present in the English mind.

From patriotism to politics there is but one step, and when we have taken it we reach at once the worst, the weakest, the most crooked of the institutions of the France of to-day. We find a Chamber in which the welfare of the nation is constantly sacrificed to personal interests—a Chamber in which many of the leading men have been, justly or unjustly, accused of dishonorable practices; but who, by their knowledge of the complicated machinery of parliamentary tactics, have contrived to make themselves indispensable. A whole class of professional politicians

has sprung from universal suffrage, a band of clamorous demagogues, whose narrow views are at constant variance with the wiser judgment of the moderate but more silent members. There is not a short-sighted law which they fail to support, if it possess a particle of personal or party interest; and the voter who sends this class of fortune-hunters to the Palais Bourbon does incalculable harm to the country. The Chamber of Deputies is the grave of French manners, which sadly degenerate in its precincts; and nothing is more ironical than to contrast the outward marks of respect accorded to the President each day on his entry to the Chamber between two rows of soldiers, and the disregard with which he is treated subsequently by the turbulent assembly. When Robespierre turned to the President, who was ringing his bell to cause the turmoil to cease, and said, "Veux-tu ta sonnette, président d'assassins," he showed the true spirit of unruliness which has characterized the Chamber ever since. The new school of politicians in France is the worst the nation has seen for a long period, and the tendency of the times is to elect plebeian agitators who, though they have not yet been able to obtain the reins of government, are the despair of all real statesmen that attempt the Herculean task of governing France. Querulous, ill-bred, and bigoted, they are the worst product of the nation. But unfortunately they are not the only defect in the French parliamentary system; and the recent Panama scandals proved convincingly that state reasons (which are generally party reasons), in the French theory of government, scatter principles to the winds upon emergencies. Universal suspicion, which always follows inconsistent measures, is the result. No government can govern well which is not credited with a certain quantity of honorable intentions, and yet the year 1893 was a perfect holocaust of reputations!

How does the English conception of modern politics compare with this? Until the absorbing question which has destroyed the best traditions of the British Parliament had been brought forward, the superiority of the English parliamentary system was indisputable.

Except on rare occasions a pleasant courtesy ruled. One felt that there was a real connection between the grave personage on the wool-sack and the decorum of a legislative body. Passion and invective had not yet entered into parliamentary manners, and universal suffrage had not yet given its full measure of disintegration. Is it different now? and has the French system invaded parliamentary manners in this country? Let us hope that it has not, and that the tone of English politics will continue to be higher and less esoteric. Suspicion, at all events, is not the ever-present enemy which thwarts the best intentions and magnifies the worst. The reputation of the name of Member of Parliament has not suffered so much as in France; the prestige of the Parliament is greater and the number of adventurers it contains far less. There is something stable and reassuring in the architecture and general air of the Houses of Parliament with their devotional Gothicness, which is absent in the Bourbon Palace. The one seems to breathe promises of peace, the other an atmosphere of turbulence.

And what is to be said of the French Press? It is at once the brightest, the most interesting, and the most literary press in the world—a leisurely press which does not live at fever heat, and which relies more on the ability of its writers than on the obtainment of news, treating its public *en famille*, discreet in the matter of domestic scandals, polite to authors and composers; in fine, a press which has learned so well the art of exciting interest that it invests even the dullest of parliamentary debates with a literary garb which conveys to the reader all the information he is likely to need, and is in itself a model of witty condensation. The French Press is artistic in all its methods, and whether the French journalist is writing a theatrical criticism or inditing a paragraph of current news, his hand has always a delicacy of touch, for which French journalism appears to possess a special secret. A journal of the *verve* and good humor of the *Figaro* is without its equal in the Press of the world. The favorite writers of the Paris Press are almost as

popular with the Parisian public as the heroes of the open-air concerts, which is saying a great deal. Their persons and their styles are known familiarly, and an article by one of them is a Parisian event to be discussed at the breakfast table. The name of journalist, however, is in considerable disfavor in Parisian society because it is generally associated with certain questionable processes of turning to profit the power of the pen's publicity, while writers who devote themselves to special subjects enjoy a much higher reputation. The French require that all things should have a personal stamp, and the few anonymous journals which exist are not extremely popular. The French reader is fond of opening his journal to ascertain, not so much what it has to say on a particular event, as how a popular writer has treated it. The argument *ad personam* is always sought.

But there is a reverse side to the medal. The little print commonly known as the *feuille de chou* is the pest of French journalism. It is this section of the Press which feeds the fire of false reports and accusations, which denounces without proof and lies without shame. It is unprincipled and disreputable, and has largely contributed to lower the journalistic profession in the eyes of the public; it is also a fruitful source of duels. There is but one thing in its favor—the journals which compose it make some slight amends by their brightness, while their cleverness of invention and the bellicose nature of their patriotism often raise a smile on the lips of those who most disapprove of their manners.

From the French to the English Press the transition is extraordinarily great, for we find ourselves at once in the realms of small type and long columns of stern, uncompromising anonymity, and of strict sobriety of style seldom broken into, save, perhaps, for the purpose of describing a royal wedding with an extravagant wealth of empty hyperbole. The journalist in England is the unknown *deus ex machina*, who guides the public mind from the obscurity of his room in Fleet Street, and who is little known outside Press circles. It is this hidden nature of English journalism which gives it a

greater influence upon public opinion and inspires the English public, which is naturally reverential, with a firm belief in the wisdom and integrity of the printed sheet. The average middle-class Englishman takes heed of the opinions expressed in the journal he reads, and they assist him greatly in forming his judgments, but the Frenchman having a greater familiarity with journalists and their ways is more sceptical. It is a common saying among Englishmen that French journals are incomplete and deficient in quantity of matter, but it must be remembered that Frenchmen have not the same desire as Englishmen to know what is taking place in all quarters of the globe, and that as regards literary contents there is little or no difference, the advertisements in the French newspapers being kept within reasonable bounds, which they invariably exceed in English journals, whose readers' eyes are constantly wearied with hideous typographical displays. Attempts are seldom made to render English journals less ponderous. It seems that they reflect the feeling of the nation in its love of stern seriousness, without which earnestness appears to it impossible. The London "daily," the contents of which are only to be found in the centre like the kernel of a nut, is not a cheerful publication, and although its practical utility may be greater than that of its French contemporaries, its power to interest and amuse is certainly far less. On the other hand, the manners of the minor press in England are superior to those of the Boulevard prints, and English law provides the strongest reasons why they should be careful to avoid defamation. But in England such newspapers are almost exclusively conducted on commercial principles to win the small coin of the million, while in France many are created to maintain a political doctrine at all hazards and with the utmost unscrupulousness. The English journalist is a hard brain-worker, dealing with facts in careful language; while his French confrère is a clever word-artist, who clothes his themes in the most graceful dress they are capable of wearing. Again, the London public seldom criticises an article of the daily press,

but the Parisians, as I have said, with their finely critical sense, are much addicted to this amusement.

Let us pass on to the great question of morality. Morality is a term which is so differently understood on the two sides of the Channel that no comparison would be complete which did not deal with it, and there is no subject on which the two nations accuse each other more unjustly, or more blindly, chiefly from their mutual inability to lift the veil which separates the semblance from the reality. In France a moral life according to the strict English conception is almost unknown among men, and the condition of mistress is more openly recognized than in England: so long as an unmarried couple in France live quietly together and are scrupulous in the payment of their debts they are treated with a great deal of consideration by classes beneath them. Men do not always shrink from introducing them to their friends, and their status is by no means bad. In the higher ranks of society *liaisons* are commonly accepted so long as the pair do not cohabit, because in France, as elsewhere, the conditions of dwelling constitute a moral standard in themselves. The French with their Gallic blood, their catholicism with its remission of sin, their free thought, their greater proximity to nature in the relations of the sexes, have always been more ready to recognize natural propensities which the cooler Saxon, still half a Puritan, shows a continual desire to hide. Moral laxity as regards the appropriation of one woman by one man exists largely in all classes of French society, but so reasonable are the French in their irregularity, and so free from the vulgar debauchery with which it is so often accompanied in other countries, that the race has in no apparent way suffered in consequence. Immorality in France is what may be termed the immorality of nature, and the sound good sense of the people will always prevent it from being otherwise. But if the number of conjugal infidelities be great, and, indeed, it is so great as to cause wonder that the whole system of marriage should not be broken down, this is attributable to two causes, the essential amateness of the race

and the practice of marrying according to fortune rather than predilection.

Notwithstanding this, however, it would be an error to suppose that there is no conjugal fidelity in France, for French society offers examples, and many, of the most perfect domestic happiness and feminine fidelity, especially among the middle classes and in the provinces, where religion is less artificially observed than in the capital. When it is thoroughly understood in England that the majority of French people (exception being made for the Anglomaniacs of advanced society) consider that "flirting" is a dishonorable amusement, and that a woman who has once listened to the overtures of a man considers it an act of justice to console him, this side of the French character will be more comprehensible to the English mind. This, and the force of the suspicions which attack every woman in society, and which in self-defence she is often driven to justify, is the cause of many French *liaisons* formed in the *désœuvrement* of fashionable life, the philosophy of which is deeper than appears on the surface. The worst immorality is that which destroys the family, and yet in France the family tie is extremely strong, and the devotion of children to their parents exceptionally great.

Again, immorality in France never assumes the grim aspect it takes in England, where it is so often associated with insobriety, and there still lingers a sense of order and of fitness even in those who have sunk lowest in the scale of respectability. In the higher walks of "misconduct" many women take a signal and skilful revenge upon society, and the number of their male victims, whom they calmly dispossess of their fortune without the slightest compunction, never diminishes, the most striking examples of their system of pecuniary subtraction being apparently no deterrent. It is well known that the chief aim in life of this class is to retire ultimately to the seclusion of a country life in the character of charitable *rentières*.

But the Lesbian blot on French manners, which is neither deniable nor denied, casts a shadow on the national life. An able chronicler has not shrunk



from describing it in the columns of one of the most influential journals, and it is a recurring topic of conversation. Nervosity, an excess of refinement and culture, a strong disinclination for child-bearing have been the causes which have revived the practices of the ancient East, and Paris has to bear the responsibility of having resuscitated them in obedience to the magic power of gold. The evil has its origin among the wealthy classes, among those who can afford to buy the dish of sensuality from less fortunate acquaintances, induced by the smallness of their means and their love of luxury, to sell it. It has produced a strange, almost superstitious feeling, an unnatural atmosphere of society in which sex is confounded with sex, and the occasions for scandal are increased threefold. Undoubtedly it is a severe form of egotism, of that kind of egotism which has become so ornate, so luxuriously, so delicately refined in the expression of its grossness, that it has contrived to become a highly-developed transcendental materialism tempered by a flavor of cynical philosophy due to the outside influences of modern thought.

And how do morals in England compare with morals in France? In some ways well, in others badly. In England there is no frankness, no voluntary admission of any falling away from the principles of morality as they have been fixed by religion and custom. Just as in English society people are all theoretically of no occupation, so there is a fiction that English morals are pure. Morality is held to be a British institution, all departures from which, however numerous, are regarded as isolated instances in no way impairing the principle on which society is based. It is true that the law courts, whose proceedings are made ruthlessly public, disclose some very serious exceptions, but yet there is no abatement of the contention that virtue is the rule.

Immorality in England has a tendency to become as unbridled as a sailor on shore freed from the discipline of his ship: in its lower forms it almost invariably becomes coarse and intemperate. It seems as if the watery clouds which hang eternally above the British

Isles had made virtue chillier and vice more tenebrous. It is one of the first principles, however, of official ethics in England, that the existence of vice is to be ignored, notwithstanding the testimony of the streets, and similarly, immorality is carefully concealed in the inner mind of each individual. The tone of masculine conversation at clubs and elsewhere is in conformity with this feeling. Women are not the favorite subjects of comment, and one seldom hears, as in Paris, the same discussions upon the fittest and cleverest methods of behavior toward them, nor the same cynical and witty jokes on the theme of love. If by chance the Englishman depart from his stubborn, almost oriental silence regarding women, he often goes to the other extreme and speaks of them too grossly.

But this maintenance of a bold pretension to national purity, however hypocritical it may appear, is a curb on the spread of immorality, since what is unseen is less likely to be imitated than what is seen, and this is a distinct advantage for the English system.

It must be admitted also, that the virtue of married women, which the throne requires as a passport to recognition, is more general than in France, and the English woman possesses a natural, inborn desire to guard her virtue which passion frequently does not succeed in destroying. Sentiment and not passion is the basis of the ordinary English marriage.

The greatest degrees of immorality in England are to be found in the highest and in the lowest classes—the two classes which, from two opposite causes, are best able to hide their proclivities. At either end of the social ladder there is a relaxation of moral principles. In the upper steps it proceeds chiefly from the *inertia vitæ* of opulence, in the lower from the despair of misery. It is easy to understand, then, that the English middle-class matron, the bulwark of British propriety, looks with abhorrence on all lack of moral conscience, which she considers of foreign and usually of French origin; but even her uncompromisingness is preferable to the ostentatious abandonment of principles which characterizes that class of Eng-

lishmen who have become continentalized too soon, and who, by the too hasty adoption of habits to which they had not been bred, only succeed in showing the weakness of their judgment. For when Englishmen or women lapse suddenly into moral laxity, after having received a British education, they almost invariably lack good taste and moderation.

Again, the dissimilarity between the two nations is shown by the fact that a scandal in England is generally spoken of as a grave social failure, to be mentioned in a prudish undertone, while in France it is the subject of ordinary and often witty comment. It is needless to say that one of the most comic personages in French literature is the husband whose wife, by her infidelity, has caused a certain sobriquet to be applied to him. In this instance alone, the difference of views is strikingly apparent. The French recognize the existence of unorthodoxy in morals, while the English do not. Moreover, French women are quick in their conclusions and resolutions; they have no patience for half shades and hesitancy, they are as absolute in the character of their minds as they are gracefully precise in the movement of their bodies. Their English sisters are less hasty, but they think perhaps more deeply, or at all events do not act so quickly on their thoughts.

The question of cleanliness is another on which the ideas of the two nations are at variance. In France the cleanliness of the thing seen is the primary consideration, in England, things both seen and unseen are required to be clean. Cleanness in the preparation of food, in the outer clothing of the body, in the elimination of dust, is always remarkable in France, and dirt is never allowed to offend the eye. Unfortunately, the genius of the nation for cleanliness ends here, and the necessity of water as a purifier, in towns like Paris, where the supply is inadequate, is insufficiently recognized. It is not understood among the lower and lower middle classes that if it is beautiful to live in an *apparent* state of cleanliness, it is equally so to exist in a *real* one; and that as long as sanitation and hygiene are put into a corner as trouble-

some sciences, which are costly, to no visible advantage, perfect living cannot be attained. The whole Continent suffers from insufficiency of ablution, and although in fashionable households the morning bath has succeeded in establishing itself, a large proportion of the population is content to live in a state of inner griminess. It is hardly necessary to allude to the persistent violation of health principles by architects. They are not blamed for their dangerous disregard for the essential conditions of healthy living, and they are therefore indifferent upon the subject, the more so as the nation at large has impaired the sensitiveness of its olfactory nerve by familiarity with irritants.

The Englishman, on the other hand, has an exaggerated, almost eccentric, craving for abundance of water, which he satisfies at all costs, and under the most difficult conditions. He has developed this craving to an astonishing degree, and when he is absent from his hygienic country he nurses an almost superstitious dread of evil sanitation. Not a breath of unsavoriness escapes his finely tempered sense, and his life abroad is constantly rendered unhappy by offences against it. He has a cult for clean and rosy skins, and his ideal of moral purity cannot be disassociated from physical purity. For priests abroad, whose poverty has made them careless as to cleanliness, Englishmen have a great aversion, and often refuse to believe in the piety of an ecclesiastic imperfectly cleansed. Is it the constant suggestion offered by the waves which encircle his island or the raininess of his climate that has made the Englishman so love water? Whatever it may be, he has certainly set the example to the rest of the world of a delightful system of living by reducing to a minimum the unpleasant materialism of the body, and making it appear more ethereally human.

But in art the French make more than ample amends for their deficiencies. Art is the best, the truest, the most perfect thing in France—vivid, living, real, neither sentimental nor meretricious, but convincingly just in expression and in execution.

Paris, the place of exhibition for the

nation's art, is unequalled in the world for the exquisiteness of its taste. What can be more elegantly beautiful and more quietly harmonious than the decoration of a Parisian interior, with its justness of proportion, its pleasant air of repose, and the admirable moderation of treatment, which is skilfully relieved here and there by an artistic gem of infinite originality and brightness attesting the life-breathing influence of art?

And it is not only in the frame of the home life that taste predominates in France, but in every manifestation of the artistic spirit; in the originality and vigor of the modern school of painting, in the finished methods of the French playwright, in the delightful subtlety of analysis, the exquisite comprehension of human destinies and instincts shown by the French novelist, whose works are read by the whole world, and, lastly, in the finely tempered musical sense of the nation.

The Parisian is by nature an artistic being, from the child of the people who as *modiste* devises the most enchanting costumes, the *coiffeur* whose delicacy of touch and dexterity are famous, to the *chef*, who maintains the glory of French cookery. All, in their way, are artists.

They have all penetrated to the truth in art, and the national conscience can, indeed, be called healthy in an æsthetic sense. Art in France is honest and sincere.

It would be too much to claim that the French never err in artistic matters, because occasionally in their earnestness they aim too high. They are, however, unprejudiced, and they honor whatever the imagination creates that is excellent and real, turning away from affectation and idle searchings for effect. They recognized the talent of a Zola and a Loti when it is doubtful if another nation would have done so. One feels that their work is exactly what, given the premises, it should be, never surcharged and always just in its proportions.

In England, alas! all this is very

different. Art is a dreary inefficacy which procures no joy and excites no enthusiasm. It is an insipid form of artistic pleasure dreamily sentimental. With a few exceptions, it has no existence beyond the shores of England, because no public in the world, except its own, can be found to take an interest in it. Whether it be in the painting, the novel, the play, or in the ordinary surroundings of every-day life, the same want of artistic perception reveals itself. There is no boldness, no strong personality, no "sacred fire," no vigor; art in England is lifeless and faded. The exact goal is rarely reached and the English artist seems like a forced plant which has no spontaneity of growth.

In fiction, the English have developed the school of the marvellous and the improbable. Being forbidden by public opinion and by the State from treating too plainly the one subject which has been the principal *raison d'être* of literature from its origin, the English author and the playwright have too often recourse to complication and weirdness, unlike life or possibility, the artist is timid in the use of colors and the general taste is at a low ebb. There is an incompleteness in everything connected with taste, an inability to realize the necessity for the small but all-important details which make the object grateful to the eye and a bluntness of the critical faculty. Within the last few years, no doubt, great attempts have been made in England to remedy this defect. House furnishers and others have *learnt* art as an education, and have been slightly successful in making use of their *acquired* taste, but the majority of the nation remains in darkness and trusts to its writers, its painters, its sculptors, and its musicians to guide its sense of the beautiful. Alas! when a statue more monstrously grotesque than usual makes its appearance in a street which was boasting some pretensions to good architecture we see the value of the guidance.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## LIFE IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

BY J. D. REES.

ON one side of the one street of our village, cottages stand side by side, of wood, one-storied, each with an out-house, equal to itself; on the other side are somewhat larger dwellings in little gardens. It is 6 P.M. and the cows are coming home. A white cow that always leads the line marches down the centre of the roadway over the rough cobble stones, a yellow-haired child laughingly threatens it with a stick, disturbing rather the dignity of the herdsman, a boy of ten in long boots and a red shirt, than the self-possession of the beast. At the end of the rows of houses the road dips to a wooden bridge across a little river, wherein all the folks bathe in the long summer days. Close to the bridge on the banks of the weedy stream is the cemetery. The wooden crosses bear no names. My companion says it is cheap to be buried here. In Petersburg, forty miles away, it costs you 200 roubles for a nice place in a good cemetery, besides a rouble or two for the gravedigger. A cheerful youth, though he does read mathematics and classics and sciences without number in the Gymnase at the capital, and takes a morbid interest in comparative necrology. Cheerful too are the peasants on this July Sunday. The unmarried girls have their hair plaited down their backs, and they and their married sisters with head kerchiefs wear gayly colored gowns, and bow politely to one another, and talk and laugh, and heartily enjoy the day of rest in the middle of the hay-cutting season. The men for the most part boast good black coats, and embroidered cotton shirts, and excellent long boots, often of polished leather, and always with concertina-like crinklings at the ankles. As much as 12 roubles or 25 shillings is often paid for a pair of such boots. But this, of course, is their holiday attire, in which they walk past the house of the head man, where a notice above the door proclaims the fact that taxes are received. That such payments do not engender feelings of discontent and resentment

against the Czar, is amply proved by an incident which occurred this morning in church. In the Greek, as in the Roman and Protestant Churches, a prayer for the royal family forms a part of the ordinary service, but the Greek priest also reads out the names of persons to be prayed for, which are written on slips of paper, and handed up by members of the congregation. Such names are generally those of deceased members of private persons' families, but to-day the late Emperor Alexander the Second, his present Majesty, and several other princes were prayed for over and above the statutory prayers, by the request of some one in the church. Nor has the emancipation which the late Emperor effected terminated the satisfactory relations which often previously existed between lord and serf. At nightfall bands of singing peasants marched along the roads, the women wearing ribbons or gifts of the like nature, and the men with money presents in their pockets, from their former master, who on this his name day has been congratulated in person by all his old serfs, not one of whom had gone empty away. The sun, sinking below the horizon, on the vast and somewhat monotonous plain, left behind it an apparently contented village in Makarieff. There was once more wood around it, and the peasants say too much was cut down, that the wife of the landlord might see the dome of the church, five miles off, from her bedroom window. But now that one-third of the commune land is lying fallow, when once the hay is in, the peasants will be glad to fell more forest, and burn the roots, and bring more of the landlords' land under cultivation, for they either get the wood gratis, or a sufficient money payment, in return for their pains.

The big brawny peasant sitting on the bench with his cap in his hand is called "the Baron," and the title is hereditary in his family. It seems his grandfather was famous as the possessor of an unequalled appetite, and that his



master, who often came to see the serfs dine in the field, would good-humoredly refer to the subject, and generally said, "Here is our friend who has the appetite of three." One day, however, the serf replied, "There is nothing wonderful in that, your excellency." "No?" replied the master. "No, indeed," rejoined the serf; "I know a man who eats as much as three hundred." "Who can that be?" said the astonished master. "Now consider, your excellency, if it is not yourself. Are not three hundred slaves working daily, and do you not eat all the produce of their labor?" They work hard, these peasants. My next-door neighbor is a man who makes his own bread, and cultivates enough land to grow all the corn he wants for his family. In the short summer of four months he is up daily at four o'clock, or earlier, and is at work till 9 P.M. Just now he mows the hay in these early hours, and later in the day it dries in the sun, and can be carted into the barn, for at night and in the early morning the grass is wet with dew. By his bad luck my neighbor's children are girls, and too young to help him. A boy of ten years could have watered the horse and have helped in various ways, but of his five girls only one can assist at all. He prays devoutly for a son or two, for just now he works till 11 P.M. every night, and sometimes the stress and simultaneous pressure of different agricultural operations force him to rise again two hours after midnight. He can rest in the long winter; when the snowdrift rises up above his windows and his wife is busy spinning, but most of the villagers cannot. They are busy gathering wood for use and for sale, and many of them take their horses into Petersburg, and become cabmen. And on bitter nights, when the breath freezes instantaneously in mustache and beard, it has happened that one or two of our peasants have been frozen on the little boxes of their diminutive carriages. A dram too deep, a drowsy nod, a few minutes' sleep, and the benumbed driver awakes no more. Just now it is hard to believe that such a fate can have overtaken any one, for the thermometer marks 78° in the shade, and in the small rooms of a

wooden cottage the heat is intensely felt. The neighboring landlord wants to get his work done, and his agent is offering a rouble and a rouble and a half a day, but Ivan must look after his own field first, and just now it is a struggle with all to get through their work. Where the soil is ungrateful, as it is here, a landlord, when he has paid all expenses, finds a very small balance of profit left in his pocket. But for the forests, few estates around us would pay expenses.

The admirable work on Russia of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace continues to be the standard authority on that country, and not one of its successors has in any way approached its thoroughness and excellence. There is only one question on which I should venture with extreme diffidence to express an opinion at all at variance with that of Sir Donald Wallace, who, however, on this point wrote so soon after the emancipation as to make it impossible for him, as he expressly stated, to fully estimate its effects. I think the losses of the landlords have proved greater and more universal. He says many were, no doubt, ruined at the time, but the emancipation only showed them that they were ruined. Well, Russia at the moment occupies a foremost place in the comity of nations. With an immense army and a growing navy, with improved communications, with a government perhaps adapted to her needs, and a generally contented and patriotic population, she preserves the peace throughout Northern Europe and Asia, and in the older continent continually manifests that tendency to extend her frontiers which is the outward and visible sign of vigorous youth and of growing power. Her subjects, as a whole, it may safely be said, are contented, for they certainly have no sympathy with the small party of Anarchists. Here we have a picture of a great and prosperous Power. But its credit notes are incontrovertible. It promises the holder 3s. 2d. for every rouble note. The holder cannot get any money out of the Government for his paper, and the foreigner will only give him 2s. 1d. It may certainly be said, from this point of view, that the Government is not solvent. If, then, any

financial or political crisis compelled the Russian Government to pay off all its debts, reducing its army, neglecting to add to its navy, and ceasing to extend its dominions, for this purpose, that Government might reasonably consider that the events which showed that it was ruined, actually caused its ruin. And such was the case with many, perhaps with the majority of the landlords. They may have been embarrassed, generally were, but they kept their heads above water and held their own. So has the Government been embarrassed, and yet it more than holds its own. It is not, I think, a sufficient answer to assert that the landlords really profited, because, when once they learned that they were ruined, they took to occupations and began to occupy positions which they had formerly scorned. It might be good for the Russian Government to place its affairs on a sound financial basis, but the process, involving as it must a large reduction in the army, would inevitably result in its descent from the proud position it now occupies in the world. In short, I think that the experience of the thirty-two and a half years which have elapsed since the emancipation shows that the landlords, as a class, suffered enormously. The redemption money paid by the State was soon spent, too often abroad and in riotous living (whence arose the still existing impression that Russians are always rich), and the second and third generations occupy a very different position from that of their forefathers.

To return to our village. To-day I paid some visits. The peasants receive with much natural grace and hospitality, and exhibit with pride the kitchen stove on the top of which they sleep in winter, and the room facing the street in which they breakfast and dine. On the walls are generally pictures of the Czar and of the royal family, the out-houses adjoin the back of the cottage, and the eternal samovar is the chief feature of the interior domestic economy. Sugar is looked on as rather a luxury, though all use it. Generally a lump is dipped in the tea, and sucked from time to time by the poor, or dissolved wholesale by the rich. It is an exciting occupation to follow the in-

definite branch of the imperfect aspect, or the semelfactive perfect aspect of unity of a Russian irregular verb, from its birth in the back of the mouth, around a rolling lump of sugar, past a hedge of white teeth, through a pair of half-opened lips, till it strikes upon the ear with all the full majesty of the most complicatedly compound and irregularly perplexing part of speech that ever was invented since the time of the Tower of Babel. The milk is placed on the table in an earthenware pot, and a dipper floats upon the thick white fluid. One objection to the dipper is that you can hardly use it without putting your fingers in the milk; a greater objection is that the same thing happens to other people's fingers. Outside the window grow some tall shrubs, probably not less than six feet high. The housewife says, "The hares ate the top off that one in the winter!" They subsist upon the tops of such shrubs as preserve any leaves at any altitude above the snow line. She spoke quite seriously. There is not a single individual in our village who would laugh at a stranger. This is as true as any general statement can be, but they do laugh to this day at the mistake of an Englishman who long ago came on a visit from the capital and was introduced to a ring of village maidens, who were dancing quadrilles in the gloaming on the boarded floor of the bridge across the river. He was trying to learn Russian and anxious to say something on all occasions. But when he shook hands with the leader of the dance in the middle of the ring, his newly acquired words got mixed in his head, and meaning to apologize for his gloved hand he said, "I hope you will all excuse me for wearing trousers!"

Just now, oddly enough, we awoke at 5 A.M. to the sound of the trumpet. Long lines of wagons roll along the street. Yesterday two carriages emblazoned with imperial crowns passed by, and two Circassians witched our little world with wondrous horsemanship. One of them threw down a nut and picked it up as he galloped past, to the delight of several women who were—and I think the soldiers knew it—looking on. Officers ride by, maps sticking in their belts. I saw a colonel

determining with mathematical accuracy the position on the chart of a railway station which stared him in the face. We take part in these manoeuvres. The village has been called on to furnish supplies in nines—nine men, nine horses, nine carts, nine feeds of forage, and by the literal way in which the starost is proceeding, I should imagine, nine cabbages, nine beetroots, nine samovars, and nine lumps of sugar. He called his people about him as he sat on a bench in our "boulevard"—the word is well enough, for he himself calls it a "gulvar." He has been to Petersburg and knows what he is about.—First of all, nine men. Eight come forward, and saying they have cut and dried their hay, volunteer for service; but a ninth cannot be found. They draw lots, and chance decides who shall be sacrificed for his country.

I left them, for I saw it was nine o'clock, and I had to be at home if I wanted any tea. You cannot ring the bell and get tea when you want it in our village. The setting of the samovar is a function, and that you do not really enter into the spirit of the ceremony is obvious from the fact that you cannot drink tea scalding hot, nor touch with the tips of your hardened fingers the outside of the glass containing the fluid, which your neighbors swallow as easily as a glass of cold water. It is said that the long cold winter develops this love of intensely hot drinks. I insist on a boiled egg for tea, as some kind of compensation for a three o'clock dinner. I did not eat my first egg without learning something, for I left it uncracked except at the end whence its contents had been extracted. It seems the whole shell must be crushed. Why? Why! because if it is not, the hen will never lay another egg! But in fact excellent reasons exist for complying with the local custom in this behalf. Consider for a moment that this empty egg-shell goes out into the yard, and that those gentle cannibals, the farmyard fowls, like egg-shells, which are very good for them, and supply the material for the covering of new eggs. If once they are tempted to break up an apparently whole egg with an almost intact shell,

may they not do the same one day with a full egg, and who shall blame them if they do? Fowls must not be tempted, so crush your egg-shell with your thumb in your saucer, and all may yet be well.

Among the many great merits of a docile, loyal, and tax-paying peasantry a love of cleanliness cannot be numbered. Their houses are unfortunately filthy, and I believe there are more fleas in any one cottage than there are soldiers in the Russian army, and the cooking and serving of the viands makes a trial of a pleasure, while even going to bed loses much of that calm content which the operation usually inspires. Yet the people do bathe. There is a bath house, not near the river, but near a gutter flowing into it, and here you can be steamed and scalded like a pig before his sacrifice, and beaten with bough brooms, and rubbed with bast. You can get anything there but clean cold water. Now that it is summer, however, all those who can get away from their work bathe in the river. A place is set apart for ladies, but there is little constraint. It is close to the bridge, crossing over which you can see nymphs of all ages, between seven and seventy, splashing about in the water, or prettily grouped on a rock in mid-stream, where they look like Rusalkas or Russian water nymphs. It must not be supposed that these ladies, because they dress and undress *sans gêne* upon the grassy bank, are at all careless of their reputations. Although here most of the husbands spend the long winters in Petersburg driving cabs, cases of infidelity are very rare, and are altogether condemned by public opinion. It is true that an engaged couple very frequently anticipate the staid pleasures of the honeymoon, but the lady's complaisance in that case is by no means comprehensive and is strictly confined to her future husband. Young marriages often occur. A wife of eighteen lives a little way down the street. Her husband is still younger; but the fact is, his father wanted an extra hand, and he chose a wife for his son because he wanted her services himself. People who work hard need good food and plenty of it. The newly married couple when they get up take tea

as weak as it is hot. At ten o'clock they have breakfast, milk, curds, potatoes and the remains of yesterday's dinner, and very likely a fish cake, an excessively nasty dish. At twelve o'clock comes dinner, consisting of cabbage soup, gruel, vegetables, and sour milk; and, on holidays and feast days only, meat. At four o'clock they drink tea and eat bread and cheese. Supper still remains and is taken when the cows come home. In the centre of Russia the peasants are richer, and in most parts they kill a pig or a sheep, or perhaps an old cow, in the autumn, when there is no more grass on which to feed it. Then they eat voraciously. But, indeed, all Russians have enormous appetites. Here the peasant is very well appparelled, though the women unfortunately have abandoned the beautiful national costume for a style of dress which, I believe, is considered to be French. Indeed, when they dance on the "boulevard," as they do nearly every night, the valse and quadrille are chiefly in favor, and not the more interesting Russian dances.

Once in the year the quiet village awakes, and its ever-present loyalty is excited to fever heat. Dragoons gallop around it, infantry regiments march through it, guns force their way along its narrow streets, the trumpet sounds and the peasant throws down rake, pike or sickle, and is off to see his adored Czar or Czarewitch, beloved Empress, or at any rate some member of the Imperial family. The soldiers are friendly with the rustics and on the best of terms with the ladies of the village. Nothing can exceed their good temper, or indeed their good behavior. One pretends to give a playful tap on the wrist to a pretty girl as he passes her, another opens his arms in a comprehensive fashion, many say "How do you do, ladies?" and one horse-gunner distinctly winked, but not a rude word was spoken. An officer rides up to our little crowd saying, "What a mass of people! Immense! If you want to see the heir apparent, two versts further on would be a better place." The village policeman rushes up to two or three girls, and politely begs them to move back a little. The rumbling noise of approaching cannon is now

heard. An artillery officer approaches a comrade of the infantry to ask him what is going forward, and the latter explains by one shrug of his shoulders that he has not the remotest idea. Just now two peasants appear with the alarming intelligence that the woods are full of soldiers. Of the crowd, the men admire the artillery horses from the south of Russia, and compare them with their own little cobs, and the women praise the dragoons, who have just appeared down the broader main street. No one cares about the enemy, but a girl with a long plait of yellow hair down her back hazards the opinion that the dragoons belong to the attacking forces. "Oh, she knows all about the soldiers," says an old woman sitting under an ash tree, and all laugh at this simple witticism. A train of wagons next goes along the now dusty road; the carts contain everything from Circassian beef to top boots in trees. Most of the men are of lofty stature, very fine fellows, dusty and dirty of course, but sufficiently well clad. "There won't be any dinner to-day," remarks a housewife. "Well! we can't see this sort of thing always," is the response, which seems to express the sense of the meeting. Attention is now diverted to an aged peasant, who relates to all and sundry how he and many others went the night before to the tent of the Czarewitch to offer their bread and salt; how his Imperial Highness did not send out a general to receive their offerings, but came himself and spoke kindly to them and thanked them for their visit. The general satisfaction seemed too deep for words; but another old peasant seemed to give adequate expression to the feeling of the crowd when he remarked quietly, "It is always thus with the Russian royal family." The starost and the volost now appear upon the scene, both wearing their chains and medals of office. The former is head of this village, the latter of a group of villages of which it forms one. The volost has been twice elected: a good man and a just judge, but decidedly severe. When he puts on his medal and issues an order, if it is not obeyed somebody "eats stick." He gets about 600 roubles, perhaps £100 a year, for the purchasing power



of the rouble may be considered in Russia to be unaffected by adverse exchange. To strike the *volost*, when he has his chain on, is punished by exile to Siberia, but no one does strike a magistrate elected by the people. The Russian communal system has many most admirable features, and the Government wisely preserves the simple self-governing commune, an organization radical in its type, yet the strongest supporter of autocracy. An agitator would have short shrift among these loyal peasants, who possess, almost to a man, that feeling of strong personal attachment to the monarchy and to the royal family which is also present in England, and which her Majesty in her latest message to her people declared to be "the real strength of the Empire." Last year, during the famine, the Czar decided to have but two court balls in St. Petersburg, and he set aside for the suffering a portion of a fund accumulated for unborn princes of the royal family. Society, as a matter of course, followed the sovereign's example. It was soon considered improper to spend money in entertainments while the people were suffering, and what was saved was given to the poor. These facts were made known throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, and very naturally added to the affection with which the people habitually regard the occupant of the throne, particularly one who, like his present Imperial Majesty, is Russian of the Russians. Fragments of a handkerchief of the Empress, torn to pieces by a loyal crowd, are treasured as if they were mementos of a martyred Stuart or a Marie Antoinette. Nor are the rich in Russia forgetful of their poorer neighbors. I gave a man I met on the road a lift, and he told me how the local magnate with whom the princes were spending the day had sent him to hospital in Petersburg when he was sick, had written to his son, an officer in the Guards, to tell him to go and see him, and to the doctors, had paid all his expenses, and finally sent him home in his own carriage. Nor are such acts of unselfish kindness and generosity at all uncommon around our village, a sojourn in which teaches a traveller that, if the rouble does not exchange at par,

there is a good deal that is sound in the heart of Russia. Taxation is heavy, but the peasants seem to understand that a large army is a necessity, and I believe, as a body, they would not, if they could be got at, vote for any reductions which would make it unable to cope with the formidable armaments of their neighbors. It is most unfortunate for Russia that the voice of the small but loudly articulate band of discontented agitators should alone be heard without its vast plains and beyond its illimitable frontiers. It is a pity, too, that natural sympathy with a few, who have been dealt with summarily under administrative process, should induce palliation or extenuation of atrocious crimes, which have done more to impede progress in Russia than all the acts of a hundred autocrats. The people are indeed right, and display a greater knowledge of the history of their country, in holding that the autocrats have, with few exceptions, been their friends.

"Great God! did I leave my box open?" says an excited female in the crowd. A quiet smile goes round. "Ah, here's a big gun!" cries another. "Yes, we are coming to take your village," said a fair young officer, who rode beside it. Some business is now provided for the starost. While a carter looked at the soldiers, his horse got loose and ate his neighbor's barley. The village magistrate orders the arrest of the offending animal and says he will estimate the damage by-and-by after inspection of the field, and will release the horse when the amount is paid. We feel a little disappointed as several musicians go by, their music sticking in the tubes of their trumpets, but the loud discharge of a cannon just beyond the potato field silences all comment, and every one rushes to see the guns fired upon the enemy, who appear for a few minutes across a broad fallow, but presently are lost behind the oats, uninjured, but, as the umpire will probably decide, a good deal disorganized by this broadside fire. A little man beside me cries, "Glorious!" "Brave boys!" and the horses attached to the limber rear, start and curvet as the smoke dissolves in the powerful morning sun. Hardly have the guns

been hurried off the field, when the Grand Duke Vladimir, the Grand Duchess, and the staff ride by receiving the respectful salutations of the people. Next comes a troika, three horses abreast with profusely plated harness, the coachman wearing peacock's feathers in his round hat. In spite of this he is not proud, and says to a small boy as he passes, "How do you do? How's your father?" "Pretty well, thank you, Alexander Konstantinovitch," says the little boy. And was our village taken? I cannot tell; but if it was, the conquered were spared.

Next day there was the more to do after the holiday, and it is wonderful how the Russian peasant gets through his field work during fasts, rigidly observed, for about 150 days in the year. The following menu will show that even those who can afford a first-class dinner do not have a very nourishing meal at such times. This is a good dinner!

	Pickles	
Soup made of water, flour, radishes, ice and salt		
Potatoes	Mustard	Olive oil
	Sweet cakes	
Cranberries	Strawberries	Raspberries
	Tea.	

I was invited quite lately to sup with the lady who supplied me with milk, and so saw what peasants in fair circumstances eat on their fast days. My hostess's husband had been a willing worker in his day, and once attempting too much he lifted so heavy a beam that his entrails were torn asunder, and he died. The widow faced the situation and successfully brought up two sons, who with herself formed the company at supper. The eldest "went for a soldier," and is considered in the village to be a somewhat doubtful character. He is unmarried, but was once engaged to a chambermaid in Petersburg. The village looks askance on such alliances. Footmen and maid-servants are not in their eyes assertors of the dignity of labor. Did not Ivan Ivanovitch marry a Petersburg maid, and is not his house one of the most uncomfortable in the village? Was she not so sleepy one morning at the threshing floor that she went on listlessly walking round with her flail, when all the others had gone home to

breakfast, and was actually locked in the barn? However, the catastrophe was averted, and the erratic soldier remains a bachelor, much to the inconvenience of his steady younger brother, who wishes to enter into the holy estate, but is restrained by considerations of delicacy, and by a proper regard to the precedence due to seniors, from making the first plunge. The brothers took off their coats and sat down in their red shirts, while their mother placed on the table three wooden spoons and two steaming bowls of mushrooms cooked in olive oil; butter and all products of the cow being forbidden. The industrious brother reached out his arm, and from beneath the sacred ikon in the corner produced what looked like a brown oblong Rugby football. It was bread, and he made the sign of the cross on the crust, as well as on his own breast of course, and proceeded to cut off enormous slices, together with which the mushrooms were taken. A bowl of black currants completed the feast, and the hostess explained that the dinner would have been better if she had not been occupied all the afternoon in steaming and scrubbing four ladies from Petersburg, for it was Saturday evening, and Russians bathe once a week. To-morrow, Sunday, there would be a dinner of four dishes. "Come to us whenever you can," said she. Meanwhile a glass of cold milk satisfied the requirements of the situation alike from the host's and guest's point of view. The conversation naturally turned on village affairs. I expressed surprise that fast fare was sufficient for men in hard work. "Well, we don't do badly on it," said the industrious brother, rolling up the sleeve of his red shirt and displaying a very good arm; "as far as keeping up your strength goes, nothing more is needed than bread and water." "Fare good enough to work on! I should think so," said the lady of the house. "Why, look at Thoma Ivanoff over the way. He's seventy-five and does his fair share. And doesn't he beat his son (aged forty!) when he comes home drunk, as too often happens! Two months ago he fell out of the loft in his barn on to a plough and a droszki below. He was

hurt. Indeed, for two days he ate less than his daily pound of bread, but he mended all right, and never even called in a doctor." If there were any intention in all this of pointing a moral, or of talking at the soldier, the gun missed fire, for the net result was that the prodigal son held his tongue and used his teeth, and so got most of the mushrooms.

Apropos of drunkenness, of course there is too much of it, and it is painful to see children laughing as anxious women lead home staggering husbands who have left their day's earnings in the tavern. But though, individually, the people of our village may be said to look with leniency on a little over-indulgence in one of God's gifts, yet, as a corporate community, they are dead against drink. Witness the proceedings of the commune. It strongly supports the starost, who is well known to be almost a fanatic temperance man, and the other day, when one of the villagers died intestate and without immediate heirs, it passed over several persons possessing pretty plausible claims, because they were not sober members of society. The powers of the commune in this behalf are exercised with the strict regard to the public as opposed to the individual welfare. Last February a land-owning widow wanted to sell to an outsider, but by no possible means could she get the elders to consent. It is not very often, of course, that they have a case of succession to decide. Most holders of communal land have children, many dispose of their shares by gifts *inter vivos*, but any question that does come before the commune will certainly be decided upon public grounds. The peasants, too, get much more out of the land than the lords do. Round about us the owners of estates really live on their woods, which they are cutting down as fast as they can. Besides this source of income they have, however, another, in the pretty little villas they build and let in the summer to families from Petersburg. The peasants, by the way, do the same. Every other house in the village is just now occupied by strangers, mostly small tradesmen, or clerks, or poor families with children to educate, who must

soon return to the Gymnase—not the gymnasium of our early English school-days, but a school in most cases under Government direction, in which they have to struggle with a really desperate curriculum. The "dachniki," as they are called, to distinguish them from their peasant landlords the "krestyane," are on excellent terms with the permanent inhabitants, than whom, indeed, they are for the most part only a little more prosperous, and they occupy these summer quarters for three or four months every year. There is, perhaps, a *souperçon* of condescension in their really kindly relations with their humbler friends, but they, too, are dwellers in our village, and I will try to describe them. There is Vasili Alexandrovitch. He is a man of good education, and, knowing everything, is naturally a little dogmatic—the Sir Oracle of the "gulvar." What he knows not is not knowledge. He is very friendly with, and really kind to, the peasants, and he will tell you, in case you should misunderstand the situation, that he is a proud man, a Dvoryanin—a gentleman, as we should say in England; a nobleman, as they say here, where most noblemen are called princes—and possessed of a pedigree signed by the Emperor Paul. He can afford to stoop, and will, to his orthodox brother the Russky peasant, but words cannot express, not even the riches of the Russian language can describe, his attitude toward tradesmen. His pronunciation of the word "kuptsi" might be taken as an object lesson in the grammar of contempt; and as to a Jew, he is satisfied that the children of Israel—God's chosen people—are indeed beyond the pale. He can hardly travel by the same train as a Jew, and his feelings toward the Germans can only be conveyed by a further draft upon the inexhaustible wealth of his native tongue. But as he stoops to the peasant, he can rise to the throne. No one knows better than he that the present Czar is the living embodiment of the real Russian national feeling. He knows what the Emperor's views are on all subjects. And he can tell a British subject that of all the sovereigns of Europe Queen Victoria is, as all such sovereigns acknowledge, it seems, the most pro-

foundly versed in questions of etiquette, to which he himself attaches a great—but who shall say an undue?—importance. In the morning, after a jaunty walk around the village, the good man reads Homer and Byron—much preferring the latter—in Russian translations, lying on a sofa in the drawing-room bedroom; but a little later he will peel potatoes in the dining room bedroom, or shell peas, generally into the oldest hat in the house.

*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.*

He does not read Horace, but “les beaux esprits se rencontrent,” and he has said just the same thing to me himself.

His patriotism is of the order of the burning fiery furnace, and he is tremendously and aggressively orthodox. There is something of dignity about him when he reads prayers before the sacred picture, blinking at the burning lamp, while his children stand around him, and his wife in an access of religious fervor kneels and bows repeatedly till her forehead touches the unswept floor. He is hospitable and knows it. “Take a cigarette,” he says; “no refusal. Glory be to God, we are neither Jews nor Germans.” The politics of Europe to him are child’s play, and he knows to a hair not only exactly what is going to happen, but exactly what effect it will have upon the funds. And yet he is content to continue to be positively poor.

The life of his children is one continual round of grinding hard work. Has he a daughter, she will just have beaten the record by completing the highest course in a year under time, winning a silver medal and ruining her health. Has he a grown-up son, that son has just done with the Gymnase, and is about to face examiners who will grind his brains to powder before he is admitted into some special institute, whence he will emerge to place his foot on the first rung of that ladder which leads at the end of his life to the rank of general and an income of 20,000 roubles (£2000) a year and a pension of 1200 to 1800 of the same unstable symbols. True his service at the institute will count for his pension. True he will be absolved from all payments for

tuition as a good and faithful pupil, and so will save his father 100 roubles a year; but how he will work! Think of it, happy English schoolboy with well-bathed body in nice clean flannels. At least ten hours a day hard work, no exercise, no games, a tight uniform, and a tin sword to wear in and out of season. Has Gospodeen Propositus a younger son, the youth will be going through that particular stage of the *Inferno* which his elder brother has just left behind him. You will find him sitting on a haycock reading Cornelius Nepos. Even the youngest one will hardly like to be called a boy, though he is always kissing his mother, over and above the three kisses of obligation on hand, head, and cheek, which parent must receive from child at the termination of every meal. The younger boy’s schooling costs only 75 roubles a year, and he will soon work all night as well as all day, and be exempted from payment as a youth of promise. He too wears a uniform, without a tin sword, and if he passes first in every class his future offspring will pay half fees when their time comes. His mother, who will probably know German and French almost as well as Russian, will think little of learning just enough Greek and Latin to start the boys in their classics and help them with their lessons. Their industry is admirable, but living in a hayfield they will keep every window as carefully shut as they would in Petersburg in a frost of 35° Réaumur. At night each one will sleep wherever he falls prostrate over his candle, slain by Cornelius Nepos, the unknown  $x$ , or a conic section. The student’s uniform coat will do for a pillow, the sofa or two chairs for a bed, and there he will lie till the hiss of the self-boiling samovar warns him that it is time to moisten the tips of his fingers under a tiny trickle of water over a sink in the kitchen by way of ablutions, to take weak tea and to resume the dreary grind that welcome sleep had hardly interrupted. What wonder such heads sometimes lose their equilibrium, if the springs of life are poisoned in hot, unhealthy, airless homes, and brains addled in the forcing house, so that the ungrateful recipient of a gratuitous education turns



and bites the hand that fed him. Some of these students do not like peeling potatoes, but prefer

to put the world to school  
And govern continents by rule.

They are always quite sure about everything, and have the profoundest contempt for those to whom infirmity or experience has denied the gift of omniscience. The youth's own studies leave him little leisure, but what he has he devotes to teaching others. He seizes a text-book as an English boy seizes a cricket bat or a racquet, and revels in the fairy pages of a dictionary. He does not join in "touch last" and other games in the boulevard. If you run down the street of our village a friendly moujick will very probably offer to race you to the bottom of the street, but the student with a translation of Herbert Spencer in his pocket is not likely to accept the challenge, nor does he find any pleasure in talking to the old soldier who has retired after twenty-two years' service on a pension of thirty-six roubles a year. He cares for nothing in heaven above or the earth beneath, but only for text books and examinations. Even among the students, however, there are exceptions. For example, there is Gregor Palovitch. He knows, and of course we all know, that a horn is blown about five o'clock every morning, as a signal that cattle sheds are to be opened and the occupants let out into the fields. He procured a horn and blew it at midnight, whereupon the sleepy peasants got up and half dressed before they discovered the fraud. They all have clocks now, though not long ago they guessed the time by comparing the position of the sun with a mark upon the window. Public opinion condemned this practical joke, as it is sufficient to have to get up at 3 A.M., to thresh and winnow by way of introduction to a long day spent in ploughing the land, in which the rye is soon to be sown, there to spend the long winter beneath the snows till the thaw of the next spring discovers its tender stalks. The villagers are also incensed with some person unknown who wounded with his or her sickle a well-known and popular dog, who could have committed

no greater crime than pawing the offender. The interesting patient lies at the door of one of the cottages with his head bandaged, and receives universal sympathy. The peasants love animals. The village patron saints, I had almost written local deities, are Florus and Laure, who watch over the interests of horseflesh. Next week there will be a great procession in their honor, with priest and cross and much feasting and dancing. Apropos of their religious beliefs, we have among us a great many staravers, or old believers, who will have nothing to do with a priest. At their marriages, generally performed in the woods, bridegroom merely promises bride to take her for better or worse, and though the ceremony has no legal sanction, he generally fulfils the engagement. The number of these sectaries is said to be decreasing, greatly to the satisfaction of the orthodox, who believe that no good thing, moral, social, political or religious, can proceed from any other source than the Greek or, as they call it, the rightly worshipping Church.

Ivan Maleenev, or, as we should say, Jack Raspberry, can tell whoever cares to listen all about the evil effects of dissent, though I must say I heard a different tale upon the Volga, where dissenters most do congregate. In that part of the country a village that looks so prosperous as to attract attention will invariably prove on inquiry to be other than orthodox. By the way, Jack Raspberry himself deserves a word. He came out of the Foundling Hospital at Moscow, and when called upon to choose a name, could think of none better than that of his favorite fruit. Among the stories he knows, and is always ready to tell, is one of the foundling who boldly proposed to call himself Bonaparte! And this in Moscow, and thirty years nearer the French invasion than the year of grace in which I write.

Tolstoi has pointed out that it was in fact the patriotism of the Russian peasant, and not the schemes and strategy of Russian generals, which brought about the destruction of Napoleon's hosts, and Turgenieff has described the loyal moujick and the treatment the agitator against the Government re-

ceives at his hands. But no one can comprehend this simple and admirable creature who has not seen him in his home, contented with his hard labor, kindly and courteous to all alike, devoted to his king and country. It may be that in parts of Russia he is over-

taxed. In Makarieff, however, he does not complain, and I have only attempted to describe our village. But let us hope that there are many thousands not less, but even more, fortunate, in the broad plains of Russia.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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THE ESSAY CONSIDERED FROM AN ARTISTIC POINT OF VIEW.

BY E. H. LACON WATSON.

IN the history of the world, as in the history of individual man, each age will have its own special type of literature. The favorite may co-exist with several others, but it will none the less be the favorite. At the present time it is clear that the commonest mode of expression is in the novel, and I suppose that the age—in England at all events—is gradually drifting in the direction of lyric poetry, conjoined with the short sketch or story. The epic and the drama may be safely regarded as tranced, or even dead. History has a fair hold on the educated. The essay, in its various forms, still breaks out sporadically now and again, stray flowerets from a seedling long discontinued, or like the rare sparks flying from a burned-out firebrand.

I confess to a more than sneaking kindness for the Essay, in most of her moods. A book of these detached thoughts makes no too pressing demands upon the reader; he may take it up for a spare half hour or so, and leave it with unconcern to attend to other matters, with no harassing anxiety as to finding the place when he returns. For in a book of this kind there is no continuity of thought, no definite plan. It will go hard with us if we cannot pick out one or two essays out of two dozen that give some pleasure, or that have some message for us. So that it is better, to my mind, for the subjects to be varied as much as possible, and the treatment. I am no great friend to this modern style, introduced by Macaulay, of lengthy book reviews and historical disquisitions. They are good reading, but a trifle too solid for the times when one would fain turn to some delicate, yet not worthless, trifling.

As good read a volume of history or a biography as some of these. There are seasons when the reader instinctively lays his hand upon Montaigne, or Lamb, or Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*, and lazily, with pipe in mouth, listens to their quaint conceits and moralizings. Even a Lowell may be too serious for us at times, too full of information. A model essay should contain its fair proportion of useful knowledge, but it should be concealed so delicately; like the onion in the salad, it should be unseen, but permeate the whole. Defoe had a good notion of this, who said, "Thus may we wheedle men into knowledge of the world, who rather than take more pains would be content with their ignorance." The substratum of fact should be there, like the trellis-work on which a creeper grows, but the flowering luxuriance of fancy should clothe it so completely that we hardly guess its presence.

The idea of an essay was, with Bacon, the elaboration of a single thought. But though this is strictly in accordance with the meaning of the word—essay is identical with assay, and should signify merely a careful weighing or examination—yet it is not our conception of the real thing. Montaigne is the true founder of the essay proper, and the early writers in the *Teller*, *Spectator*, *Rambler* and so forth were his disciples. Like a good talker, he roams from subject to subject, led by some chance association, and by this means we get the delicate play of his fancy on various points: each discourse is a diamond glittering with a thousand facets, and we are not wearied by too sustained argument upon any one

theme. It is this that now and again the wearied student longs for—this delightful inconsequence. When we pick up a volume of his, or of Lamb's, we have left the beaten road and wandered into some charming maze of inextricable forest paths. Dry and dusty facts are left behind, or covered over with the green turf. Here is the place to lounge in on a summer's day, and we stroll along none too hurriedly, resting, as the mood takes us, against the trunk of some giant tree of thought. It is the touch of egotism that marks the ideal writer in this form—a touch, however, that should not be overdone. I doubt whether Thackeray allowed quite sufficient of himself to appear in his *Roundabout Papers*, and it is possible that Leigh Hunt showed a trifle too much. Like the lyric poem, the essay should contain a suspicion of the writer's personality, and should also have the look of careless ease, but the look merely, like a thin glittering sheet of ice over deep waters. It should be desultory, but not too desultory; there should be some slight thread of connection running through the whole, to lead us insensibly from point to point. For it is annoying in the highest degree to meet on a sudden with some abrupt change of thought for which no reason is discoverable. It jars the mind, and puts the reader out of conceit with himself, as if in strolling along our woodland path he should strike his foot against some hidden rock. The author should gossip, but there should be purpose in his seeming divagations. He may decorate with arabesques the line on which he travels, but there must be a line, even though the shortest and slenderest. Indeed, the slenderest peg will serve for the true essayist to hang his disquisition upon. The subject should be not too narrowly defined. In good hands a book or an author will be no mere dull review; but for the less practised writer, the more ordinary craftsman, it were perhaps safer to take some more general subject as his starting-point. I like best in Lamb those rambling discourses where he makes some imaginary acquaintance the text for his sermon, as with Captain Jackson in his cottage on the Bath Road, or the re-

doubtable Sarah Battle, tutelary goddess of the whist-table. Indeed, a touch of character-drawing, though not perhaps strictly proper to the style, has been ever found a useful adjunct. Addison, of course, has his worthy knight and his satellites, and Johnson, in his *Idler*, would occasionally introduce imaginary friends to the public, as his Drugget and Minim. And it is noticeable that this does, in fact, give a lighter tone, and that the commonly heavy doctor does attain to some degree of sprightly vivacity in the employment of this machinery, that distinguishes these sketches plainly enough from their more ponderous companions.

Johnson was not, as a rule, overweighted with thought. He was apt to dress up ideas delicate enough in rather incongruous robes, like young children in the armor of full-grown men. He could, with any one, make little fishes talk like whales; but if he could have attained an easy style, or if he had chosen to drop the cumbrous method he affected, he would have been no unworthy successor to Addison. It is wonderful what a pretty fancy occasionally peeps, half stifled, through the chinks of his labored sentences. In wit and sound scholarship he was more than a match for his model, but his love of form was too strong. Antithesis was his bane; he permitted what should have been a dainty flower to spread unchecked through his garden of thought until it became a straggling weed. Some of his sentences resemble a heavily weighted pack-saddle, accurately balanced and even pleasing to the eye, with just an equal number of clauses on either side, but the total burden of which is almost too much for the sturdiest mule of a reader. But this was by no means the case because he was striving to express by inadequate means thoughts that were too subtle for him to grasp, but merely because he preferred to equip quite ordinary ideas with a considerable amount of travelling paraphernalia. He was wont to habit them with solicitous care, as though he feared that they might catch cold from the raw air of criticism, until they came forth at last from his hands with as many garments as the Esquimaux, or as the British fisherman

when he sets out for the winter season in the North Sea. In fact, he was too anxious as to the manner he employed to be a great or deep thinker. It is worth remarking that these latter are not commonly stylists. They have too much and too serious an occupation in the matter of what they are saying to harass themselves about minor graces of form. It might be pleasanter if they did, but it is idle to hope for everything. The ideal essayist, I imagine, has yet to be evolved, the man who shall combine in his own person the original power of Bacon, the grace of Addison, the transcendental insight of Emerson, the gay fancy of Charles Lamb, with any unconsidered trifles that he may chance to pick up from other essayists. But, until we see his work, we may well be content with his component parts, which, after all, may possibly afford us more pleasure separately than they would in ever so cunning a combination.

It is, to my mind, a blemish in Emerson's writings that he seems to state his matter with so slight an adornment. Indeed, his fault is the exact reverse of this of Johnson's, inasmuch as the thought here often steps boldly—and baldly—forth without so much as a rag of covering to give it a decent appearance. He has the air of shovelling down his opinions, and they are frequently weighty ones, as one shovels coal down into the cellar. They lie in a heap, in any order, for the industrious reader to quarry out as he can. It is possible that this may be done purposely, in a refinement of art, to the end that in its coarse setting the diamond here and there may show up into a finer lustre, or that the traveller may hail with a keener delight the unexpected flower in the midst of a studiously barren wilderness. I do not myself believe it to be artificial—it is tolerably obvious that Emerson was careless of style—but, if it be so, I maintain that it is bad art. The reader is wearied with stumbling over harsh phrases, and, when he comes at length to the finely expressed germ, he is probably in no mood to appreciate it. It is possible to walk too far even for the finest view. It is more likely that an unfortunate turn for epigram diverted the author

into this particular channel of style. His sentences hang together but loosely, and frequently one has to look long to see the connection between them. Individually they are stimulating, full of nourishment; but they present the appearance of being insufficiently cooked. There is material in each essay enough to furnish a man with thought for a week, but it is only those with strong digestions who can assimilate it. And, however much we may like beef tea, the majority of us prefer it with a certain admixture of a weaker element.

There is almost something of an insult to one's readers in a neglect of the finer graces of writing. The world is ready, no doubt, to excuse a man who, like Emerson or Carlyle, has truths to utter; and it is ungracious to quarrel with a prophet who preaches forcibly and earnestly what he believes to be eternal verities. But no one will deny that, even so, the best language will prove a powerful adjunct to his work. It is easy to sneer at the artist in words, and some people seem to assume that because an author writes good—and musical—English, he can, therefore, have nothing of any especial moment to say. Prettiness is their pet aversion, and for this fault they will leave their Ruskin or Tennyson with contempt unread and turn for relaxation to Herbert Spencer or Robert Browning. I am not so sure that word-painting (as it is generally styled) is by any means a bad thing. I like well enough to meet with a picturesque piece of writing, and I am far more inclined to pardon even a man whose effort at fine language is rather too apparent than one who is content to plod along in unrelieved mediocrity. It does not detract sensibly from my enjoyment of Lowell's essays, for example, to watch him preparing, as he not infrequently does, for a perhaps somewhat rhetorical outburst; and, when it arrives, I am the more ready to enjoy it for the note of warning. And it is probably the case that most people really prefer a rather florid style had they the courage to own it. They like well enough to have their ears tickled by well-turned periods. A piece of eloquent declamation will move them to admire, for a time, and even perhaps



to consent. Their natural instinct is to judge soundly. But there is always in the background of a true British character a species of sullen and dogged obstinacy, apt to rebel at the thought of being swayed by mere words and phrases, and this lies ever in readiness to assert itself under the name of cool reason; so that with a conscious pride the reader will often turn round upon his first opinion, and feel a glow of thankfulness that he, at any rate, is not to be led at the author's will by tricks of honeyed speech.

I suppose we plume ourselves rather upon possessing as a nation a certain power of intellectual penetration. Some of us are always longing for something on which to exercise our minds, as wild boars are said to whet their tusks upon an indigestible tree-trunk. It is essential to this purpose that the task should not be too easy. We must have nuts to crack, and the harder the shell the more praise to our unconquerable teeth. It is to be feared that we too frequently find the kernel decayed and worthless, after all our trouble; but at all events we have had our exercise. I imagine it is this feeling that has led to the increasing popularity of the novels of George Meredith. So far it has possibly served a good turn. I yield to few men in my admiration for the writer's ingenuity, his marvellous command of illustration, and his frequently flashing epigram. But I must say that, in common with a good many other intellects of mediocre capacity, I am inclined to wish for more clearness, more light. In reading a novel I do not care to be confused by darkly hinted parallels, by adumbrations, by metaphors drawn from the whole of the author's undoubtedly wide range of knowledge. Why not, in mercy, let us have now and again a moderately straight path to our goal? To be delayed on our way by some stumbling-block of a paragraph, which requires (on the part of a conscientious reader) some six perusals at the least before one can arrive at so much of a modified uncertainty as to the ultimate meaning does not recommend itself to the common novel-reader. It is, after all, the first duty of a writer, next to having a thought worth expression, to state that

thought clearly. He may adorn it as much as he pleases, but he must not allow his ornament to interfere with his perspicuity. There is no reason why a novelist should not always be comprehensible by the ordinary intellect. Human life is a singular thing, no doubt, and there are many phases of it which suggest curious and perhaps abstruse reflections, but a novel is hardly the place for transcendental mysticism. Men who are oppressed with intellectual self-conceit can readily find fit mental food in the works of German philosophers or Scottish logicians. But it is not Meredith's fault that he goes too deeply into the problem of life. Now and again, perhaps, he may strike down suddenly some way beneath the surface; but we have no objection to him on that score. It is rather that he is a slave to metaphor. It is difficult for him, it seems, to approach a straightforward statement; he must hover round it with a succession of sly hints. There are some men who are afflicted in much the same way in ordinary conversation—men who have attained a quite marvellous aptitude for beating about the bush, but who find it almost impossible to give a direct answer to a plain question. For a time they may be very interesting companions, but they expect too much from their interlocutors. It is not fair to expose the intellect of a chance acquaintance to such a continuous strain. The work is too hard. One has ever to be on the stretch to catch some vague indication or to pursue some half-revealed line of meaning. It is only with old friends, whose methods of thought we are well acquainted with, and the workings of whose minds we have learned to know by long experience, that such conversation can be held enjoyable. It is true that the study of a lifetime might enable us to read George Meredith's works with passable fluency; but it is also unfortunate that the many other duties of life render it impossible for many of us to reach a more intimate stage with him, as a writer, than that of a slightly bored acquaintance.

I have been led into discussing novels. The same criticism does not apply to essays in the same degree. For, although we would not have our

disquisitions too abstruse, and though they should certainly be free from all taint of obscurity, yet it is not objectionable to linger pleasantly over one of these volumes, and to find now and again a paragraph that claims our undivided attention for a minute or two. It gives an agreeable sensation to feel that our time is not being altogether spent on mere relaxation. It is for this reason also that a certain amount of useful information should be sprinkled over the pages of the essayist, to the end that the reader may feel that he is insensibly acquiring knowledge, sucking it in, as it were, through every pore. It is true that the general essay is not over-popular just now. Of book reviews and criticism of all sorts we have a sufficiency; but the old fanciful dissertations of Lamb have few successors. It is characteristic of the true essayist that he can write pleasantly upon any subject. The common housefly will furnish him with a theme expanding under his treatment to unim-

aginable heights. It matters not in the smallest degree from what point he starts, his province is none the less the wide unmeasured heaven of imagination. He takes the whole arena of knowledge as his lawful kingdom, and nothing of the varied complexities of human life is foreign to him. I confess that I should like to see more of this true catholicity in range of subject among our essayists of to-day. For, after all, books and the authors of books do not make up the whole sum of human life, and there are other aspects of the world to be noticed besides those which are seen from Fleet Street or the Strand. Dickens and Thackeray have been discussed enough, even the perennial fount of Johnsonian criticism is running muddy toward its close. I would respectfully suggest to all British essayists of the present day to leave these worthy gentlemen in peace, and try their hand in a somewhat wider field.—*Westminster Review*.

#### KOSSUTH AND THE HUNGARIAN WAR OF LIBERATION.

BY SIDNEY J. LOW.

THE death of Louis Kossuth recalls to the minds of the newspaper-readers of this generation a blurred and dim, if not forgotten, page of contemporary history. Forty years ago there was no name more familiar than that of the Hungarian Dictator. When he came to England he met with such a reception as scarcely any foreigner has received before or since; it is a doubtful point whether the crowd that thronged the streets of London to see him pass was not equal to that which gathered to look at Garibaldi, and perhaps nearly equal to that tremendous multitude which welcomed the Princess of Wales. When he made his magnificent orations on English and American platforms people fought for tickets, and the newspapers paid as much attention to him as if he had been a Prime Minister on an electioneering campaign. But all that was long ago. The world of '48 is a vanished world. Between us and the events that made Kossuth

famous lie such things as the Napoleonic *coup d'état*, the rise and fall of the Second Empire, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the American Civil War, the Making of Germany, the Franco-German War, the era of Bismarck, the English in Egypt. No wonder we cannot quite clearly discern what lies behind that *selva selvaggia*, and that we find it an effort to recall the time when Italy—not yet united and not yet bankrupt—was biting the heel of the *Tedeschi*, and when Austria, still unchastened by Solferino and Sadowa, was the ruthless oppressor of struggling nationalities.

How commonly this Austro-Hungarian War is misunderstood has been shown pretty frequently during the Home Rule discussions of the past few years. Even now it is probable that Radical orators, in search of historical analogies, are to be found who will tell a sympathetic crowd, amid cheers, that "Home Rule" gave peace to Hungary,

and healed the wounds of the Austrian monarchy; and Mr. Gladstone has frequently drawn a parallel between the state of Hungary and the state of Ireland. In reality the analogy is absolutely false and misleading. There is no similarity between the two cases. Hungary, before the war of 1848, was not what Gladstonian speakers appear to imagine—an oppressed province, which rose to extort by force of arms the grant of self-government from its oppressor. It was, what Ireland is not and never has been since the days of Brian Boróimhe, if then: a nation. It did not ask Austria to give it "Home Rule;" it merely demanded that the Vienna Court and Government should leave it the national autonomy it possessed before Austria, as a State, existed. The Magyars have enjoyed constitutional and parliamentary government, and local representative institutions, quite as long as the English; and they were an independent and organized nation before Rudolph of Hapsburg had begun the curious dynastic and political process out of which the Austrian "Empire" eventually emerged. In the sixteenth century the Hungarians elected as their king, Ferdinand of Hapsburg, the inheritor of the Austrian dominions; but Hungary was no more subject to Austria than England was subject to Hanover after the accession of George I., or Scotland subject to England after James VI. had been crowned at Westminster. This was the theory; for some centuries it corresponded more or less to the facts. But in the era of strong autocratic monarchy in the last century the sovereigns of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine gradually deprived the Magyars of many of their local rights, and undermined the constitutional system guaranteed by the "Golden Bull" of Andreas II., the Magna Charta of Hungary. In the period of absolutist reaction and military despotism which followed the Peace of 1815 the process was almost completed. The system of Metternich had full scope in Hungary. The Vienna Court and Ministry, under the Emperors Francis and Ferdinand, suppressed the liberties of the Hungarians by force, proscribed free speech, muzzled the newspapers, forced the

German language on the Diet, and aimed deadly blows even at the local county representative assemblies, which had survived through the Middle Ages, and the religious conflicts of the seventeenth century, and the terrific onslaughts of Turkish barbarism.

When Kossuth arrived at manhood Hungary was fermenting with the leaven of resistance to the encroachments of Austria. But it was fermenting also with another leaven. The national polity was constitutional and representative; but the constitution was that of a feudal aristocracy. The peasantry were almost in the condition of the mediæval villeins *ascripti glebæ*. They had no place in the constitution and no political rights. The franchise, the right of sitting in the county councils, and that of electing representatives to the Diet, were limited to the "nobles," who corresponded to the military tenants and freeholders under the Western feudal system. The nobles were simply a privileged caste, who had all the benefits and none of the burdens of citizenship. The peasant held his land on a semi-servile tenure and paid practically all the taxes: his class constituted the *misera plebs contribuenda* of old Hungarian legal documents. The Liberal movement of the two decades before '48 was largely directed toward the abolition of the unjust monopoly of the aristocratic class, the alleviation of the condition of the peasantry, and the destruction of the surviving relics of feudalism. The movement for reform went hand in hand with the movement for the restoration of the old constitutional rights. Both were strenuously opposed by Metternich and the Austrian Court; both were passionately supported by the group of enlightened nobles, and ardent young Liberals, chiefly of the professional classes, who did their best to rouse public feeling as much against the selfish Conservatism of the aristocracy as against the denationalizing policy of Vienna.

To Englishmen, Kossuth became known only as the leader in the armed "insurrection," the dauntless and versatile dictator who organized resistance, the fiery orator who poured enthusiasm like new wine into the veins of a people outnumbered and surrounded, the

resolute and resourceful administrator who beat back the legions of Windischgrätz. But in reality his most valuable work was done before the war of '48, in keeping alive the spirit of the nation during the long constitutional struggle, and in giving shape and definiteness to the movement. The champion of democratic rights was himself a member of the aristocratic order by birth; that is to say, he was the son of one of those small country gentlemen who were ranked among the "nobles," like the *varassores* in mediæval England. Trained as a lawyer, he entered politics as the representative in the Upper House of the Pressburg Diet, of one of those landed lady Magnates who, by the usage of the Hungarian Constitution, were permitted to send proxies to the Chamber, though they might not sit there themselves. In the Diet Kossuth became conspicuous as one of the boldest and most eloquent of the reformers. But his real celebrity and popularity came about through the Press. The Government forbade the publication of the debates in the newspapers; Kossuth evaded the prohibition by circulating a manuscript report which passed from hand to hand, and was widely copied. The Vienna authorities did him the good service to make him a martyr. They arbitrarily and illegally ordered his arrest in 1837, and for four years he was imprisoned at Pesth. His sufferings were not very severe. He was allowed to see his friends, to conduct his correspondence, and to read as many books as he pleased. This period of easy durance was not without its advantages for him. It gave him time to study Shakespeare and Burke, and the Authorized Version of the Bible; which he did to such good purpose that he afterward showed himself to be one of the greatest masters of the English language—native or foreign—who ever used that language on a public platform. It stamped him indisputably as one of the chief leaders of the national agitation against Austria. And it procured him the close acquaintance of Count Wesselenyi, a patriotic magnate whose daughter Kossuth subsequently married. Wesselenyi, with Count Stephen Szechenyi, and other Liberal leaders,

shared the punishment inflicted on Kossuth. The agitation produced by the confinement of their popular politicians was so menacing that Metternich at length thought it advisable to yield. In 1841 Kossuth was liberated, and at once renewed his journalism by starting a Liberal paper called the *Pesti Hírlap*. From a business point of view the speculation was not very successful, and Kossuth attempted to retrieve his pecuniary position by plunging into various agrarian enterprises of a semi-philanthropic nature. In 1847 he was elected to the Diet, as representative of the County of Pesth, and proceeded to develop a more "advanced" programme of domestic reform than was quite congenial to some of the other popular leaders, like Francis Deák, who were Conservative and Constitutional in their tendencies. The nobles, who were at the head of the movement, were much more anxious to throw off the encroachments of Austria than to promote the extension of political rights among all classes of the population, or to change the servile condition of the peasantry into the status of free peasant proprietors. In fact, they regarded Kossuth's cosmopolitan Radicalism and semi-Republicanism with aversion and alarm. It is the most striking testimony to Kossuth's extraordinary energy of mind and power over men that he was able to whirl the half-reluctant Diet and his unwilling allies and colleagues along the road his own impetuous steps were treading.

The crisis broke in the spring of 1848. It had been ripening for years in Hungary when suddenly came the uprising in Paris which passed like an electric spark through the storm-charged air of the Continent and brought down the clouds in thunder. Nothing more astonishing than the epidemic of revolution which burst over Europe in those weeks has been witnessed this century. Within a fortnight of the Great Three Days at the Parisian barricades the Emperor Ferdinand was petitioned to appoint a native Hungarian Ministry which was to include Count Louis Batthyányi as Minister President, Deák as Minister of Justice, Count Szechenyi as Minister



of the Interior, and Kossuth as Minister of Finance. The Vienna Government hesitated; but in less than another fortnight the students and the inhabitants of the workmen's suburbs had risen in Vienna itself, Metternich fled for his life, and the *Camarilla* was too terrified to defy the Magyars openly. Kossuth went to Vienna, his appointment and that of the other Ministers was confirmed, and the partial recognition of Hungarian autonomy was supposed to be secured by the restoration of the old dignity of Palatine or Viceroy in the person of the Archduke Stephen. In the Diet the new Ministers, dominated by the magnetic personality of Kossuth, embarked on the full flood of reforming legislation. The magnates were induced by the great orator to lay aside their fears; and in a few weeks, and almost without opposition, feudalism was swept away, amid a tempest of national enthusiasm. The caste privileges of the "nobles" were abolished; the franchise was extended so as to cover the mass of the middle and trading classes; the peasants were completely emancipated; and, to crown all, they were declared free proprietors of the lands they tilled, the State undertaking to compensate the landholders for the loss of their feudal and seigniorial rights. With a suddenness more than Japanese, Hungary sprang, at a bound, out of the Middle Ages and seemed launched well on the tide of modern progress.

But other interests speedily distracted the attention of the Ministers. The Croats and Serbs—the wild, semi-barbarous Slavonic population of the southern frontier-lands—were included in the dominions of the Hungarian Crown, and were subject to the authority of the Hungarian Ministry; but they cherished an hereditary hatred to the Magyars and were easily persuaded that the new powers granted to Hungary menaced their existence and equal rights. The intriguing little junta of officials and ladies who managed matters at Vienna after the departure of Metternich made haste to foment this movement. Jellachich, the Croat leader, an able, unscrupulous, and determined Slav partisan, animated by a fanatical hostility to the Magyars, was created

"Ban," or Warden of the Marches, and with secret encouragement from Vienna he enlisted a large force of Croat highlanders and borderers, and broke into Hungary. Technically this was rebellion, and the Emperor could not refuse to the Hungarian Ministry permission to deal with it by force of arms. Batthyányi and Kossuth called out the "Honved," or national militia of Hungary, and Ferdinand was compelled to declare Jellachich a rebel and an outlaw. This latter move was a mere pretence. While the Hungarians were attacking the Ban in the name of the "King," the King was supplying him with assistance in money, arms, and presently, as it appeared, in troops. Almost before they knew it, the Hungarian Ministry had drifted into war; and though nominally they were not at war with the House of Hapsburg but, on the contrary, were fighting to vindicate its authority over its revolted subjects, the turn of affairs frightened those of Kossuth's colleagues whose sympathies were monarchical and Conservative. Batthyányi and Deák resigned, and a Council of National Defence was constituted (still nominally with the Emperor's sanction), with Kossuth as President. From that date, until the collapse of the Hungarian cause before the Russians a year later, Kossuth was the life and soul of the Hungarian "insurrection." His first task was to suppress the Croats, now well on their way to the capital. A desperate battle was fought at Valencze, and Jellachich was beaten. After this victory the Imperial Government threw off the disguise and openly sent assistance to the Ban. But this roused the Viennese to fury. A conflict in the streets was precipitated by the attempt of the Government to send away five regiments to the assistance of Jellachich who was now falling back toward the Austrian frontier. The people prevented the soldiers from leaving the capital; the Emperor fled; and the War Minister, Latour, the most active member of the *Camarilla*, was murdered. The city was in the hands of the insurgents, who closed the gates, manned the fortifications, and held out against the Imperialist besieging army under Windisch-

grätz. Kossuth, somewhat unwisely, sent several battalions of his still raw and untrained troops to the relief of the Viennese. But his route was barred by Jellachich, who had effected a junction with Windischgrätz, and a battle was fought at Schewchat, outside Vienna. The Viennese made a desperate attempt at a sortie, which was ineffective; and the Hungarians were defeated and compelled to re-cross the Leitha. The war between Hungary and Austria had now fairly set in, and Kossuth, recognizing that Buda-Pesth was far too near the Austrian frontier to be safe, withdrew the seat of Government to the town of Debreczin, far away to the eastward, and in the heart of the great Hungarian plain. The war began in earnest at the end of 1848, with the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, the accession of his nephew the present Emperor Francis Joseph (who—such is the irony of events—is now pretty nearly as popular in all parts of his dominions as any sovereign in Europe), and the invasion of Hungary simultaneously by three Austrian armies numbering more than 100,000 men.

The eight months' campaign that followed is one of the most extraordinary of modern times. That the Hungarians would be able to make even a decent show of resistance to the whole power of Austria now exerted against them seemed at first sight incredible. The Imperialists had the whole resources and population of the hereditary States to fall back upon; they had a large trained army, a regular military organization, officers and generals, of whom many had seen service in the Napoleonic wars thirty years before, and a sufficient, if not particularly flourishing, credit. Nothing, at first sight, could seem more forlorn than the situation of the Hungarians. On three sides Austria stretched an arm round their little island of steppe and plain and mountain-slope; on the fourth they were confronted by the angry and jealous neutrality of Russia. Western Europe sympathized with them, but had not the least intention of doing anything effective to help. Against the armies of their foes they had nothing to oppose but an open country with few fortresses and few

natural facilities for defence, and a population not much exceeding five millions, for the Serbs, Wallachians and other non-Magyar inhabitants were actively or passively hostile. The situation seemed desperate enough; but five centuries of a struggle for existence against the Turks had taught the Hungarians to accept desperate situations without flinching. The warlike energies of the nation were roused; the Honved battalions were swelled by thousands of eager recruits; and Kossuth's measures to provide war material and maintain the financial equilibrium by means of a great issue of paper currency were vigorously supported by the people. The Austrian generals, who had counted on a sort of military parade through the country, found themselves face to face with armies, inferior, it is true, in numbers and equipment to their own, but in most cases admirably led, and animated by a dauntless spirit of patriotism, and a natural military aptitude, which compensated to some extent for their deficiency in drill, discipline, and training. To the intense surprise of the civilized world—which contented itself with applause—the armies of Francis Joseph, properly supplied with generals, staff, cannon, and the other accessories, were again and again beaten by numerically inferior forces, largely composed of hasty levies of volunteers, badly armed, and in some cases almost destitute of artillery, and *corps de génie*. The common opinion of modern scientific officers is that the bravest troops in the world, if untrained and loosely disciplined, cannot hold their own against regular regiments. Gambetta's attempt to prolong the Franco-German War, after the collapse of the armies of the Rhine, by throwing hordes of National Guards and Mobs upon the well-organized invaders, is generally held to have been a magnificent absurdity, absolutely unjustifiable from the military point of view, though perhaps defensible on political and other grounds. The immense civilian armies which Grant and Lee handled in the American War of Secession were formidable enough to one another; but Lord Wolseley has placed on record his opinion that thirty thousand European regular troops,

thrown on one side or the other, could have decided the conflict at any period of the campaign. And—to come down to a subject of more living interest to every reader of this paper—there is no officer of any real authority who believes that our 200,000 “efficient” volunteers, in their present state of military nudity and rawness, could hold their own—albeit, man for man, as good fighting material as can be found in most countries—could hold their own against two or three French or German *corps d’armée*, well led, well equipped, and well trained, and properly supplied with the staff, guns, and appliances without which an army is an armed mob.

The Hungarian War of 1849 seems almost to contradict these conclusions. But there are some other considerations to be taken into account. For one thing, and in spite of the strategists and the military theorists, it is always to be recollected that war is a game in which much, very much, depends on the character of the players. You cannot get rid of the personal element, especially in the matter of leadership; and that, with due respect to the scientific soldiers, makes war too often deplorably unscientific. You may get a Hannibal, a Charles the Twelfth, a Turenne, or a Clive on one hand, or a Varro, a Count Daun, a Villeneuve, or a Marshal Benedek on the other, and things happen quite otherwise than they should according to all the rules of war. Now, that element counted very strongly indeed in the campaign of 1849. Probably no great nation has been more consistently and uniformly unlucky in its commanders than Austria; and Windischgrätz was conspicuously incompetent even for an Austrian general. On the other hand, the Magyars were remarkably fortunate in their military leaders. Görgey, Klapka, Bem, Aulich, and Damjanich were excellent officers, who handled their raw and heterogeneous levies on the battlefield and the march with a skill as remarkable as the inefficiency of their opponents. Nor must it be forgotten that while these and the other superior officers of the Magyar armies were professional soldiers, there was also a strong corps of regular troops to stiffen

the half-trained militia. Görgey’s army of the Upper Danube, the force which did the best and hardest fighting of the war, was largely composed of the Hungarian troops which had come over from the Imperial service; and the hussars, who won the chief honors in the campaign, were the very pick of the Austrian cavalry. With all this the contest, at first, seemed ridiculously unequal. The Hungarian armies found themselves compelled to fall back on all sides before the invaders; and if these latter had been led by commanders of ordinary ability, and directed with common intelligence, the scattered and disorganized defending contingents should have been struck and broken before they could have acquired cohesion and solidity.

But Windischgrätz hesitated and delayed; and the early spring of 1849 was brilliantly used by the Magyar leaders. Bem, the Polish general who had offered his sword to the patriots, plunged into Transylvania, stamped out the insurrection of the Wallachians, and drove the Imperialists from the province. Görgey, after a rapid and masterly march through the Northern Carpathians, appeared on the Theiss, and by the end of March the united Hungarian armies, under Dembinski, Görgey, and Klapka, were concentrated in front of Debreczin and ready for a forward offensive movement. Kossuth had insisted on giving the supreme command to the Pole, Dembinski—a very unfortunate selection, for Dembinski, besides being a far inferior commander to some of his subordinates, roused the furious jealousy of Görgey. The latter was probably the ablest of all the Hungarian officers as a tactician. A major in the Austrian service, he offered his sword to the Pressburg Ministry at the outbreak of hostilities with the Croats, and was appointed by Kossuth to the command of the defeated army on the battlefield of Schewchat. His character and conduct have formed the subject of a bitter and unsettled controversy, through which perhaps the best guide is to be found in the two volumes of *Memoirs* \*

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\* *My Life and Acts in Hungary.* By Arthur Görgey.

published by him three years after the war, when Aulich, Damjanich, and other heroes of the Revolution had been sent to a bloody grave, when Kossuth was in exile, and Görgey himself was living at Klagenfurt under the contemptuous protection of the Viennese Government. It is clear enough that a deep difference of aims and objects divided Kossuth from Görgey, and from many other of the military men who had formerly been in the Austrian service. These officers protested, and probably with sincerity, that they had no wish to make war upon the "King," still less to bring about the separation of Hungary from the Austrian Crown. They were seeking only to vindicate their Constitutional liberties, suppressed under the Metternich régime, and to put down the revolt of the non-Magyar races within the kingdom. Like most of the colleagues of Kossuth in his first Ministry, they were Constitutionalists and Conservatives, and had no sympathy with the republican and democratic aims they accused Kossuth of cherishing. Added to this there was the natural impatience of the professional soldier against civilian dictation. The Committee of Public Defence at Debreczin constantly interfered with the conduct of the military men; and Görgey (and to some extent he is borne out by Klapka,\* a witness much more friendly to Kossuth) constantly sneers at the fussy activity of the excited orators who attempted to control the tactics of generals on the battlefield, and arranged paper campaigns with the aid of lawyers and ladies. There is probably some truth in these accusations. War after all is a soldier's business, and Kossuth might have done better to leave the actual conduct of the campaign in the hands of some one general of sufficient authority and reputation to secure and enforce the obedience of the rest. As it was, divided aims and distracted councils went far to neutralize the splendid valor of the Magyar troops and the brilliant leadership of their officers.

Before, however, the rift had widened irretrievably, the Hungarians had a

wonderful month of victory. In April, 1849, the armies of the Theiss, advancing under Görgey, Klapka, and Aulich, won victory after victory against the main Austrian army on the Danube, relieved the great fortress of Komaron, drove the enemy across the Danube, cleared them out of Pesth, and forced them back upon the frontier. In the midst of these victories Kossuth took an unfortunate step. He induced the Diet at Debreczin to decree the independence of Hungary and the deposition of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The Committee of Public Defence was dissolved and Kossuth proclaimed Dictator. These proceedings were regarded with the greatest disfavor and suspicion by Görgey and a good many of his officers. It is probably too much to say, as some of Kossuth's partisans did, that Görgey resolved from that moment to betray the patriotic cause; it is certain that he deliberately sacrificed the opportunity of striking the decisive blow in its favor. The road to Vienna lay open before the united and victorious Hungarian army; it could probably have broken through the shattered and disorganized force on the frontier, have possessed itself of the Imperial capital, and dictated terms to the Emperor, long before the Russians could reach them. For the legions of the Emperor Nicholas had crossed the frontier, and while Transylvania had long been filling with Russian irregulars and volunteers, a Muscovite army of 150,000 men was pouring into Hungary from Poland. "Europe" looked on at this colossal piece of despotic aggression with dismay, and did nothing; a piece of weakness for which eventually the Western Powers had to pay by the half-hearted and mismanaged attempt to check Russia in the Crimea. Görgey protests in his "Memoirs" that the struggle, to every military eye, was absolutely hopeless from the moment that the Russian intervention became a certainty, and the only thing left for the Magyar insurgents was to sell their lives and the liberties of their country dearly by a desperate resistance. Kossuth and the Ministry seem, however, to have thought that even to the last there was some hope for freedom and victory "in native swords and na-

\* *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary.* By General Klapka. London, 1850.



tive ranks." Carried away by the brilliant successes of the April campaign, they refused to regard the Hungarian cause as lost, even when nearly 300,000 Austrian and Russian regular troops were closing in upon the contracting circle of the Magyar armies, amounting to less than a third of the number. Kossuth's plan was that the army should retire behind the Theiss, and endeavor to wear out the Russians (whose force he greatly under-estimated) in a campaign on the Hungarian plain, where tropical heat in summer worked great havoc among the northern troops; but Görgey frustrated this by marching against the Austrians on the Upper Danube. The dissensions between the Government and the military men continued during the summer of 1849; and meanwhile the Russian and Austrian advance became irresistible. In July another great defeat was inflicted on Jellachich. But the Hungarian armies were gradually forced back into the southeastern corner of the country. The Government fled from Debreczin, and took refuge within the walls of Arad. Bem's small army in Transylvania had melted away, and the gallant Polish general appeared almost alone at the seat of Government. Görgey, after several hard-fought engagements, was falling back on the same place. The decisive battle was fought at Temesvar, where the Magyars were totally defeated. By the beginning of August even Kossuth was convinced that the position was hopeless. He resigned his Dictatorship into the hands of Görgey, who on the 11th of August, at Vilagos, the Sedan of the Hungarian War, surrendered with the remnants of his army to the Russians. The other Hungarian generals had no choice but to follow his example; though Klapka still held out in Komaron, and only capitulated seven weeks later under a capitulation which allowed him to march out with the honors of war, and secured the lives and liberties of all his troops. They were guaranteed against the Bloody Asize which Haynau instituted; but the brutal vengeance of Austria descended on their comrades. Görgey, amid a howl of not wholly deserved execration, was spared; Kossuth, with Bem,

escaped into Turkey; but Count Louis Batthyányi, the late Prime Minister of Hungary, the gallant Generals Alulich, Damjanich, and Nagy-Sandor, and many other heroes of the War of Independence, were less fortunate, and died by the axe, the bullet, or the rope. Haynau went about the country shooting, hanging, and flogging; and so ended, with this atrocious outburst of vindictive savagery, the most striking and brilliant struggle against absolutism which the century has witnessed.

Of Kossuth's later career not much is to be said. Thanks to the courage of the Turks, and the tardy and belated intervention of the British Government, Kossuth was not surrendered to the Austrians, who would undoubtedly have sent him to the scaffold. He came to England and made a sort of triumphal progress in this country and America, thrilling all hearts by his magnificent oratory. But neither Englishmen nor Americans, though they sympathized with the Magyars, and were delighted to listen to the marvelous eloquence of their great advocate, were able, or particularly willing, to help them in any effectual manner. Kossuth wore himself out for some years in fruitless intrigues, and made himself rather ridiculous by joining Ledru-Rollin and Mazzini in issuing swaggering manifestoes in which, from the dignified seclusion of London lodgings, they called upon the Republicans of Europe to "rise" and throw off the yoke of the despots. He entered into fruitless negotiations with Louis Napoleon, and tried to persuade the Emperor, as he had persuaded himself, that his influence with the English Liberals was sufficient to force the English Government to intervene actively on behalf of Hungary, if the French would take the first steps. Finally, mortified and disappointed, he withdrew to Italy, where he passed the later years of his life, amusing himself with scientific and literary studies, and surveying with gloomy eyes the gradual reconciliation of Hungary with her old oppressor. It was characteristic of Kossuth, and, indeed, of the school to which he belonged, that he would never accept the "compromise" of 1867, arranged by the Conservative

statesman Deák, whereby Hungary finally achieved by peaceful means the restoration of all those Constitutional rights for which she had vainly fought in 1848. Almost to the last he remained unreconciled and irreconcilable. He remained an exile, though he might long since have gone back in safety to the capital, which has consoled itself by making his funeral a magnificent national pageant; he forfeited his citizenship because he could not bring himself to render formal allegiance to the Hapsburg king; and his name was the watchword of the small and dwindling political party of his countrymen, which declined to recognize the Constitutional settlement, and cherished the dream of an independent, and possibly Republican, Hungary. He was the living embodiment of the ideals of '48—those generous, impossible ideals—in a world too much occupied with its own changed aims and pressing interests to sympathize with his feelings, or even to understand them.

Kossuth indeed was the typical man of the Revolutionary period. He was full of the large enthusiasms, the generous fervor, and the poetical faith in enlightenment and progress, which characterized Continental Liberalism at a time when to be a Liberal on the Continent of Europe meant to be a believer in the rights of nations and an opponent of an antiquated and obsolete despotism. In company with our own Radicals of that era the European Liberals were penetrated by an extreme political optimism. They put their trust in an approaching millennium and believed it would be reached by means of free parliaments, universal suffrage, government by "the People," and other simple devices of that kind; and they fought and talked in favor of these expedients with a perfervid earnestness which the *blasé* and sceptical politician of a later day scarcely comprehends. It does not detract from the respect one must feel for the genuine honesty and passionate sincerity of men like Kossuth and Mazzini to remember that, in the first place, the millennium is not yet reached; and in the second, that such little progress as we have made on the road has been

gained not by the revolutionary democrats themselves, but chiefly by the constructive Conservative statesmen whom they disliked and opposed. Bismarck and William of Prussia made United Germany, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, United Italy, Deák and Francis Joseph, autonomous and contented Hungary; to these cool-headed and generally rather selfish princes and ministers the cause of nationality and Constitutional progress owes a good deal more than to the eloquent Kossuths and Mazzinis, or even the fiery Garibaldi. Nor is it to be denied that with Kossuth, as with Mazzini, the talent for practical statesmanship was somewhat less conspicuous than daring courage, high aims, and a noble enthusiasm. The controversy as to the conduct of the military operations in Hungary in 1848-49 is an old one, and hardly worth reviving; but it is difficult to look into the contemporary records without coming to the conclusion that, if Görgey was half-hearted and insubordinate, some of the censure that has been heaped upon his "treason" must be shared by the fiery Dictator, who hurried the movement against Austrian tyranny into a path which many Hungarians, including some of Kossuth's colleagues, and the best of his officers, could not tread without reluctance. Nor is it to be denied that the uncompromising attitude adopted by Kossuth toward the House of Hapsburg was a serious error. Till the unfortunate decree of deposition of April, 1849, an accommodation with the Vienna Court was at least possible; after that it was out of the question, and the Hapsburgs, struggling for the existence of their State as well as their dynasty (for Austria is an impossibility with an independent Hungary), were bound to fight out the quarrel to the end even with the fatal assistance of Russia. With all this there is no doubt that Kossuth was the soul and the animating spirit of the Magyar defence against Austrian tyranny; his eloquence, his energy, and the magnetism of his personality roused the nation—at first lukewarm and rather despondent—to the passion of angry revolt which enabled them to stand against odds that were at first ludicrously disproportionate.

tionate. It was a great achievement, and could hardly have been performed by a man who had not many of the elements of greatness. Nor need one hold that the great work of Kossuth's life was a failure, albeit he thought so himself during the long years of exile. The blood spilled in Hungary in '48 and '49 was not shed wholly in vain; the foundations of the Church, in politics as in religion, are laid upon the bones of the martyrs. The "midnight" despotism of the earlier half of the century was impossible, though temporarily and haltingly restored, in face of the sentiment which the splendid struggle of the Magyars had roused.

"But they fail not, the kinglier breed  
Who starry diadems attain ;

To dungeon, axe, and stake succeed,  
Heirs of the old heroic strain.

"The zeal of Nature never cools,  
Nor is she thwarted of her ends,  
When sapped and dull her cheaper tools  
Then she a saint and prophet spends.

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"I was the chosen trump wherethrough,  
Our God sent forth awakening breath ;  
Came chains? Came death? The strain he  
blew,  
Sounds on outliving chains and death."

So wrote Lowell; translating accurately enough the emotion which Kossuth had inspired, which in the end was too strong for Austria and despotism, in spite of the temporary wreck of Hungarian hopes on the evil day of Vilagos.—*National Review*.

#### DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

BY W. L. COURTNEY.

AMONG the many essential requirements of the Drama, if it is ever to become a flourishing plant in our later civilization, the necessity of dramatic criticism holds a chief place. Possibly the very statement of this necessity may be considered an affront to our age. Where, it may be asked, can be found a greater abundance of criticism and critics? Do not our newspapers serve up for us, hot and hot, the most admirable notices of each play as it is produced? Have we not an energetic band of critics who occupy prominent and favored positions in the stalls at each *première*, on the sole condition that they shall tell the world next day how everything went on? Do we not owe a deep debt of gratitude to these men for giving us exactly the right point of view and saving us all the trouble of making up our minds for ourselves? It would be folly, indeed, not to recognize our obligations to them, as well as to those other unwearied scribes who tell us through the same medium of the press what books we should buy, or borrow, study or skim over. When we consider the conditions of their industry, it is remarkable how successful are its results. The dramatic critic has to have a certain lightning speed of judg-

ment, for his impressions have to be in print some three or four hours after he has himself formed them. His opinion cannot be recast, nor indeed can he, through a just sense of self-respect, ever admit that he is wrong. Because of the rapidity with which his work has to be done, he must be all eyes and ears; he must cultivate his æsthetic susceptibility even though sometimes this may be at the cost of his reasoning power, for quick perceptiveness is of far greater value to him than intellectual deliberation: he must be sensitive, receptive, appreciative; he must be able to reflect with unerring accuracy the pictures which have passed before him. Thinking requires time, and time is exactly what he lacks. For these reasons unfriendly people are inclined to call him a reporter rather than a critic, a judgment which is only true because newspaper readers prefer reporting to criticism. Moreover, he has to notice every piece which appears on the stage, and that is exactly what a critic, if left to himself, would rather not do. Under such conditions, and with such limitations everywhere set to his own natural instincts, the dramatic critic is worthy of the highest admiration. No one who knows what he is

talking about could grudge the most honest praise to a body of men, who perform a very difficult task, enjoined upon them in so peculiarly difficult a manner, with such discriminative skill and with, comparatively speaking, so few mistakes.

But, after all, this is not quite an ideal state of things; nor yet does journalistic reporting really supply what the best interests of the stage require. Journalism, it is true, in this as in other matters, exactly discharges its proper functions. A picture of the world in the last four-and-twenty hours—that is and ought to be the *ultima ratio* of the newspaper. From this point of view the journal ought to be occupied more with persons than with things, with changing fashions more than with permanent types, with the accidents of our social state rather than with its underlying laws. So far as the stage is concerned, journalism ought to deal with the individual rather than with the universal. But if instead of actors, actresses, playwrights, managers, stage-carpenters, and scene-painters, we want to know something about the Drama as a living organism, about the Drama as an imperishable form of art, or even about a play in its relation to those general dramatic aptitudes and instincts from which it proceeds and whose tendencies it summarizes, journalistic criticism is perhaps not wholly adequate. The weekly newspaper has a much better chance, the monthly magazine a better chance still. At all events, the kind of criticism which would be of real value to the theatrical manager and to the art-loving public would, it may be surmised, be found not in the journal, but in some more leisurely writing, let us say, by a modern Lessing in a new form of “*Hamburgische Dramaturgie*.”

The preliminary question, on which we want some illumination, is summed up in a remark, which I may quote with the more assurance, because it was addressed to myself. A friend, who was himself no mean critic, told me in reference to some notice of which I happened to be the author, that I was ignorant of “the first principles of dramatic criticism.” I am sure he was right, the more so, because I am not

certain that a man ought to be much troubled in his mind about such first principles when he has to write a dramatic notice in a journal. But what are the first principles of dramatic criticism? Are there any absolute principles, or are they purely relative and fluctuating? Are there any rules based on wide inductions of experience to which the critic should appeal and which should serve for him as a kind of touchstone in moments of doubt? Whatever they may be, if we grant their existence, they clearly cannot be absolute, for very obvious reasons. Art does not admit of scientific universals any more than that study of mankind, called sociology, or even political economy. Beauty is a fluctuating thing if we look at the history of our race, a thing which has had many definitions and has appealed in widely diverse forms to the successive generations of men. To the old nations of the East it seems to have meant vastness: to the Hebrews it wore the form of sublimity: to the Romans it might be characterized as elegance and dignity: to the Greeks it was the sum total of all the higher energies of the soul. The Drama is, of course in the widest sense, the representation of man: but men have metamorphosed themselves in a wonderful variety of shapes. They may be regarded merely as products of Nature, or as the ideal forms of the natural world, Nature’s consummation and crown. From the first point of view they will be treated in one way, from the second in another. So long as man is considered as the goal to which Nature has all along been tending, the Drama will have an easier task and a nobler one: but, when he falls into place as one specimen—and perhaps not a very valuable one—out of Nature’s workshop, when he is regarded not as the lord of creation but as a limited fraction of a vast objective order, the dramatist, if he does not find his occupation gone, at all events finds it somewhat narrowly circumscribed. When the Greek dramatists made their highest heroes bow before a great impersonal objective power called Fate or Nemesis, the range of human activity and the interest of the human being were necessarily limited. When



man seemed to have all his destiny in his own hands, as he did in the times of Queen Elizabeth, when every day seemed to open new prospects to his ambition and his chances of power, then a Shakespeare or a Marlowe could found a Drama in which individuals were of infinite value, and where the only real fate resided in the character of the agent. So again we can have man looked at as an animal, a soulless being, as he has been in a good deal of the modern French Drama: just as, on the other hand, we can have the chief dramatic interest shifted from the external, sentient qualities of mankind to those intricacies of his spirit or soul, which are laid bare in a Macbeth or a Hamlet. If mankind is always changing, so too must the dramatic representation of him change; critical first principles must be content to be relative and not absolute; and criticism can never claim to be, in the proper sense of the term, scientific.

But although all this is true—so true, indeed, as to be almost commonplace—it does not follow that we ought to throw ourselves upon the opposite extreme and treat the relativity of the standard as though it excused and justified the personal idiosyncrasies of the critic. This, so far as I can judge, seems the tendency of the time, and it leads to more perilous results than the hopeless attempt to discover non-existent first principles. Better a thousand times that we should try to formulate abstract rules and treat Art as an impersonal objective thing than that we should recognize no other rules than our personal tastes and distastes, and fall under the delusion that Art is nothing more and nothing less than the sum total of our personal caprices. Unfortunately, the fashion of the present day exaggerates the subjective side of all criticism. "In literature," says Mr. Henry James,\* "criticism is the critic, just as art is the artist; it being assuredly the artist who invented art and the critic who invented criticism, and not the other way round." A dangerous doctrine, assuredly, whatever be the authority under which it is put forward, and however, in one aspect of

the case, it may be true. For most people, reading the passage with that incurious haste which we mostly appportion to occasional essays, will suppose Mr. James to be resolving all deliberative judgment into innate and instinctive powers of perception. Criticism is not *any* critic, but the *ideal* critic, which is a very different matter. We see this by the parallel instance which the author gives us. It would be absurd to say that Art is any individual artist who may chance to practise it, for it existed before him, and will continue long after his contributions have been relegated to their appropriate limbo. And criticism, too, is independent of the chance vagaries of the individual, and has its own laws, which each age modifies and reforms. In this work of modification and reformation the critic plays his part, and plays it all the better according to the greater qualifications he may possess for his task. But when criticism becomes, "I like this," or "I don't like this," out of all relation to the special equipment of the speaker or writer, we may as well wash our hands of the business, or read it merely as a sort of barometer of the critic's state of health, or the strength or weakness of his digestion. And if this is what so-called "Impressionism" has brought us to, it ought to be called individual freakishness and not criticism.

When all this weakness of subjective fancy, however, has been stigmatized and provided against, it remains of course to be allowed that the nature and endowments of the critic are an immensely important matter. Think what his supreme task is—he has to tell us what we ought to admire. That, I venture to think, is his essential function, and not the slighter and far less important one of being "critical," in the ordinary sense of the word. It is given to many of us to pick holes and find faults—a delightfully easy business, on which an endless amount of smart writing may be expended with the smallest expenditure of trouble. But *non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum*, it is not everybody who is simple enough or serious enough or great enough to be able to admire, still less to be able to transmit his enthusi-

\* "Essays in London," p. 277.

asm to others. Or, to put the matter in another way, the first characteristic of the critic is a sympathetic imagination, the imagination to look at the work before him from the point of view of the author, and the sympathy to comprehend and estimate aright the methods by which the author seeks to attain his aim. He must be immensely inquisitive, too, capable of finding interest in very different kinds of work, full of a patient exploring tendency, without which his sympathy will find itself quickly exhausted. He must be able to subordinate himself to possibly alien material without wholly losing his own individuality; he must not be too proud to give himself up for the time to other men's guidance—receptive, in other words, plastic, sensitive, within certain limits, emotional. As I have already ventured to demur to one of Mr. Henry James' pronouncements, as leaning too much in the direction of our personal weakness, it is all the greater pleasure to quote from the same essay his description of what the critic should be:

"There is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a general touchstone. To lend himself, to project himself and steep himself, to feel and feel until he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion, and expression as embracing as the air, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient, and yet plastic and inflammable and determinable, stooping to conquer and serving to direct—these are fine chances for an active mind, chances to add the idea of independent beauty to the conception of success."\*

An inspiring picture, assuredly, and quite sufficient of itself to prove that when we say "criticism is the critic," we mean the ideal critic, and not any chance possessor of the name.

And now, having duly laid our sacrifice on the altar of subjectivity, let us attempt to redress the balance by insisting on the equal necessity of some objective elements. What must the ideal critic possess besides this restless, appreciative organism of sentient nerves and vibrating tentacles? Well, he must clearly try to apprehend some of the conditions which make Drama a vital

art. We take for granted, of course, those original instincts of imitation, of mimetic representation out of which the Drama itself sprang. That, historically, it arose out of songs and was an adjunct to, or rather an essential part of, religious worship is less important than the psychological impulses, on the one hand, of liking to imitate, and on the other hand, of liking to see imitated. Man feels a pleasure in seeing himself on the stage, of watching the exhibition of those forces of which he is conscious in his own person, and of that restless energy which brings him sometimes in relationship with, sometimes in antagonism to, his fellows. He likes to see his faults, his errors, his failings, his vices portrayed at one time, just as at another he prefers the representation of his higher moods, his powers of self-sacrifice, his heroism, his innate nobility. To ask why is a futile question. We may say with Aristotle that all this objective presentment serves as a *κάθαρσις*, a kind of purification, a mystical idea as though a man feels himself washed clean of his own pity and terror when he sees them exhibited by fellow-men on the stage. Or we may put the matter in much plainer language, and say that the stage affords us a relief from the commonplace of daily life, because in looking at theatrical representations the excitement of individual feeling passes into a calmer contemplation of mortal destinies. In either case, perhaps, we are merely satisfying ourselves with phrases, paying ourselves with words, as the French say. But whatever may be the meaning of the original impulse, there are two consequences involved which are not without importance. If men like to see themselves as in a picture, the picture must have a certain typical significance. It must not be a mere photograph of Tom, Dick and Harry, but Tom, Dick and Harry carried to a higher degree, sublimated and refined and presented as it were in essence and concentration. If I always saw myself on the stage, it would assuredly not be a relief from the ordinary pressure of commonplace, *was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine*, but only an intensification of the boredom with which I bear the burden of my

\* "Essays in London," p. 276 at foll.

personality. It must be me and yet not me, a concentrated *moi-même* gained by skilful adaptation and selection. The case stands just as it does for the painter. He makes no photograph of the scene before him; he has a selective skill, a power of grouping, a happy felicity of regarding things from the right angle, which enables him, as we say, to improve on Nature. And the dramatist, too, must have this selective felicity; his characters are to be intensely human and yet in a certain sense typical, presenting in radiant and explicit form all sorts of underlying and unconscious tendencies which move humanity. All Art is a relief from the commonplace, and for this reason its creations move on a higher plane than that of the casual spectator.

There is another consequence, too, of wider scope. If man is attracted by his mimic presentment, it must be on the condition of recognizing in what he sees the men and women whom he understands. In other words, Drama must always be viewed in relation to national life and character. I do not of course mean that because the spectator wears a frock-coat, the *dramatis personæ* must be in frock-coats also. But the characters, however they may be clothed, and to whatever age or clime they may belong, must always be attuned to the prevailing national key. Their motives must be motives which can be sympathized with by the age which is asked to contemplate them; their feelings must be contemporary feelings; their dispositions must have that complexity or simplicity which is the prevailing characteristic of the spectators. Otherwise Drama will always be an exotic, an alien plant in uncongenial surroundings, never a national Drama. We can see this best at the times when national life was closely concentrated and ran in narrow and strenuous channels. The Greek Drama was attuned to the characteristic notes of Hellenic civilization—in its attitude toward the heroic past, in its moral ideas, in its belief in the reign of Fate, of Nemesis, of ethical law, in its conception of a vigorous manhood, in the formal excellence of its sense of measure, proportion, beauty. So too, to take the Drama which must always

form for Englishmen an inexhaustible source of illustration, the Elizabethan plays were attuned to and sprung out of the national life. There was the free, vigorous expansion of conquest and adventure, there was the belief in what man could do, the strength of will, the indomitable confidence that the Anglo-Saxon race was born to victory, to possession, to empire, the faith that the only destiny was character. All this is easy to see—as well as that other strange characteristic of active, self-reliant men, a certain dreaminess of romance, such as made Hamlet or Macbeth possible, and which was the heritage to the Elizabethans, partly of the Middle Ages, partly of the Germanic stock from which they had come. And so Shakespeare could make all his heroes appeal to Englishmen, not only in his historic plays, but in his tragedies, not only the proud, self-willed Coriolanus, but the dreamy, introspective Brutus; not only his Hotspurs and his Prince Harrys, but also his reckless, passionate, juvenile Romeos, and his capricious, violent, senile King Lear.

The difficulty comes in with a later age. For how are we to characterize the national life of the contemporary period? Less activity, less self-reliance, a wonderful increase of sympathy combined with a fading of old ideals, the diffusion of culture, here a frank return to paganism, there a hesitating recourse to superstition, the growth of cosmopolitanism, the immersion in practical, materialistic aims, the departure of the heavenly vision, the tyranny of wealth, the first notes of the growing democratic storm. Is there, we sometimes ask in despair, a national life to which our Drama can correspond? And the answer is clearly a negative one, if we are thinking of a national life such as the Greeks and the Elizabethans enjoyed. For that was based above all on a keen sense of citizenship, a feeling which in our age has become considerably weakened. Commerce and science have made us cosmopolitan, have given us a sympathy with all kinds of civilization—even with the Chinese. The expansion of the British Empire has brought before us as a practical problem the urgent

necessity to understand habits of mind, conditions of life very different from our own. We are of no particular country, like early Christians—only we have not, like them, the advantage of seeking a country or a kingdom yet to come. The superficial increase of knowledge has brought all past periods within our ken; an antiquarian interest has sometimes made us feel an even greater attractiveness in ruder and simpler times than in our own more polished era. The best of our intellects are engaged in scientific pursuits rather than in the study of Art; and politics in the widest sense of the term—the petty politics of the parish, of the commune, of the county council, just as much as the wider occupations of St. Stephen's—are engrossing more and more the attention of the capable and the thoughtful. Intensity of interest has vanished and catholicity of interest remains, whereas Art seems to spring more out of strong, one-sided feeling than out of that calm temper of moderation which the modern humanism loves to cultivate. Art itself is not part and parcel of our lives, but something which we can take up when we are in the temper, being in this respect like religion, to which we devote exactly one day out of seven. Moreover, music, which is the Art *par excellence* of modern times, stands at the opposite pole to dramatic art. It belongs to the vague, the universal, the infinite sea of feeling, not to those limited, precise, stormy waves of human character and individual passion among which, like the petrel, Drama is at home.

It becomes, therefore, very difficult for a conscientious critic to say what kind of plays in the modern world are national, in the proper sense of the term. Sometimes, of course, it is easy enough. Every one can see that so long as imitations of the French Drama were, practically, the only plays popular at our theatres, we had nothing which could be called a national Drama. Or, to take recent instances, every one sees that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is wholly English in its construction, its tone, its range of ideas, whereas "Denise," or, better still, "La Dame aux Camélias," is so essentially

French in character that no "adaptation" could give it anything but a superficial English air. So, too, "The Bauble Shop" could only be produced—could only be understood, perhaps—on English soil, whereas "A Woman of No Importance," if only its paradoxes could be translated, would be speedily recognized as belonging to a very familiar type in France. It is clear that the critic must not press too far his interpretation of what a national Drama is. If we have taken the whole world for our province, the range of subjects is practically unlimited, and "Hypatia" has as good a right to be welcomed as "Becket." Only we can rightly insist that transplantations are at most a *pis-aller*, and that every play, which is to help the future of the English stage, must have, not necessarily the topic with which we may happen for the moment to be most concerned, but the English point of view, the indefinable but still recognizable English temper, the English procedure in attacking its problems, the English way in carrying out its conclusions. This is not narrowness, nor provincialism; it is merely the consciousness of national existence. Every kind of interest, meanwhile, can be taken in foreign manners and foreign questions and specimens of foreign Drama. But if these alone are to form the stock-in-trade of our theatrical representations, then we shall have sooner or later to confess with all contrition that we have no English Drama at all.

All this, be it remembered, is only illustrative comment of certain objective methods, which, apart from the instincts of his own subjective personality, must guide the critic in forming his theatrical judgments. Inasmuch as there are no absolute first principles in a subject which is so full of incalculable elements and intricate correlations, the critic has to proceed, like the sociologist, with a large use of the Comparative Method. He has to compare the Dramas of different nationalities; he has to estimate the forces which move different periods of civilization; he has to adjust the subject to the author's point of view, and the author's point of view to the chief characteristics of the age in which he lives;



he has to contrast crude juvenility and mature development; he has to let disease throw light upon health, and health upon disease. And then, when the Comparative Method has given him the statical conditions, the actual elements of the play in relation to its times and to other nations, he must use the historical method to give him the dynamical relations, the conditions of origin. To look at the Drama of the present day, without some knowledge of the history of the past, is to miss more than half of its nature and its value. In the widest sense the critic must understand how the modern Drama arose out of the chaotic feelings of the Middle Ages: how the miracle and mystery plays became developed into that marvellous outburst which culminated in Shakespeare; how the plays of the Restoration period became possible; how it came to pass that in quite modern times an adequate technique could survive without the possession of any ideas which were not puerile ones, and sometimes without any ideas at all. Not only will the critic better comprehend his own age in this fashion, but he will be prevented from asking silly and unprofitable questions. He will not, for instance, ask whether Sheridan is better than Congreve, or whether Tennyson's plays are better or worse than those of the Elizabethans, or, as they so constantly inquire in public schools and universities, whether modern Drama is better or worse than Greek Drama. Contrast will be valuable, no doubt, and yield important points; but excellence is a relative term, and can only be understood in reference to the period in which it is found, as history very wisely teaches. Does all this apparatus of scientific or pseudo-scientific methods for the use of the dramatic critic sound pedantic, academic, absurd? Most assuredly, for I am dealing, after all, with only the commonplace equipment of all thoughtful minds, which use these and other methods without knowing that they are using them, as we most of us do in the cases of grammar and logic. But the personal note of modern criticism gets tedious after a time; "impressionist" reviews are a weariness to the flesh; and the con-

stantly recurring phrases, "I like it" and "I don't like it," represent precisely the most petulant and the least critical temper in which we can approach a work of Art. And the real critic ought to be not the flippant fault-finder, or the fawning adulator, of the artist, but his veritable helper, his interpreter, his brother.

Meanwhile, what are we to say of the artist himself—the actor—and the large influence which he seems at the present day to exert on the healthiness, the vitality, and the future condition of the Drama? It is impossible to ignore the fact that the modern importance of the histrionic profession has a distinct and decided effect on dramatic criticism, and yet in dealing with a contemporary phenomenon like this, we are in more than common danger of being misled by prejudice, or blinded by sympathy. It is difficult to disengage one's self enough from social conditions to look at the matter with sufficient coolness and steadiness. The actor has been accepted, not solely as an artist, but as both something more and something less than an artist—as a social and intellectual factor of the day. He is no longer "the poor player," the man who makes himself "a motley to the view." He has become an integral part of society, so that no function is complete without him, no public ceremony adequately fulfilled in which he does not bear his share. He shines as "a lion," so that men like to hear him talk on the current problems of the time and invite him to utter his opinions on heterogeneous subjects on public platforms. No longer is he at home merely before the footlights; he is "at home" in other and commoner senses of the term, not only in Bohemia, but Belgravia. And because he is thus a force to be recognized, an authority of unquestioned power on many subjects, political, philosophical, social, artistic, he makes himself felt also in dramatic criticism, the nature of which he modifies in many ways, conscious and unconscious. For the actor is no more the subject or topic of the critic's investigation—he is this only when he appears on the stage—he is also, outside his theatre, a component part of the body politic, an organic sec-

tion of that national life to which it is given in the last resort to decide what kind of Drama is possible or practicable. The critic may say what he likes, but the public listens, often it must be admitted with complete justice, not to him but to the actor, as to a man who both knows and has power, a man who talks with authority, and not as the scribes.

Well, there are advantages in this state of things. It is only the best of the artists who can be called social and intellectual forces, and it is right that in virtue of their qualities and powers they should be allowed to have a chief voice in the direction of English Drama. Nine out of ten men of general culture and education can become critics; but how many men out of a hundred can become accomplished actors? It would be hard indeed if those who have unquestionably special knowledge and experience should not be more listened to than men who may or may not have experience and knowledge, but who sometimes only have wit and a facility of writing. I say nothing about the good it does to the histrionic profession itself to receive so much public and social attention, how it gives its members self respect, a reverence for their art, and a sense of wide responsibility. This is not the point, however, with which I am concerned; it is the effect on dramatic art which is the sole thing at present to be considered. And here, too, it is clear how much benefit may be done by the social importance of the artist, who by his knowledge of society can feel the pulse of public taste and guide his worshippers into dignified and praiseworthy paths. The great actor—for it is only of him of whom it is safe to speak—just because what he says is fully reported in the press and is treasured in the remembrance of its countless readers, just because he shines in public life with a glory which has rarely surrounded his head in past stages of his history, has a unique opportunity of improving his generation, communicating genuinely intellectual impulses, and pointing to lofty artistic ideals. He stands next to the statesman, and has many of the statesman's chances.

But then, unfortunately, he has not had a statesman's education. It has

not been his business to study history, or political economy, or the philosophy of civic life, without which no one can really understand the age in which he lives, or seek to do it lasting good. The history of Drama he may know well; he may have a vast amount of plays at his fingers'-ends, and his memory for quotations may be as inexhaustible as his experience in the stage tradition; but the relation of Drama to the life which it represents, to the age whose tendencies it expresses, to the natural character which it expounds—to say nothing of the place which Drama holds among the various departments of Art, and the psychological laws on which its existence is based—on matters like these he has had no special training. When, then, he is pushed forward into an authoritative position, and his dicta are treated as of national value, he must often feel himself at sea, if he retains any frankness and modesty. He must sometimes go through an experience like that of an eminently respectable country gentleman or county member, who is suddenly asked his opinion on Bimetallism and the Indian currency. But that is not his only disadvantage in the character of Sir Oracle. In this country, at all events, he is engaged in commercial speculation, he has to make his dramatic enterprises pay. Now it suits the characteristic ideas of our countrymen on such subjects, that just as the capitalist must make his commerce pay, so, too, the actor should make his histrionics pay, on the general ground that private ventures left to individual initiative are on the whole better and more efficient than State-aided enterprises. Art, however, is not quite the same thing as commerce, and that which makes the latter prosperous will not always make the former noble. In the long run, and in the majority of instances, convention and tradition can more safely be relied upon in conducting a commercial business than hardihood in conception and fresh, untrammelled exercise of imagination and fancy—and yet the latter may be those which in some turning-point of its fate Art may need. If the "practical" man is he who, according to an old definition, is invariably wrong

at a crisis, the "business-like" actor is no less likely to be one who, in a period of change, is unable to understand the signs of the times. It would be against human nature, if we did not find him sometimes balancing his chances of commercial success against his artistic instincts, and allowing the latter to kick the beam. From this point of view, perhaps, it is an uncommonly fortunate thing that he is not only a force on the stage, but a social ornament, for it may be that he will then more acutely feel his responsibility, and allow larger room to his generous impulses.

There is still a third point, however, which affects the actor's influence on the Drama. It is the actor's own temperament. Just in proportion as he is an artist he will not be a critic. When Lord Beaconsfield said that critics were those who had failed in literature he enunciated a great truth, although in somewhat perverted form. The truth of the aphorism is not that critics have failed in literature, but that the critical temper is exactly the antithesis of the artistic. For the artist must be sensitive, emotional, imaginative, origina-tive, while the critic's nature is to be reflective, deliberative, giving play to his powers of judgment and ratiocination on subjects and ideas which he has not and could not have invented for himself, but which, nevertheless, he can both expound and illustrate. One of the most interesting experiences is to listen to an artist—especially if he is a real genius—expounding his ideas. But one of the most curious and not always the most pleasant experiences, is to hear the same man talking about his own artistic work. In the one case we find lucidity, suggestiveness, brilliancy, all those mysterious flashes which genius can throw alike on the known and the unknown, whereby the relations and conditions of our commonplace world seem to acquire a new meaning, a final consecration of grace and poetry. But all this vanishes when he has to deal, not with the realm of imaginative truth, but with its concrete and actual exemplification. The artist knows very well, no man better, what he wants to do, but he is a poor judge of what he has done, hav-

ing apparently no means of estimating his own methods of execution. Even the painter will describe his picture in terms which are almost ludicrous to the critic, because he is speaking of the animating idea, and not of the way in which he has embodied it. The actor's case is worse, for he cannot see himself act. He can judge, it is true, by its effect on other people, but then he knows nothing of the means by which it was gained, and often mistakes their relative value and effectiveness. Nor is he a good judge of other men's work, because, like all men of strongly emotional temperament, his feelings are intense in proportion to their narrowness, and it is difficult for him to conceive of a part being played otherwise than as it appeals to him. Fortunately for the sake of general dramatic criticism the actor is not always a genius, not always of the purely artistic temperament, but in proportion as he approaches the highest levels of art and genius, his criticism becomes defective and valueless. For if an actor was consistently and conscientiously a critic whether of himself or any of his brethren, it is doubtful whether he would not thereby diminish his own imaginative aims and aspirations; it is doubtful whether he would not become too self-conscious to act at all.

Such are some of the more obvious disadvantages involved in the social honors and privileges which are now laid at the actor's feet. I do not know whether they counterbalance the corresponding advantages, or whether they form a merely insignificant sum in relation to that superior dignity and consideration which has so marvellously raised the whole histrionic level. But I think I notice one effect on contemporary dramatic criticism. The importance of the actor has made the notices which appear in such profusion in the daily and weekly press deal in a somewhat disproportionate manner with the acting as compared with the construction of the play. Where old stage pieces are performed, this is of course inevitable. But there is no reason why it should be so with new plays. The critic assigns the same superior attention to the actor which he indubitably receives at the hands of society at

large. And yet from the point of view of a dramatic art, which has its before and after, and which develops with a developing nationality, it is the actor

who is a transitory phenomenon ; "the play—the play's the thing."—*Contemporary Review*.

## SUNSHINE AND MICROBES.

BY PERCY FRANKLAND.

NEVER until the latter half of the present century have the full meaning and significance of the ancient Sun-worship been properly understood, for it has required the magnificent generalization of the conservation of energy to enable us to comprehend how almost every exhibition of force with which we are acquainted on the earth is wholly due, either directly or indirectly, to the influence of the sun through those rays which reach us after traversing 93,000,000 miles of space. Of the whole energy sent forth by the sun we know that only an excessively minute fraction, not more than  $\frac{1}{10,000,000,000}$ , is intercepted by the earth at all. But in spite of the enormous distance traversed and the small fraction of this radiant energy which we are only able to "trap," modern science has shown us that we owe almost everything that we have to its agency, and the remarkable manner in which it controls the phenomena of our earth is daily receiving fresh illustration and support.

One of the most novel and extremely interesting revelations concerning the sun's terrestrial influence has been recently made in connection with the life of micro-organisms. As every one knows, microbes, while capable of performing the most indispensable services to man in such important directions as the breaking up of refuse organic matter, the fertilization of the soil, the production of alcohol, etc., may and do become extremely objectionable when they venture outside their particular spheres of utility.

The principal difficulty which is experienced in keeping these micro-organisms in their proper place lies on the one hand in their extreme minuteness, which enables them to be easily carried about from one place to another, as living dust, and secondly in

their extraordinary power of rapid reproduction. Thus they are not only remarkably difficult to exclude from our surroundings, but when once introduced, even only as a few isolated individuals, they often multiply with such extreme facility that they soon force themselves upon our notice in many different ways. This is easily conceived when it is remembered that, under favorable conditions, a new generation of bacteria may be inaugurated every twenty minutes or half-hour. Thus it can be calculated that if such multiplication went on without let or hindrance, a single bacillus would in the course of twenty-four hours have given rise to a progeny four times as numerous as the whole population of London, while at the end of forty-eight hours their number would be represented by the wholly unmanageable figures—280,000,000,000,000 !

On being confronted with such an alarming possibility as this, we are naturally led to inquire, What are the agencies at work which prevent its coming to pass and being realized? Several agencies readily suggest themselves, such as the limited amount of food material available under suitable conditions for their nutriment, adverse circumstances of heat or cold, as well as other unfavorable surroundings, etc. ; but it is not to these I would refer, but rather to one agency which has only recently begun to be understood and appreciated—viz., the power of sunshine to destroy these micro-organisms.

It is not a little gratifying to know that the first and most important step in revealing the cleansing and disinfecting properties of sunshine was made in this country about sixteen years ago by two Englishmen of the names of Downes and Blunt. These investigators established the remarkable fact



that if certain liquids capable of undergoing putrefaction, or in common parlance of "going bad," were exposed to the direct rays of the sun, they remained perfectly sweet, while exactly similar liquids kept in the dark became tainted and exhibited innumerable bacteria under the microscope. In this way the lethal action of the sun's rays as regards this world of micro-organisms was shown for the first time, and quite a new aspect given to the healthy and inherent craving which we feel for light in our houses and general surroundings.

Numerous most important and interesting experiments were made by these investigators with the object of finding out how these wonderful results were brought about, and upon what factors they were dependent. In the first place it was ascertained that the oxygen of the air had a marked effect in assisting the sun's work, and that the bacteria suffered more from the sun's rays if the proportion of oxygen was increased, and less if it was diminished, thus clearly pointing to processes of oxidation as being the cause of the phenomenon. Recently M. Momont, in the Institut Pasteur, has obtained more exact information confirming these experiments by exposing the bacilli of anthrax to sunshine in the presence and absence of air, with the result that while the anthrax bacilli exposed to the sun in the presence of air were killed in two and a half hours, similar bacilli placed in a vacuum were still alive after fifty hours' exposure to sunshine.

The next problem to be attacked was to ascertain whether all the solar rays were equally responsible for this important result or whether the different colored rays composing the sun's beams produced different effects, as is known to be the case in those important vital processes which go on in green plants.

Many investigators besides Downes and Blunt have bestowed attention upon this interesting question, but it was perhaps first most successfully attacked by Dr. Geisler, of St. Petersburg, now some two years ago. This investigator decomposed the white sunbeams by means of the prism, and then exposed typhoid bacilli to the light of the various parts of the spectrum.

The rays at the red end he found had little or no effect at all on the growth of the bacilli, while the most powerfully deleterious action was obtained in the ultra-violet, the effect becoming less and less marked in passing from this to the red. On this point, in fact, all investigators are agreed—that the rays which exert this destructive or inhibiting effect on bacterial life are precisely those which also exert the most powerful action on the ordinary photographic plate.

Of much interest also is the comparison made by Dr. Geisler of the potency of the sun and the electric light respectively in destroying bacterial life. Thus, while from two to three hours' sunshine was sufficient to produce a most markedly unhappy result in the condition of the typhoid bacillus, it required an exposure of no less than six hours to the beams of an electric arc lamp of 1000 candle-power, and at a distance of only thirty-nine inches, to produce a similar effect, thus clearly proving the great inferiority in this respect of this most dazzling of artificial lights in comparison with sunshine.

Even if the exposure to the solar rays is not sufficient to actually destroy the bacteria, it may yet profoundly modify their character and bring about the most important changes in their subsequent behavior. Thus, while many bacteria can produce the most wonderful colors—yellow, orange, scarlet, crimson, indigo-blue, violet, etc.—it has been found, at any rate in the case of one of these pigment-producing microbes, that exposure to sunshine for a short time is able to rob it of this beautiful property, and the organism which, under ordinary circumstances, was wont to elaborate a splendid red pigment is, by being submitted to the sun's rays, so degraded as to produce afterward only a dirty or colorless material.

Much hygienic importance and interest attaches to some investigations in a somewhat similar direction made by Dr. Palermo, of Naples, and which have only been published within the last few weeks. The microbe selected for experiment was Koch's cholera bacillus. Now, these bacilli, which are almost universally accredited with the honor of producing Asiatic cholera in

man, are also fatal to guinea-pigs in about eighteen hours. Dr. Palermo placed some of these cholera bacilli in the sunshine for various periods of time, and he found that while, when he protected them from the sun, they killed guinea-pigs in eighteen hours as usual, after they had been "sunned" for from three and a half to four and a half hours they were perfectly harmless, and the animals experienced no evil results whatever from being treated with them.

The cholera bacilli which refused to kill the guinea-pigs had not been destroyed, nor had their total number suffered any diminution, by the action of the sunshine during this short time, but their inability to work mischief was directly due to the removal *during this exposure of their virulence or disease-producing powers*. More than this, the further important discovery was made that those guinea-pigs which had survived the above inoculation with these sunshine-exposed or insulated cholera bacilli, had acquired immunity toward this disease, or, in other words, were protected from contracting it afterward, much in the same way as vaccination with cow-pox protects the individual from an attack of small-pox. Thus when eight days later these particular guinea-pigs were inoculated with *virulent cholera bacilli* they were quite unaffected by doses which to ordinary guinea-pigs proved rapidly fatal. *Thus by exposure to sunshine these disease microbes were not only deprived of their sting, so to speak, but were converted into useful servants in protecting their former victims from the attacks of their still viciously disposed brethren.*

We are as yet only on the threshold of this most interesting branch of bacteriological research, but the results which have been already obtained open up the possibility of discoveries of vital importance in hygienic science.

We are logically led when reflecting upon this solar power of destroying bacteria to inquire as to when and where it comes into operation in Nature. It is obvious of course that this action can only go on upon the actual surface of the earth, and that a depth of even a very small fraction of an inch must be quite sufficient to place bac-

teria beyond the reach of this potent and lethal agency. On the other hand, in the case of water, with its great transparency to light, we might anticipate that this destructive power of the sun's rays would penetrate to very considerable depths.

Nearly two years ago I made a number of experiments on the action of sunshine on the spores of anthrax suspended in water, and I found that in this medium they were able in some cases to survive as much as one hundred hours and more of full sunshine, while in ordinary culture materials, like broth and jelly, they are generally killed by a few hours' exposure to the sun's rays. In order to ascertain the cause of this curious phenomenon, I am trying, by adding various ingredients to water, to find out what substances tend to accelerate the action of the sun's rays. Already I have discovered that the addition of common salt greatly increases the destructive action of sunshine on anthrax spores suspended in water, while the addition of a similar proportion of sulphate of soda (Glauber's salt) has no effect whatever. These experiments are being continued, and I hope to be able shortly to throw some more light on this unexpected and interesting phenomenon. All the experiments to which I have so far referred have been made in the laboratory, and with bacteria in what may be described as a state of captivity. Before generalizing from such investigations we always endeavor if possible to test our results by some crucial experiments made, so to speak, in the open-air laboratory of Nature herself.

Already in the year 1886, in my reports to the Local Government Board on the bacterial condition of the water supplied to London, I showed that the number of micro-organisms in the waters of the Thames and Lea was often twenty times as great in the winter as during the summer months. Now, although I do not attribute this increase in the water microbes during the winter months by any means wholly to the great reduction in the amount of sunshine which in our foggy land unfortunately characterizes the winter of the year—for there are other important factors calculated also to bring

about these seasonal variations in the number of river bacteria—yet there can be no doubt that the presence or absence of sunshine plays some part in producing these striking results.

In order to ascertain the effect of daylight on the bacteria in a running stream two young German enthusiasts lately carried out an interesting experiment on the river Isar above Munich. These investigators sat a whole night by the river bank, from six in the evening until six on the following morning, determining the number of microbes in the water at various intervals of time. The experiments were made toward the end of September, and they commenced their watch about sunset at a quarter past six in the evening. At this time 160 bacteria were found in about twenty drops of water; but at three and four o'clock in the morning, when the water had therefore been for several hours in darkness, there were more than twice, and even three times, that number of germs present, indicating that in the absence of their deadly foe, the sun, they had multiplied with great freedom—only, however, as was found when morning approached and day wore on, to be kept once more in subjection and reduced in number.

These experiments were made with water taken from the superficial layers only, but it is obviously of particular interest to ascertain whether this destruction of bacteria can take place also beneath the surface of the water, and, if so, to what depth the sun's rays can exercise this inhibitive power.

In the Starnberger See, near Munich, at a spot where the water was fairly clear although slightly disturbed by steamboat traffic, it was found that at about a depth of ten feet below the surface this destructive action on bacterial life entirely ceased. More exact experiments published a few weeks ago by Dr. Procacci, of Naples, in which cylindrical glass vessels were filled with water and exposed to the sun from above only, showed that the rays after passing through twenty inches of water had hardly any power to hurt the bacteria present, this slight depth having deprived them of nearly all their bactericidal capacity.

An original and extremely simple

method of experimenting on this fascinating subject was devised and published nearly two years ago by Professor Buchner, of Munich. It is so pretty in its conception that I cannot desist from giving a slight sketch of a process which I think may be appropriately described as *photo-bacteriography*, if I may be allowed to coin a new word for the purpose.

It consists in evenly mixing in melted jelly the particular germs upon which it is desired to try the action of sunshine. The jelly is then poured into small glass dishes, in which it rapidly congeals, and the latter are then covered over with black paper; on one side, however, some letters are cut out leaving open spaces in the shape of the particular letters removed. When the dishes are exposed to the sunshine it is of course obvious that the light can only gain access to the jelly and its bacterial contents through the apertures made by the cut-away letters, while the remainder of the jelly is protected and therefore in darkness. After such dishes have been exposed, say, for two, three, four hours, or any time it is thought necessary, they are transferred to a dark cupboard and kept at such a temperature as will best permit of the growth and multiplication of the bacteria present in the jelly. If the exposure to the light, however, has proved injurious, then those bacteria which were in the illuminated portions of the jelly will either have been destroyed, and therefore prevented from giving rise to any growths at all, or their vitality will have been so much impaired that the growth in these parts will be much feebler than in those portions where the jelly remained in darkness. In this manner the letters cut out of the black paper covers will be found visibly to the naked eye delineated or marked out on the jelly by the absence of growth of any bacteria in these particular portions of the dish. Of course any combination of letters may be employed, and Buchner has in this way succeeded in causing the names "Cholera," "Typhoid," etc., to be inscribed on jelly surfaces by the contained cholera and typhoid germs exposed to sunshine in the manner just indicated.

I do not think, therefore, that I am guilty of any unjustifiable use of language or stretch of the imagination in designating this process as *photo-bacteriography*.

Of course numerous applications may be made of this elegant method, which has recently been much used by Marshall Ward for the investigation of some of the varied problems connected with the action of light on micro-organisms.

Thus modern scientific investigation is daily enlarging the horizon of our knowledge concerning the stupendous influence which the sun exerts over almost every detail in terrestrial affairs.

The study of these minute living organisms, which have attracted so much attention during the past twenty years, has also served in this most surprising and unexpected manner to increase our admiration of the marvellous dominion which is thus wielded by the sun ; and even if we are not quite prepared to revert to the ancient religion of Khuenaten and of the Disk Worshippers of Egypt, we shall at any rate deeply respect the material intelligence and beauty of their doctrines, while we shall all endorse the poetic imagery of Plato, when he says that " Truth is the Body of God, and Light is His Shadow."—*Nineteenth Century*.

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#### THE STUDY OF CHARACTER.

"I AM very fond of the study of character," was the remark of a young girl, once made in our hearing. "That is all very well," was the answer of the person addressed, "but you will find as you grow older that, after all, people are very much alike." The speakers may be taken as types of two classes ; the one comprising those to whom their fellow-creatures are a perpetual source of interest, from the variety of characteristics which observation and study reveal in them ; the other, those by whom other men and women are regarded more or less as mere pieces on the chessboard of life. This class would readily admit that the work of the world could not be carried on without other folk, and that they have as good a right to live and act as themselves. They may wish them well, and take an active part in philanthropic schemes for their benefit, but they will feel little interest in them personally, because to them, as to the speaker quoted above, people are very much alike. They cannot, of course, fail to see the broad distinctions between one person and another, and perceive, for example, that one is pleasant to live with, another unreasonable or cantankerous ; that one is capable, and another inefficient ; one fitted to lead, another to follow ; but here their observations and their interests end. While in the other class,

acter" is as strong and as inborn a characteristic as is a sense of the humorous, an ear for music, or an eye for the picturesque. And while all with whom they come into contact are of greater or less interest to them as subjects for thought and observation, the discovery of some rare and remarkable specimen of human nature kindles in them the same flash of delight as that with which the eye of a botanist would greet the sight of a new flower. Some taste, opinion, or sentiment different from their own, different from any that they have met with before, awakes their eager curiosity. "Is that your point of view? How strange! how interesting! Let me think about it and try to understand it, and find the source of this unexpected phenomenon," is their unspoken reflection. To solve a problem in character gives them a similar satisfaction to that which a mathematician feels in solving a problem in mathematics. Such an attraction must have been that felt by a certain distinguished American novelist, of whom a story is told that when staying at a country house full of clever and entertaining people, he astonished everybody by devoting his conversation and attention to the dullest and stupidest guest present. Evidently the lady interested him because he could not understand such stupidity. Was she really as dull as she seemed? Was there nothing in



this world that could stir her mental organization into action? And the problem teased and tantalized him into the effort to solve it.

To those who love the study of character, a strong impetus has been given by many of our modern poets and novelists, pre-eminently by two of the greatest—Robert Browning and George Eliot. All that nature was to Wordsworth, that human nature was to Browning. What a varied march-past of men and women of all ranks and classes, types and characters, from the highest to the lowest, pass before us in his writings; and with what a piercing gaze does he read their innermost secrets! But we need not turn to great geniuses for examples of interest in the study. As we have remarked above, to a large class of minds among more ordinary mortals, there is none that is so fascinating. A book that most readers have been enjoying lately—Mr. Augustus Hare's "Two Noble Lives"—supplies us with a strong instance. One of the most striking characteristics of Lady Waterford's letters is the keen interest they reveal in character. And as she grew older and her thoughtful mind ripened, her pleasure in the study of it increased. "I cannot thank you enough," she writes to a friend, "for your interesting letter. I enjoy hearing about *people* so much; all the more, people I don't know much; the variety of ways and characters would always be to me like seeing a play acted. I have not lived much among people, and so the zest for them has not worn off." In another letter, when referring to the same subject, she adds:—"Do tell me of yourselves and your neighbors, all those I know and remember (in Ireland). I do love details of people, and, what you describe so well, their characters." And again, after a similar exclamation about her pleasure in the subject, she goes on to say, "I remember long ago, the pleasure I had in going from house to house in the country, and the lottery of who would turn up. . . . I think I have a distinct recollection of every country-house visit I ever paid, and all the people I met, as a sort of picture in the mind's eye, as literal as seeing a play." Akin to this interest in character was her pleas-

ure in observing faces, a pleasure which her skill as an artist and portrait-painter must greatly have enhanced. "How I do love physiognomy!" she exclaims, "and how it makes me enjoy even a railway carriage, or anywhere where I can look at human beings." And it was this human interest, rich with kindly observation and sympathy, which, even more than her grace and beauty, must have won the affectionate admiration of her friends and acquaintance.

There are two questions which especially suggest themselves in thinking of this subject:—"What are the qualities that are essential to the successful study of character?" and "What are the 'pros' and 'cons' for pursuing it?" Let us clear the ground for an answer to the first, by a negative statement. The man who would read character aright must be exempt from two opposite tendencies—he must neither be a cynic nor an optimist. Obviously, if he is the first, he will only see the seamy side of human nature—the low, the mean, the self-interested motives and actions.

If he is an optimist, he will be blind to the other side; and, living in his fool's paradise, will never arrive at a right sum-total, because, like the cynic, he also leaves half the figures out of the account. On the positive side, the qualities required are so delicately compounded of the intellectual and the moral, some of them belonging to both sides of our nature, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to place them in two entirely distinct categories. The successful student of character must possess the faculty of observation of what may be seen, imagination for what is unseen yet discoverable, the critical faculty, the judicial mind that can weigh evidence, the reasonable one that refuses to draw large conclusions from small premises, and to make hasty general statements on single instances, and a certain adaptability and elasticity of mind which will enable its owner to place it rapidly and as far as possible in the attitude of another. But, above all, he needs the gift of sympathy, and a warmth and kindliness of nature that will draw out the whole—the shy, retir-

ing good, the best there is to bring out, in another's character :—

"You must love him ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love,"—

and we are told, on the best authority, that in the highest communion to which we can rise, we must love in order to know, for love is the true revealer.

As to the "pros" and "cons" for the study of character, there is much to be said. Let us rather say the "cons" and "pros," for all lovers of the study will prefer to keep the best till last. Of course, in thinking of the objections, there is a danger that interest in character may degenerate into unjustifiable curiosity about our friends and neighbors, and lead to indulgence in petty gossip. At the mention of gossip all will be on the alert to belabor this favorite scapegoat, for as has been remarked elsewhere, there are few who have the courage, like Mrs. Beecher-Stowe, to recommend it to mercy. "Show me," she exclaims in her bold defence of the foible, "the man who takes no interest in his neighbors, and I will show you a cold, fat oyster." Nevertheless, we admit that it deserves and must have its due of blame; for though we may number some inveterate gossips whose bump of curiosity is unusually developed, among the kindest of our friends, yet the spirit of gossip is often an idle and mischievous imp who deserves chastisement. Besides curiosity and gossip, another snare awaits the character-student—the error of thinking that he can ever thoroughly know another. To know another, can be only a comparative phrase. The minds of no two persons that ever lived work exactly on the same lines, or are equally subject to the same influences, as is continually proved by the fact that arguments which convince one mind fail to satisfy another. The grooves of the two minds form different patterns that will not quite fit into one another. Each speaker thinks the other stupid, because the subject of discussion takes slightly different shapes in the two sets of grooves. And so is it with the whole character, moral and spiritual, as well as intellectual. We cannot see all, nor follow the exact

lines which the character traces. Translate the thoughts and feelings of another mind into our own, and at once they sustain a real, though but a subtle and delicate, change. Of course, where characters are simplest, we are less liable to error. Just as it is said that the lower the type the greater the physical resemblance, and that the little rustics of one family are more like one another than are the children of the more refined and educated classes, so we may believe that the same rule holds good in character. The higher you ascend, the more marked the differences become. But even in the humblest types our knowledge is limited, and the parents themselves can never attain to the full knowledge of all the differences that really exist between little Tom and Jack.

Having delivered our conscience of the duty of testifying to the "cons," let us turn to the "pros." In thinking of the advantages of the study, the first that strikes the mind is the wide extent of the field of thought—a huge territory divided into so many provinces that, in variety of interest, it offers a large choice for consideration. To drop imagery, the subject of character is so complicated and enriched by influences of heredity, of physical conditions, of circumstances, and of education, that it gives to thought, imagination, and sympathy as wide a range as any that could be offered to them. To watch the gradual unfolding and development of character, whether in the nation or in the individual, gives a pleasure to the observer, of a similar kind to that of the scientific gardener in observing the growth and flowering of a plant; but of so far higher a degree as the capacities of a man exceed those of a plant. To trace the proofs of inheritance in character, and notice the influence upon it of its surroundings, physical, mental, and spiritual, is to offer to thought a subject of deep and endless interest. For not more certainly are the physical structures of animals marked and modified by their surroundings, than are characters by their environment. We say as "certainly," though not always as fully, for the mind is a freer agent than the body, and the greater the resisting

power of the will, and the strength and independence of the character, the less will it be changed by circumstances; though not to be affected at all would show weakness and not strength, a want of the power of assimilation which a healthy organism should possess. This gradually modifying influence is too obviously proved by the existence of distinct national, local, and family characters, to need insisting upon here. Even in the same big town, different districts will show us different types. Another advantage which the study offers is that the means of pursuing it are within the easiest reach. Any inhabited spot of the globe freely offers them to us. Put the student into any community you please, and he will find food for observation and thought.

And whatever our lot in life, whether reposeful or active, compensating advantages for the study will be found in each. If active, we shall probably meet with a greater number of specimens of humanity, and have the opportunity of observing the qualities brought to the surface in the business of life.

If sedentary, our investigations, though more restricted in extent, will have time to pierce deeper down. Again, if those who study character most, discover more to condemn, they will also find more to admire, than the unobservant. Where the latter condemn *en masse*, they will perceive possibilities of hope and promise. And they will be unfortunate indeed if, in the course of their observations, they do not meet with one of the highest pleasures afforded us in this life—that of witnessing the evident and visible growth as time goes on, in strength, in purity, in elevation, of a noble and beautiful character. Can we go further still, and hint at one more advantage, one that partakes of a sacred character, a promise for the future? If we believe that all that is worthy of admiration in any human character which we have ever heard or known of, will one day be revealed to our ken, in one inconceivable perfect Being, then surely the efforts made for the study of the best in human nature, will be no mean training for the appreciation of the Divine.—*Spectator*.



#### A VISIT TO THE TENNYSONS IN 1839.

BY BARTLE TEELING.

"I know that I shall be ripped open like a pig."—TENNYSON.

Alas, my lord, you must pay the penalty of fame.—B. T.

SOME little time ago I came into possession (through the death of a friend) of a library of about 2000 volumes. I am not a bookworm, though I am fond of books, not only for their own sake, but on account of the good they may do in safe hands, when judiciously used. I have accordingly, though frequently urged, always refused to sell any of this very heterogeneous, miscellaneous collection of volumes, but have somewhat unwisely, from a pecuniary point of view, carried the greater part of them about with me in my wanderings, and have left a trail of literature to mark the path I have travelled. Some are now reposing on the book-shelves of a

dignitary of the Church in an island off the coast of Normandy. Some are in the Theological Library of the Jesuit fathers at Monaco. Some are in Italy, some in the Riviera, some in Switzerland. Among those which still remain to me are some quaint volumes—early editions of Ruskin, "Letters from the Dead to the Living," "The Tale of a Tub," bearing on its title-page the autograph of "Thomas Sheers," the father of the brothers Sheers who were executed for high treason in 1798, and many other curious volumes, not the least interesting of which, at this moment, is an early edition of Tennyson, containing a frontispiece, pasted into it, drawn in pen and ink by the hand of Alfred Tennyson in 1839; and beside it an old brown manuscript Journal, dated 1839-1840, written by the donor of this literary bequest, who was

an intimate friend of the Tennysons. From this Journal I extract the following pages, which I have read with considerable interest, and which, as all the actors in the curious and romantic episode recorded are now dead, I may, without indiscretion, publish.

As a prefatory explanation, I should mention that at the time when the Journal was commenced Mrs. Neville and Louisa Lanesborough were deeply and lovingly attached friends living in Guernsey. The former, who was consumptive, was going with her little daughter Laura to pay a visit to the Tennysons at Beech Hill, and to consult the well-known Dr. Curie in London; but she was not strong enough to travel alone, and not rich enough to engage the services of a nurse or a maid. In the emergency Louisa Lanesborough volunteered, in her romantic devotion to her friend, to disguise herself as a Guernsey servant, and to accompany her in the seeming capacity of nurse and attendant. This she accomplished very cleverly, without the knowledge of even her own father, who was a general officer residing on his estate in the island—she having, however, obtained his permission to pay a visit to some friends in England.

How she carried out her intention, and the extraordinary risks she ran, and the hairbreadth escapes she had when leaving home in her disguise, are duly recorded in the Journal; but not being of such general interest as the part she played among her friends the Tennysons, I shall omit them, and begin my extracts on the 11th March, 1839, the day on which, in her assumed character and her assumed name—"Marion Langlais"—she began her romantic adventure, which is here recorded day by day.

I should further mention that at this time there existed a friendly literary artistic clique, entitling themselves "The Husks," among whom Mary and Emily Tennyson, and Louisa Lanesborough and Mary Neville, were conspicuous, and one of whose poetic idols, even at this early period of his career, was Alfred Tennyson. These "Husks" had in use among themselves a peculiar *parlance*, and we find such words as "deadly" (meaning thrill-

ing), "shuckling" (a familiar friendly chat), "slothing" (a sweet do-nothing in the twilight), which were in constant use among the initiated.

This explanation is necessary to make clear what might otherwise be unintelligible in the following extracts from Louisa Lanesborough's Journal, which begin (on board the ship in Guernsey Harbor)—

"11th March, 1839.—I was off, actually off, on my wild adventure, and almost free from fear of detection. On board I watched and waited impatiently for a sign of the dear expected things, even to the last boat. Oh! what if anything had prevented their coming—if I missed them after all? But no! Dr. Hoskins carrying Laura, and dear Mimosa (Mrs. Neville) following, set my heart at ease. We could give no sign, but it was enough to have seen her; and almost immediately the steamer set off with at least two bewildered, excited beings on board. By-and-by the stewardess came to inquire for Mrs. Neville's servant: I answered to the appellation, and sent to say that I was well. Then, as night came on, I went down into the fore-cabin, quite astonished at its size and comfort, really as good as the ladies', if not better. I got into a nice berth, was not very ill, and suffered most from anxiety about Mimosa

"Morning dawned: at five o'clock we arrived at Southampton in a fog and misty rain. I went down to my mistress, who gave me her shawls, etc., to take care of and see after the coach, which I did, and getting in, we drove to the Castle Inn. Here a fire was lighted in the bedroom and sitting-room, and I ordered hers and Miss Laura's breakfast, at which I served them—and how odd it felt!—and then went down to the inn kitchen for mine, which was comfortably laid out, and I had a slice of fried bacon to eat with it. After this I settled my mistress on the sofa, and got my work till it was time to go to the Custom-house with Mr. Luce. Here I was ordered about in a way that somewhat astonished me; but I passed the things, and sat and worked, able to talk away in French as fast as I pleased, and having famous chats. I had great trouble to help



laughing, still more to help petting and kissing "my mistress," who was likewise constantly calling me "Louisa" instead of "Marion." Laura remarked, "Mamma, does not Marion remind you of Louisa Lanesborough? They speak alike," but saw no other resemblance; and the next day she said, "Marion is not like Louisa in face, only something like her when she speaks." At dinner time, to stand behind Mimosa's chair and hand the plates, etc., was quite too much for our risible faculties. This whole day was an uneasy apprenticeship for the coming duties. Miss Murray called, and others, which excited and fatigued dear Mimosa, and she would not or could not go to bed with restlessness and pain. She wrote to Charley (her brother), and I to Mary Tennyson; but dark things came over us both, and we *froissé* one another to tears—fools that we were! ingeniously distilling the bitterest drops from trifles, or from sorrows loathsome enough already! One and two o'clock struck, I believe, ere we separated for bed.

"Thursday.—We left in the Red Rover for London, and now I began to feel the coming reality of my new life: before I had only dreamed of it. We were less inclined to laugh at each other, and less often mistook names and persons. Dear Mimosa was very tired. A hedge of double and single snowdrops on the road cheered her, and I gathered some for her. Rode on the outside for a little time; but it was so bitterly cold that I could not for long, and got in again. The evening advanced so fast that we entered London by gaslight, rattling on through the crowded streets, and my heart keeping time with the wheels as I drew near the place where we expected to meet the Tennysons. Stopping at Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly, she anxiously inquired if any one was come for her? No—no one. This upset her, for she hoped to reach Beech Hill that evening. And now, while I collected the trunks and packages and Laura, dear Mimosa was half wild with excitement and irritation, noways lessened when, after all the fuss and annoyance, she found that she had mistaken the place, and it was at the

Golden Cross, Charing Cross, that Mary Tennyson was waiting for her!! So I called a coach, got her in, bag and baggage, drove to the Golden Cross, and eagerly inquired for Miss Tennyson. Yes, they *had* been there, but were gone. Really it was dreadful! But as there was no alternative, a room was ordered, and Mimosa shown up, while I got the things and discharged the man. To my horror I found she had been dragged up four pair of stairs—she who was so weak that one was too many; and exhausted and wretched and ill was she indeed. The people, too, so uncivil, so careless and rude and inattentive! Was I not glad to be as "Marion" then, with the power and privilege of getting and doing for her all that she wanted! After the fire was lighted I got tea for Miss Laura and put her to bed; then tea for my mistress, and waited on her; and then went down to get my own. I was tired and hungry enough to enjoy it and be quite refreshed, so I brushed her hair. A note came from Emily Tennyson, and she went to bed and slept a little.

"The next morning I got her breakfast, and dressed Miss Laura, which was scarcely done when Miss Tennyson came up. How nervous it made me! I dared not speak or look, and when obliged to answer, it was bolted out for fear of laughing. At length, to my joy, Mimosa sent me out to put a letter in the post; and though it was raining, and a dirty, foggy, rainy day in London, yet I enjoyed my ramble. Going in an omnibus to Bishopsgate Street, took our places for Beech Hill, and then to the General Post—franked a letter for Charles—called at Seeley's\*—and so on till about three o'clock. It was then time to think of going. Miss Tennyson took leave; for to my great vexation I found that Mrs. Tennyson, Alfred, Frederick, and all but Mary, Cecilia, and Miss Fytch, were away from home. This was vexatious, yet still it was Beech Hill, the Tennysons' home.

\* Seeley was Louisa Lanesborough's publisher, and she was at this time bringing out a book. Subsequently she contributed to "The Intellectual Observer," and wrote and illustrated a number of scientific works.—B. T.

"On our way from London, Mimosa told me that Emily had taken quite a fancy to me as 'Marion'; said I was 'so neat, and active, and intelligent, she longed to have just such a one'! This comforted me a little; but oh! was I not nervous and strange as the coach drove nearer and nearer and stopped! Mimosa received with ecstasy in the parlor, and I, for the first time feeling an inferior, sent into the kitchen, and then going up into my mistress's room, unpacking the trunks, and laying out her things, making the room quite comfortable before she came up, and I was called to tea. The kitchen is a nice one, with such a fine fire, and three nice clean-looking English maid-servants,—the cook, Mary, and Ann,—and John in livery. They were very polite and kind, and really so much higher than our servants, it seemed. I felt very awkward, afraid of speaking lest I should betray myself; and then my dress felt strange, and the hair and the cap, etc. I was glad to be called to undress the young lady. That night I went down to supper at nine o'clock, milk-and-water and bread-and-butter;—and when the Tennysons had wished Mimosa good-night, how much we had to tell! I slept with the housemaid, very soundly, for I was very tired."

Louisa used to tell in after years of her horror when, on being shown to "her room" that night, she found that she was to share the housemaid's bed; for apart even from the unwelcome companionship, she feared to fall asleep lest the black "front" of coarse hair which she wore should slip aside during the night, and reveal her own long fair tresses beneath! So she lay awake, half undressed, with the net cap and black false hair most uncomfortably covering her hot head, until good-natured Ann—secretly wondering, no doubt, at the "foreign person's ways"—was snoring soundly; and then, overcome with drowsiness, she also fell into a profound sleep.

"*Saturday*.—Got up: at half-past seven went into my mistress's room and took down the candlesticks. Breakfast was ready, and I took it. I see they are greatly amused at my *foreign* appearance, and seem to wonder

at my speaking English so well. They asked me many questions about my country and my mistress; but they are nice, respectable, well-conducted servants, as far as I can see, and John does not venture to speak to me."

Mrs. Neville was horrified when Louisa unfolded her tale of how the night had been spent, and they agreed that "Marion" should sleep with her "mistress" for the future, on the plea of requiring attendance during the night.

"*Sunday, 16*.—Was roused by the tap at the door of Ann coming to light mistress's fire, and then I fell asleep again till the breakfast-bell rang. I hurried on my things, and was soon down, and made a capital breakfast, and explained how it was that I was so late and hadn't slept with Ann, 'cause missus wasn't well in the night.' Then I came up, and dressed Miss Laura, and brushed mistress's hair, while Miss Mary Tennyson came in to chat a little before she went down. As mistress did not feel inclined for her tea-breakfast, I settled her room till they went to church at eleven o'clock. There was I, *Marion*, in my red apron and thick cap, sitting between Mimosa and Mary Tennyson, having to arrange Miss Cecilia's collar, and listening to *myself* being talked of, while they little dreamed how near 'L. L.' was to them. I got mistress's breakfast, and then read to her: till they came from church we were together, but then I went and got her some lunch, and our dinner being ready, we servants sat down to cold roast-beef and hot dumpling. I ate enormously, and was so hungry, and then made haste up to mistress with a hot bottle for her feet. She desired me to take it into the parlor, which I did, with pillows, and made her comfortable. All the afternoon I was able to read and write alone up-stairs, only having Miss Laura to hear read and say Psalm 145: she was so good and steady it is quite unnatural having her so. At four o'clock brushed and combed her hair for dinner, during which I was again alone till near six, when my mistress came up to be 'Mimosa' for a while, and I was called to tea, after which I got Miss Laura's milk-and-water and made

her a piece of toast, and heard her say her hymns. Mistress came to curl her hair, and went down again; and I was dreadfully sleepy and tired, so much so that after a vain attempt to read and write I fell fast asleep in the great chair, roused only by the sound of coming voices, 'mistress,' and Miss Mary, and Miss Cecilia. I was desired to brush her hair, which I did, while Cecilia read Alfred's poetry, 'Break, break, break!' out loud, and talked 'husky,' but not for long. They saw that she was dreadfully tired, and left her; but she would not go to bed, and talked away till very late, when I crept into bed with her and slept as sound as a rock.

"Monday.—The eight o'clock breakfast-bell rang as I was going downstairs; but it was the bell only, for breakfast was not nearly ready; but as eight o'clock is the appointed hour, and the mistress desires the bell to ring that she may know when they do breakfast, the cook rings, and is satisfied. We did not wait very long, and I hurried up to dress Miss Laura, after which I dressed Mimosa; and as Mary Tennyson came in, I went to get her breakfast. She is always weak and languid in the morning, and the wind N.E. increased her pain in the chest. She is not better yet, at any rate, and I fancy her even weaker. Thank God I am near her! Yet how shall I write to them in Guernsey?"

"I went out to gather cones for Miss Laura to-day, and in emptying her mamma's basket I found the lost ring. I was so delighted; and when I was sent for to change the bottle at my mistress's feet, I told her. I had then to fetch her some water to wash her hands, got the tray, and a finger-glass with warm water, and a towel over my arm as I stood beside her, Mary Tennyson looking at me, and Cecilia also. Oh! how little they suspected me. And this morning, when bringing up her breakfast of tea instead of isinglass milk, says Mary, 'If Louisa Lanesborough was here, she'd make you take the milk!' 'No,' says Mimosa, 'she wouldn't!' And then they went on talking of me as one far away, even while I touched her and looked at her.

I do wonder that she does not recognize my voice!

"Cecilia's reading Alfred's deadly poetry of 'Break, break, break,' made me write a few verses in the same style of deadliness:—

Howl! howl! howl!

On thy voiceless way, thou wind!  
Unseen save only by the track  
Of waste and woe behind,

Over the earth pass on

With free untiring wing,  
But howl with a voice of wailing,  
Thou wild and deadly thing!

For the world is a place of sorrow,  
Of weeping and of woe,  
And paved with torn and broken hearts  
Of those who dwell below.

Howl! as thou passest onward  
Over the restless sea,  
For the ocean of tears all measured  
In the fount of misery.

Oh! the earth is disturbed in its rest  
When thou passest on thy way,  
Shaking the early dewdrops  
From every leafless spray.

But howl! howl! howl!

Thy voice is a solemn knell  
O'er the tomb which lies all silently  
In my dark soul's secret cell.

L. L.

"Tuesday, March 18.—The weather was so fine that I thought this a good opportunity to go to Waltham, and when I had given Mimosa her breakfast I asked leave to go, which was granted; but by the time that she was down, and her luncheon and my dinner over, it was rather late. I set off with my little *panier au bras*, and walked to Waltham Abbey, on a dreary, uninteresting road of about three miles. It was market-day; there was very little to admire except the old wing of the abbey. I made my purchases and returned home as quickly as I could, so tired that I could scarcely move. Went to report myself in the parlor and give Miss Fytch her ink, and was desired to refill the hot bottle and rub my mistress's legs, which I did. She made Mary Tennyson read out Wordsworth's Odes, and Cecilia Alfred's ballad of the Lady of Burleigh. I was almost too tired to enjoy it, but got refreshed after my tea, and read and wrote a little till

ten o'clock, when I went and told my mistress it was bedtime, got her some supper which she would not eat, and then made her some tea."

And now came what we may call a new act in this strange little drama.

"*Friday, 21st March.*—My first day of real servitude, and one to be remembered surely in the strange calendar of 1839! 'Marion' rose early to prepare for her journey to London; and as on the previous evening everything had been packed and arranged, a hasty breakfast in the kitchen, while her mistress washed, and then the little tray prepared and taken up, was hardly done, when the coach drove up, and Mary Tennyson, Mimosa, and Marion on the *box*, went off, through Waltham and Edmonton, to London. The morning was clear and fine, but cold from the sharp east wind; and glad was I to have three fellow-travellers on the top to keep me warmer. Still I was dreadfully cold, or how much I would have enjoyed the beautiful country on the approach to London by this side! Ten miles we travelled from Waltham, yet not a single break in the line of villages which form the environs of the capital. How unlike Paris! I was much struck by it, and wonder what foreigners must think of the difference in extent between London and all others throughout the world. I could not help considering, too, of the strange power which this body has over its captive soul,—that when I was surrounded by objects of the deepest interest, and scenes which I felt in my inmost heart, as in hurrying through the crowded street, I marked the contrasting groups of idle misery and busy wealth; the magnificent monuments of art, the stately buildings of a metropolis, side by side with the homes of woe and sin and sickness, the almshouse, the hospital, the penitentiary: here rolled a carriage full of joyous smiles, there crouched the sullen child of starvation muttering deep curses; from the balcony of a crescent bent the graceful form of youth and beauty; from the window of a dark high house, the Fever Hospital, I saw three pallid and emaciated faces pressed in dreary listlessness against the glass—so gaunt! so wretch-

ed! so hopeless! I *felt* all this, but it was a dumb irritated feeling, seemingly excited as much from my own sense of suffering, and awakened by the keen March wind, as from *real* sensibility; for the body was heavy on my spirit, and I could not *think*.

"We stopped at last at the Four Swans, Bishopsgate Street; and from thence in a coach to 12 Mornington Crescent. Here my darling Mimosa was received very kindly; but oh! they might well weep over the wasted form and feeble steps. She was laid on a sofa, and had breakfast. I went to the close, dirty, *beastly* kitchen, where two dirty things were flying about in all directions. They took no notice of me, so I slipped out, and found my way to the post-office, where I deposited the letters; and on my return, finding the lady whose room Mimosa was to have waiting for a coach and none to go for her, I volunteered and went, a good long way, with such a painful foot that I was obliged to buy a pair of easy shoes on the road. Then I had to mount the boxes and unpack—three pairs of stairs up! I had to carry all alone the heavy box; and then I settled the room, lit the fire, and ran down to get mistress her lunch. I poached her an egg, but she could not eat it. After this and sundry runnings about, dinner-time came. I was to wait at table, and my heart beat so fast as I went in, that I could not *hear* anything else for a few minutes. Mimosa asked for bread, and that was given almost unconsciously; for on entering the room I saw Alfred Tennyson *at last!* and Frederick, Horatio, Emily, Mary, and the mother. Was it a delusion—that I, Louisa Lanesborough, stood there behind them, changing their plates, helping them, and they so little dreaming of my identity with the *servant Marion*? Was I asleep when the dirty maid-of-all-work thrust a handful of dirty forks into my hand, and bid me *cut and wash 'em quick and bring 'em up?* I did run down and do all this and up again, many a time, ere the dinner was over; and though I did it all very well, my hand shook so the first time I took Alfred Tennyson's plate that I thought it must be seen. And why was it?



I'm sure I don't know, except that the romance of the whole affair rushed over me.

"Well, dinner over, I was to get mine; but fagged and excited as I was, I could not eat the broken meat that was left for me. I longed for a cup of tea, which I could not get; and then I made my mistress's bed, and sat upstairs over her fire, so aching and weary that I knew not what to do, yet I dared not go to sleep for fear of not hearing them ring. This really was a dreadful evening, having water and coals and all sorts of things to bring up so often four pairs of steep stairs. At last I went down into the kitchen, and laying my head on my knees, I heard the kitchen talk. Elizabeth, the great stout flaunting maid-of-all-work, and Sibby, who is a short, pale, fat girl belonging to Mrs. Moore, the lodging-house proprietor, are friends, I perceive; and by the dialogue I overheard while one was quilling net for a cap and the other scouring saucepans, they have two absent lovers, absent since a fortnight or month; upon which occasion Sibby, in utter disgust at the thoughts of home when he was gone, had offered herself as assistant to poor old Mrs. Moore, who had lately broken her leg and arm, and to help her friend Elizabeth, whose quantity of work surpasses all I ever conceived it possible for one head and one pair of hands to accomplish. First she has her kitchen to prepare in the morning, and Frederick Tennyson's room to arrange, fire to light, etc., etc.; then the drawing-room, and Mrs. Tennyson's bed to make; breakfast to give to Mrs. Tennyson and the girls and Horatio, then up-stairs to Frederick and Septimus; then to market, and dinner for Mrs. Moore at two; luncheon in the drawing-room; dinner there at four, always meat and *an apple pudding* for Alfred; dinner above for Frederick and Septimus at six, meat and pudding; tea in the parlor at eight; fires to attend to, door to answer, everything to clean, and all the bells to answer; and then to sit up for the family even till one, two, and three in the morning, yet to rise and work as usual the next day: all this with the most perfect good-humor,

never ruffled. So she and her friend agreed that the time, which would have been 'dreadful lonesome' alone, had passed better together; and Sibby told how one of her brothers was always saying, 'Well, Tit, when will you come home? I hate going home when you ain't there? 'Tain't like home, somehow.' And when she went to see them, says he, 'Have you had any supper, Tit?' 'Yes,' says she. 'Well, never mind, you must eat a bit of a pork chop and drink a glass of ale. It does my heart good to see you here again, Tit. I wish you'd stop home with us and leave service.'

"I did not listen much longer, for the bell rang for me, and mistress came up to bed, dear thing! so tired and ill. We were long in talking and getting to bed, when I fell sound asleep; but she, I fear, tossed about all night in pain. I woke very early, scarcely daybreak, and lit the fire, got quickly to bed again, and slept till eight.

"*Saturday.*—Dressed Mimosa in white—she looked so beautiful! with a blue cap, her blue scarf, and her silver-gray shawl—like a thing of dreams, shadowy and ethereal, and yet like a flower of mortality, sickening and fading away. . . . In spite of all that Dr. Curie has said, I am longing for his coming, to dispel the foreboding cloud, and tell me that *she will recover*. My soul is clinging closer and closer to her; how shall I bear to part with her? . . . Curie has come! I sit on the stairs with throbbing heart! . . . He left, and I ran after him; asked eagerly what he thought of her? And the heavy words fell like iron on my heart: 'Elle est poitrinaire—oui, sans doute; mais mercredi je vous dirai si on peut espérer de la sauver. C'est peut-être trop tard!'

"Ah! he thought he said this to a servant, a hireling; and there was little *ménagement* in the declaration. Those words! Yet I knew it! I knew it quite as well; nay, I know more, *that he cannot save her!* And yet I hope and smile, and seem to grasp at every change of symptom, in spite of the evident decrease of strength and increase of suffering! . . .

"*Sunday, 23d March.*—I was late this morning, for I did not hear the

knock, but I made haste and lit the fire. Mimosa got up and dressed, then lay down to rest and read, while I got her breakfast, after which we read together in the Bible. . . . By the time I had done her room and dressed, it was time to wait at table. I got on very well. Alfred was very civil to Marion upon their meeting on the stairs with a tray: he speaks little, and they are all silent. To day Mary Tennyson came up to Mimosa's room and said, 'I have been thinking all night of what Louisa Lanesborough says in her letter about your going in six weeks: you won't, will you? Don't let her come and fetch you! I shall hate to see her.' *I, too, standing by her side!* It seems so strange, so like a dream, that I begin to doubt my own identity. To the Tennysons, to Curie, to all at Beech Hill and Mornington Crescent, I am Marion. In the same houses and in one little room with bolted door I am—*myself*. Here I am writing as Louisa Lanesborough, and waiting to be called to wait at table as a servant. . . . Mimosa came early to bed, her head ached so. After all, am I not more with her than any one else? If Mary did but guess! But no, they shall never know it."

Here I recall one of "L. L.'s" unwritten reminiscences,—how she was one day passing the open door of Alfred's room as he lay in bed reading and smoking at some late hour of the morning, and catching sight of the trim "maid Marion" as she passed, called to her to enter. "Marion, I want a book from the book-shelf downstairs. Will you get it for me?" He attempted to describe it, but it was a *German work*—"so you cannot read the title," quoth he. "I know it!" said demure Marion, unwittingly, forgetting for a moment her assumed character; and she tripped lightly downstairs and brought it back at once. Alfred stared at her in astonishment. "Why, do you understand *German*?" he questioned. She stammered an evasive reply, and left the room. That evening, at dinner or supper, Alfred, calling for beer, a refractory cork refused to be drawn, and every one tried their hands on it in vain. "Where is your Marion?" said Alfred to Mrs.

Neville; "she could do it! She can do *everything*, I verily believe—from reading German to waiting at table. Let her try!" Mrs. Neville demurred, knowing how her friend would shrink from being thus brought *en évidence*; but Alfred insisted, and called "Marion! Marion!" till Marion came, and amid a laughing chorus of apologies and explanations, took the corkscrew from Alfred and drew the cork!

This was the period, it will be remembered, when Alfred Tennyson was "toiling over his manuscripts in his London lodging," as one of his biographers has it, and joining his friends at "The Anonymous Club" for discussions or dinners, or dining at the now historic "Cock," and sitting over his port and pipe far into the night, while poor overworked Elizabeth or Sibby sat nodding over the kitchen fire awaiting his return, "up to two and three o'clock in the morning," as Marion has told us. I find no mention of Mornington Crescent among his biographical notices, which scarcely, indeed, give adequate idea of the bright, appreciative home circle in which he lived there; and, still more strangely, I have searched in vain through the best-informed biographies recently published for so much as the very name of Beech Hill! One cannot help regretting that "L. L.'s" preoccupation over her friend's health has so far crowded out more detailed reminiscences of the Tennyson family.

But to continue my extracts from "L. L.'s" Journal. Her immunity from detection now emboldened her to venture on a further flight. She had several friends in London—notably one who, with Mrs. Neville, shared her tenderest affections; and she could scarcely find herself within reach of this friend without yearning for a sight of her. So—

"*Tuesday*.—I scarcely could rest with thinking of to-day, and the doubts and perplexities of my visit to Kensington. I lit the fire at six, and got up soon after; had my breakfast, fetched mistress's roll from the baker, and prepared her tray; then read, etc., as usual, and we *dressed for the day*, I in the black merino and blanket-shawl; packed up my comb and brush, and

cap *tour de tête* with white ribbons, and frill, in the basket, and went off for a coach up to Camden Town. Well, mistress was settled in it, and we desired the man to drive slowly and stop at Manchester Square, which was no sooner done than I dropped the dark wig and Marion's cap, resumed my own costume, with Mimosa's veil, and was quite ready when the coach stopped. I got out cleverly without the driver seeing my face, and crossed the Square, leaving dear Mimosa to go on to 6 Bulstrode Street to her aunt's. Turning into Duke Street on the left-hand side, I saw a 'sixpenny hairdresser,' and went in, desiring to have my hair cut; for I found it now impossible to part my hair after its being so long mixed, and as it fell, a cutting could do no harm. This gave me an opportunity of arranging myself quite à la 'L. L.,' and the excitement giving me quite an unusual color, I was not afraid of seeing dear L. M. C. [Louisa MacCulloch]."

She then proceeded to Kensington, and the afternoon was spent with her friend very happily, until—

"Six o'clock came. I dare not stay later; so with many kind, loving words of true affection, and a lingering walk up the Square with darling Louisa, we parted, and I got into an omnibus which took me into Piccadilly. Here I descended, and for a minute or two walked slowly up, considering how I should change myself again into Marion. At last a thought came. I went into a hotel, and desired to be shown a room. This was done, and in a few minutes my wig and cap were put on, but my veil and frill left, which partial change (as I blew the light out) was unperceived by the attendant, and I hurried up the Quadrant, Regent Street, Oxford Street, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, Welbeck Street, and so on to Bulstrode Street, where I hastily took off my frill and veil and knocked at the door. 'Is this Miss Langton's?' 'Yes. Oh, I suppose you're Mrs. Neville's servant. Please to walk in;' and I was ushered below into the housekeeper's room, and received by Mrs. Hayne very kindly. I asked after 'missus,' who was pretty well, she said, and in her turn asked question after

question as fast as possible—Had I had my tea? did I like oysters? being the first; and followed up by a settling of cups and saucers and plate of oysters, to which we sat down *tête-à-tête*: she telling stories of Master Charles, and Miss Margaret, and Miss Mary, and lamenting over my poor mistress being so weak and ill; then putting all my ingenuity to the test with her cross-examination about Guernsey and people I didn't know; about the ways of master's house, prices of meat, etc., etc. There she sat at one side of the little round table, a tall and portly dame, in full-trimmed cap and dark gown, pouring out the tea and offering oysters, with a gracious condescension of the dignity of favorite attendant and superintending housekeeper, to me, the simple maiden of a sick mistress, with a close-drawn cap of Puritan shape, and black merino dress, black shawl, and little holiday silk apron, answering with quiet voice and lowly manner, as became the visitor in that situation. Good old Mrs. Hayne! A knock and a ring disturbed us by announcing the arrival of the carriage, and I was shown up to my mistress in the drawing-room, where sat Miss Langton, Hayne *in nobility*, a 'ladye of the past age' in a kind and courtly way, sitting opposite to her niece on the sofa, full dressed in lace and ribbons, and with that peculiar style of habiliment and manner which stamps her as one of the lingerers of the past, in a new and different world of fashion. A fine face and stout upright figure belied her age—in good truth they spoke well for the oysters and ale! and my eye glanced sadly enough from the strength of age to the feebleness of youth reclining in the easy-chair on the opposite side. Hayne showed the flowers to her, and my dear mistress liked them, as I thought she would, and was glad to see her face as bright as it was, for I knew the fatigue was great, and she felt able to stay even longer; so I went down again for half an hour, and then went up to dress and assist her to her carriage, the door of which closed with a kind farewell from Hayne, and we drove off, glad, very glad, and congratulating each other on that day's work being over. But she was very tired.

" *Wednesday*.—Dear Mimosa tired and dispirited. Curie was to come, and she went down in her white dress, looking ill and weak. He was late, too, and at the first double knock I ran hastily, breathlessly up. It was Alfred Tennyson. Ah! how I hated the sight of him! And then Frederick, and then Septimus, gave me the same run and disappointment. At last Curie did arrive, and I showed him into Frederick's room. Mimosa went up, and I watched and waited for his coming down. I had to go in once—he had my letter before him, making notes; how odd it appeared!—and when he came down, as I waited for the expected words, he spoke them: '*Votre maîtresse est poitrinaire bien décidément, mais ce n'est qu'à la première période.*'

" 'Et vous pouvez la sauver, n'est ce pas, monsieur?'

" 'Mais—je ne sais pas. J'espère—je n'en ai pas la certitude. Je ne désespère pas, mais il faut lui relever les esprits, voyez vous.'

" '*Poitrinaire bien décidément.* What made me shrink, and my spirit fail, at these words, which I not only knew before, but had every reason to think her state more confirmed than at the first stage? I thought the bitterness had been passed when I heard it first—when that letter, that confirming letter, came with all its hopelessness; but no! for a written thing we read, and the heart of sorrow gives to each word a tone that in the spoken word we hear not from the lips of a cold and careless speaker. And besides, he had not seen her, he had not had any guide but my own details and perhaps exaggerated fears; now he had seen and tried, and the case was clear. Then there were visions of hope in change of air, an exertion of skill, and the pleasure of seeing dear friends; now there was a shadow of fear on the hope, and more anxiety, for the faint step was fainter, and drooping head still heavier, the flush on the cheek brighter, and the branded characters more legible, though we were in England and with skilled men. 'The bitterness of death! *When is it?*'"

A second physician, the well-known Dr. Locock, was consulted, and he con-

firmed Curie's verdict that lung-disease had begun. The only hope of prolonging life lay in a warm climate—Italy; and again the question arose as to Louisa accompanying her thither—a step which the girl seems, naturally enough, to have been reluctant to take.

Meanwhile there was a touching little scene ere their departure from London.

" *Tuesday, April 2.*—Baptist Noel came to administer the sacrament to dear Mimosa. . . . She lay on the sofa, with flushed and tearful countenance, her friends Mary, Cecilia, and Mrs. Tennyson at her side; Marion at her feet. . . .

" *Wednesday morning.*—Went to Curie." After giving a detailed account of this interview, she continues: "I went home with a little medicine, but a full heart; only time enough to dress and get off for the coach to Beech Hill: Alfred, Mary, my mistress, and I inside—Alfred murmuring poetry, talking husk-ily, and abusing Mrs. Hemans. How I longed to speak! Arrived about seven at Beech Hill."

As the news spread of Mrs. Neville's precarious state of health, letters of inquiry and condolence, harrowing in their tender anxieties, poured in upon her; and one of the little band of "Husks" (Anna Maria Mainguy) came down to Beech Hill to bid her a last farewell before her departure for Italy. This was a new danger of discovery for Louisa Lanesborough, which caused her and Mrs. Neville much anxiety.

" *Thursday.*—A note this morning from Anna Maria to say that she will be at Beech Hill this evening!!! Now what will become of us? Surely she will know me directly. How can I keep out of her sight? And she will ask after me; tell the Tennysons that I came over with dearest Mimosa, and they too will ask after me!"

They arranged a number of plans to avoid detection, and decided that, if discovered, "L. L." should explain everything to Anna and ask her to keep her secret. While they were arranging these plans "a tap at the door made me open it, and Anna herself came in!! In the joy of meeting and greeting I slipped out unperceived, and remained in the kitchen until they



went down." Later : " Anna saw me, but was too *préoccupé* to notice Marion, and she soon took leave for the night, but it was settled that she should remain until the Monday. One day might pass, but four ! Our decision at last was, that we should try her eyes and ears when alone, by my coming in and speaking before I was obliged to do so in the parlor, with the likelihood of my voice being recognized. Therefore on Friday morning, as she sat with my mistress, I passed close to her, took the tray from the table beside her, and spoke several times ; then left the room for the *effect*. She did not suspect me in the least, merely saying that ' Marion was a very nice-looking girl, and she liked her ' ! How wonderful ! for I am sure that I should know myself ; yet how comfortable ! I can now do anything ; and yet to-day, as I entered the dining-room with the hot bottle, she looked so hard at me that I got quite nervous. Then again at night, as I was sitting (at work, fortunately) with the door imprudently left unfastened, she glided in. I felt sure that she was come to say, ' Louisa, I know you ! ' and her own name trembled on my lips. I am sure, had she not been very shortsighted, that my face would have betrayed me now ; but no ! she came for a book and went out again. At tea-time they all talked of me so much, and of letters and accounts, that it required all Mimosa's generalship to parry the unlucky hits Anna made. They talked of Marion too. Horatio thinks I look so like a widow ! Alfred likes me very much, and thinks me an excellent specimen of Guernsey servants ! Well, this day also has passed ! "

She was a very meek and modest widow evidently. One day during dinner (she did not wait at table at Beech Hill, as she did in the London lodgings) Marion was summoned to the table to answer some trivial question. Mrs. Neville looked annoyed at the proceeding, and told her afterward that Alfred and his brothers had been disputing as to the color of " Marion's " eyes, *which they had never seen*, and took this method of settling the question, which, however, proved unsuccessful. Marion came, spoke, and re-

tired without raising her eyes, and the young men owned themselves vanquished.

So the last half-sad, half-happy days passed by ; their " last days perhaps forever in an English home," as Louisa felt. And it was with a very aching heart that she copied, under the date of April 25, 1839—their last evening at *Beech Hill*—the following lines :

" Yes, there are those nor wealth nor pleasure  
own

But Duty sternly binds, curbing the will  
Sternly, yet softly, and then sweetly, till  
They find the chain o'er their affections thrown  
All gold, and leading to a golden crown."

" *Friday, April 26.*—Left Beech Hill. The corded boxes hurried down, the empty drawers half-open glanced at again and again for a chance thing perhaps forgotten ; a hurried breakfast in the kitchen arrested by the sound of the coming mail, and the gathering of cloaks and shawls, with tearful faces meeting us at every bedroom door ; kind Cecilia's sad look and dear Mrs. Tennyson's weeping eyes following Mimosa to the carriage ; Horatio, Emily, Matilda, and my four kitchen comrades standing at the door. It was soon over ; blessings and wringings of hands, farewells waved from an English home to one who may never see one more, and to one who feels that henceforth she is homeless in the world. Mary Tennyson was the calmest there, for even Laura's innocent tears gushed forth, and mine were hardly hidden.

" The carriage rolled away as swiftly and lightly with its load of sorrow as though it followed in a festival. . . . London again—London at St. Paul's Hotel, opposite St. Paul's itself. As soon as possible I dressed and went to Seeley's (the publisher's) ; from thence to Uncle Peter's. Mimosa met me, and we went to Kensington, to Mrs. Johns', dear, dear kind thing ! She had prepared a dinner for us, which we partook of, and then she accompanied us to London, and left us at Curie's in Brook Street. Went in, and was introduced to Curie as Louisa Lanesborough. He was most kind, and made me write from his dictation the course she was to pursue, recommending us to a homœopath in Paris,

La Fith. He talked a great deal of animal magnetism."

When she returned to the hotel, Louisa Lanesborough changed her dress, resuming her character of "Marion." After this interview with Curie, she appears to have definitely decided to accompany her friend Mrs. Neville to Italy.

The story entitled "Through Night to Light"—the principal characters in which are Mrs. Neville and Louisa Lanesborough—begins at this point; but no reference is made in it to the Tennysons, nor to Louisa Lanesborough's disguise, as they do not bear on the purport of that story.

As it had been arranged while at Beech Hill that Frederick and Mary Tennyson should accompany Mrs. Neville to Italy, Louisa was unable to throw off her disguise, which she had always hoped to do before starting, should she decide on going to Italy. And accordingly the irksome cap and "front," and half-anomalous position of outward servitude in which she found herself, continued.

On the morning of April 28, then, after a hasty breakfast, two carriages came: in one was placed Mrs. Neville, Laura, and Mary Tennyson; Frederick Tennyson and Marion in the other, with all the boxes and parcels, nineteen of them, all under her care, as she had undertaken the office of courier, to pay for everything, settle and provide for the whole party. To save Mrs. Neville all unnecessary fatigue, the journey was made as far as possible by water. They accordingly embarked at the Tower Steps, London, in the Phoenix, for Havre, from where they went on by diligence (*via* Paris) to Chalon. Here Frederick and Mary Tennyson left the party to travel by another route and rejoin them at Como. From Chalon Mrs. Neville, Laura, and Louisa Lanesborough went on to Lyons, from where they continued their journey in a Rhone steamer to Marseilles (a pleasing account of this part of their journey is given in "Through Night to Light"). From Marseilles they went on to Genoa on board a Mediterranean steamer, and proceeded by easy stages to the Lake of Como, where they were rejoined by the Tennysons.

Here also Mrs. Neville's brother, an officer in the Austrian service, joined them, and her father was daily expected. This was a new dilemma for Louisa, as he knew nothing of the "Marion" episode, and expected to find Louisa Lanesborough in her own proper person with his daughter. The Tennysons, on the other hand, knew only of the servant Marion, and Louisa felt the strongest reluctance to reveal her identity.

The days went on. "Mary [Mimosa] and Charles [her brother] made me listen to a thousand reasons for telling Frederick and Mary Tennyson now. I am a coward, and, besides, think it better not; but they wish it so much, I must yield. How will it be done? How will they take it? What will be the end of this?"

"July 4.—Up at six. Lesson at seven; took water to Mimosa, and worked till breakfast, then remained in my room till near three, and I then read a little to Charles while he was painting. Dinner-time came; when in my room, I was just writing a letter to M., when she came in and we determined on telling Mary Tennyson. Accordingly I went to the dining-room, where they were sitting at the balcony, and in passing Mimosa I stooped over her and kissed her! Mary looked up amazed! Charley sat in an ecstasy of delight at the scene. Again we kissed, and Mary was in such astonishment that she could not speak. At last Mimosa said, 'Mary, what do you think of this? Who do you think this can be?' She did not know; she was quite bewildered. I spoke and said, 'Which of her friends do you think I could be? Who am I most like?' 'Louisa Lanesborough, but—' 'It is her, Mary! it is Louisa.' 'Nonsense, nonsense!' said Mary, 'it cannot be. I cannot believe it!' but her look was perplexed beyond description." Finally, Mrs. Neville having explained, and Louisa having taken off her cap and wig and changed her dress, "Marion" vanished from the scene, and "we talked and wondered and went over it all that whole evening."

Shortly after this the Tennysons returned to England, and Louisa Lanesborough remained in *propria persona*

with her friend Mrs. Neville (as recounted in "Through Night to Light") until the following year (1840), when she again paid a visit to the Tennysons at Beech Hill; and she would laughingly relate in after years how strange it seemed to come back there under altered circumstances. Her "fellow-servants," the same she had left before, watched her return with unsuspecting eyes. "John" waited solemnly upon her at dinner, and never guessed, as he handed his dishes, that he was standing behind the chair of the *maid Marion*. Many a laugh must she and Mary Tennyson have had over the situation, as they sat together in the twilight, dreaming, and talking over "the past," listening to Alfred as he read them his latest verses on their favorite "dreary," "Mariana in the Moated Grange" (Louisa's copy of which differs somewhat from the printed poem), or sketching the "Things" which Alfred was wont to aver he *saw* in the small hours or "before a midnight fire,"—strange grim forms, half human, half beast, which, some from Alfred Tennyson's, some from Louisa Lanesborough's pen, now lie before me, with a sonnet of Alfred's, dated "23 May 1840," which I have never seen in print.

Often in later years have I heard from Louisa's daughter of the pleasure with which she used to listen to her mother's descriptions of the happy homely life the Tennysons spent at Beech Hill: of the big grown-up family, each going his or her way in perfect freedom; the sons dreaming, writing, thinking out life-problems, each in his own line (Alfred wandering weirdly up and down the house in the "small hours," murmuring poetry as he went); the sisters fond, proud, cultivated, appreciative, reading to one another Alfred's last new poem or quoting Charles's or Frederick's sayings; and the tender mother's spirit brooding over all.

Among the papers which have come into my hands with the library of Louisa Lanesborough (subsequently Madame L—C—) is a bundle of private letters from John Ruskin, Mark Pattison, Victor Hugo, J. H. Newman, E. B. Pusey, Samuel Wilber-

force, and others. From among them I extract a letter which I may without indiscretion (by omitting a portion of it) reproduce here. It is from Emily Tennyson—the "Emily" who was once Arthur Hallam's betrothed—to Louisa Lanesborough, and runs as follows:—

"MY DEAR LOUISA,—Did not a change come o'er the spirit of my countenance last Thursday, 4th, at dinner-time when your letter was put into my hand! In the rural monotony of our Beech Hill existence, such an unexpected arrival to the favored individual is a spirit stirring event. Letters at every moment of the day and night are things to be desired, and when one drops in from an unlooked-for quarter, the unfortunately constituted Tennyson discovers his or her face, through the quicker beating of that very sensitive insensible thing the heart, blooming up till the extended ruddy glow might very easily be mistaken for the wealth of globed peony.

"Gramercy, Louy, as Charles called you, for writing to such a quaint bird as myself: in consequence I say, as they say in the East, 'May your shadow never be less.'

"Mary is sitting by me. She wishes me to say she is going out for a fortnight, and is busy packing, or she would have written: somehow or other, words appear to have been of little service to ye both on one occasion. She was expecting a letter from you; while Collins, thing of the enchanting smile and golden hair, seems to have been holding out the same delusions to you."

Then follow allusions to other matters.

"How glad I feel for thee once more at home, after all thy trials and miseries! Never mind about 'the great piece of life being dragged away by the weary wanderings,' if by these same weary wanderings thou hast gained more experience in humanity, even should the experience have given rather a grave cast to thy life—for, as thou gavest me to understand, thy caution-bump is small; consequently, I am afraid thy wisdom in the world, between deceitful and true hearts, must be gained by painful experience. . . .

". . . I tell thee, tell me everything,

all thy feelings. I am a true husk, and trust I shall never, by any unhusky action, dishonor the society. There is one person who can now no longer be considered a member; but of her I will say nothing, as it may pain thee. . . . By the by, as you say, we know nothing about you. You say you are not a swindler: we are willing to hope till we have proof to the contrary. I myself am much inclined to look favorably on you, especially after the oath that was taken—do you remember? Ah! we are a queer lot, but we have true hearts.

"I am glad you say dear Mrs. Tennyson: that tender little adjective looks very nice, and looks as if you appreciate duly what you have seen of our mother against the world. . . .

" . . . Much love from us all—no more time. Don't let the first letter to me be the last.—Thy very affectionate

EMILY."

These two devoted friends, "Mimosa" and Louisa, after they separated in Italy, never again met in this world. Mary Neville ("Mimosa") now lies buried in the church of the monastery of Santo Spirito—the great Armenian convent, where Byron studied, near Venice—the only woman ever interred within its sacred precincts. Louisa—to whose Journal I am indebted for the account of the romantic incident recorded in these pages—has also passed *through Night to Light*.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

#### WAS HE A COWARD?

TRANSLATED BY JESSIE MACKENZIE FROM THE RUSSIAN OF VSYOVOLOD GARSHINE.

THIS war oppresses me, for I can see clearly the protracted struggle it will entail, and the end is hard to foretell. Our men are behaving with their usual bravery, but the enemies are proving themselves no such weak antagonists as was anticipated.

It is now four months since war was declared, and there is no decided success to score on our side, while every additional day means the loss of a hundred men. My nerves are in such a state of tension, that the telegrams from the seat of war, enumerating dead and wounded, affect me much more deeply than other people. Others can read calmly, "Our losses were unimportant; so many officers wounded, fifty non-commissioned officers and men killed, one hundred wounded," and they can even rejoice over the small number; whereas, when I read such an account, the whole scene of carnage rises vividly before me. Fifty dead, one hundred wounded—is that a mere bagatelle?

Why should indignation seize us at reading in the paper how some murderer made one or two people his victims? Why should the sight of dead bodies riddled with balls, but lying on

a battle-field, fail to inspire us with such terror as the interior of a house which has been the scene of a murderous outrage? Why should the catastrophe on the Tiligoule Embankment, entailing the loss of some dozens of lives only, have caused the whole of Russia to cry out, whereas a brush between outposts, with the "unimportant" loss of some dozens of men, passes unnoticed? I often discuss the war with Basil Petrovitch Lvov, a medical student, who is a friend of mine. The other day he said to me:

"Well, we shall see, old peace-lover, how you will manage with your humane theories, once you are called out and you are under orders to shoot down the enemy with your own hand."

"I shall not be called out, Basil Petrovitch; I am enrolled in the Militia."

"I dare say; but if the war continues, the Militia will be called out too. Don't you flatter yourself, my boy; your turn will come."

My heart sank, for why had this view of the case never occurred to me?

Of course the Militia will be called out; it is not the least improbable. "If the war continues" . . . and it is certainly likely to continue. However,



even should it not do so, that will make no difference, for another war will arise. What is to prevent Russia going to war? Why should she not complete a glorious undertaking? My own conviction is, that the present war is but the forerunner of another in the future, which will spare none of us, neither me, nor my little brother, nor my sister's baby son; and that my own turn will not be long in coming.

And what is to become of my personality? From the very depths of my soul I protest against war, and none the less I shall be compelled to shoulder a rifle, to go forth to battle, and to sacrifice my own life. It cannot surely be! that I, a peaceful, well-meaning young fellow, who have troubled myself hitherto only about my books and my lectures, about my own family and a few near friends; that I, who hoped in two years' time to take up other work, in a profession of love and of truth; to sum up, that a man like me, accustomed to look on the world objectively, accustomed to keep it constantly before him, believing that he was thus able to see the evil, and consequently to shun it; that I am now to behold all my peaceful plans upset, and that my own shoulders are to be clothed with the rags, the rents, and the stains which I have been contemplating on those of others. And no amount of progress, no amount of knowledge of myself and of the world, no amount of spiritual liberty, will procure me the miserable liberty for which I crave; liberty to dispose of my own body.

When I try to tell Lvov how my soul revolts against war, he turns me into ridicule.

"My dear fellow, concern yourself with things more within your reach, you will get along far better. Do you imagine that these massacres are any pleasure to me? Not only do they mean misery all round, but they injure me personally, for they prevent me getting through my exams. They mean, from my point of view, that we shall be hurried through our lectures, and packed off to amputate arms and legs. However, I do not bother myself with reflecting on the horrors of

war, for, no matter what opinion I may hold, I am powerless to do anything toward the suppression of war. The real truth is, that it is far better to do nothing, and mind one's own business. And if I should be despatched as surgeon to the sick and wounded, I intend to go, and to do my duty. There is no way out of it, and in these days one must make a sacrifice of one's self. By the way, you know that Mary intends enrolling herself as Sister of Mercy?"

"No; you don't say so?"

"She decided upon it three days ago, and she has just gone off to practise bandaging. I did not attempt to dissuade her, only I inquired how she expected to finish her education? 'I will do that on my return, should I survive.' So there is nothing more to be said, but allow her to join, and take up good works."

"And what about Kouzma Fomitch?"

"Kouzma says not a word, he is as grumpy as a bear, and sits idle all day long. I am glad, on his account, that my sister is going away; for he is wasting away from worry, follows her like her shadow, and does nothing the whole day. However, such is love." And Basil Petrovitch turned his head. "There he is, off to escort her home, as if she was not always accustomed to go about by herself!"

"It seems a pity to me, Basil Petrovitch, that he lives with you."

"Certainly it is a pity; but who could have foreseen it? This set of rooms was too large for my sister and myself; one room was unoccupied, why should I not allow a friend to take it? And a capital good fellow did take it, and then fell in love with her. If I must speak the truth, I am vexed about it on her account; for Kouzma is as good as she is! He is honest and upright, and no fool; and she takes no more notice of him than if he did not exist. But now you must clear out of this, for I have no time to spare. If you want to see my sister and Kouzma, just wait in the dining-room; they will soon be in."

"Thanks, Basil Petrovitch, but I have no time either. Good-by."

I had hardly reached the street when

I saw Mary Petrovna and Kouzma. They were walking along without speaking, Mary Petrovna with a constrained and concentrated expression somewhat in front, and Kouzma by her side, but lagging a little, as if not daring to walk alongside, and taking a stolen glance at her face now and then. They passed me without noticing me.

It has now come to this. I sit idle the whole day long, and can give my mind to nothing. I have been reading about the third engagement at Plevna. There were twelve thousand Russians and Roumanians alone left on the field, without counting Turks. Twelve thousand! At one time this number rises concretely before me; at another time it is drawn out in an endless line of corpses, lying in line. If placed shoulder to shoulder they would form a road eight versts in length. Is such a thing conceivable? I have been told all about Skoboleff; about an onward rush, an attack, the taking of a redoubt—or else the redoubt was taken from him—I cannot recollect. In the whole terrible affray there is only one thing which I seem to take in, and which rises up before me—a mountain of dead bodies, which is to serve as the pedestal of a magnificent engagement, and which will find its place on the pages of history. It may, possibly, have been inevitable; that I do not take on myself to decide, and could not if I would. I am not sitting in judgment on the war, but am concerned about it on account of the immediate feelings of revolt which arise in me at the shedding of such streams of blood. An ox, beholding a fellow ox slaughtered before his eyes, probably experiences something similar. He cannot understand what interest can be furthered by such slaughter, and can only gaze on the blood and listen to the despairing cries which shatter his very soul, with eyes revolving in terror.

Now, am I a coward? Yes or no?

To-day I was accused of being a coward. This was said to me by a very ordinary individual to whom I had expressed my fear of being called out. I did not feel the least angry at his re-

mark, only it made me put the question to myself—Am I not a coward, after all? Maybe my intense aversion to what every one looks upon as a glorious undertaking arises from fear of my own life. But is it really worth while placing one ordinary, everyday life in the balance against a magnificent undertaking?

The introspection did not detain me long. I recalled my whole life, all those occurrences—very few, it is true—when I was called upon to stand face to face with danger, and I could not accuse myself of cowardice. For myself, personally, I had no fear then, and neither have I now. And so it is not death that frightens me.

Always fresh engagements, ever fresh losses and sufferings. Once I take up the paper I am unable to settle to anything. As for books—well instead of letters I behold rows of men. My pen seems to me a weapon inflicting black wounds on the white paper. If matters continue I shall consider my mind in a state of hallucination. But now a new anxiety has cropped up, which somewhat distracts me from the one haunting thought. Yesterday evening I went over to Lvov's and found him at tea. The brother and sister were seated at table, while Kouzma was moving restlessly up and down and holding his hand to his swollen face, which was tied up in a handkerchief.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked.

He made no reply beyond waving his hand, and continued to pace backward and forward.

"He has been suffering from rack-ing toothache, inflammation has set in, and now a huge abscess has formed," said Mary Petrovna. "I begged him to go to the doctor in time, but he would not hear of it, and this is the result."

"The doctor will be here directly; I have just been to fetch him," announced Basil Petrovitch.

"Quite superfluous on my account," muttered Kouzma between his teeth.

"Superfluous indeed! when subcutaneous suffusion may set in! And you insist on walking about, though I have begged and entreated you to lie

down. You surely must be aware how these things end sometimes?"

"What does it matter what way they end?" growled Kouzma.

"What does it matter! How can you say that, Kouzma Fomitch? Don't talk nonsense," said Mary Petrovna gently.

These few words were sufficient to appease Kouzma, who proceeded to draw a chair to the table, and asked for some tea, which Mary Petrovna poured out and handed to him. His face assumed an expression of rapture as he took the glass from her hand; and this expression accorded so little with the ridiculous, distorted, swollen cheek that I could not help smiling. Lvov could not suppress a smile either. Only Mary Petrovna continued to look grave and compassionate. The doctor arrived—a fresh, healthy, and cheery young fellow. After examining the invalid's throat his expression changed to one of anxiety.

"Come, come, let us go to your room, I must examine you carefully." I followed them into Kouzma's room.

Here the doctor placed him on the bed, and began examining the upper part of his chest, going over it carefully with his finger.

"Now I must ask you to remain quietly in bed, and on no account to get up. Have you any friends, who would devote a little time to nursing you?" asked the doctor.

"I dare say I have," replied Kouzma, looking puzzled.

"Then this is what I have to beg," said the doctor, turning courteously to me; "from to-day your friend must be nursed, and if any new symptoms arise, I must be sent for."

He left the room; Lvov conducting him into the anteroom, where they conversed for a long time in low tones. Meanwhile I went to Mary Petrovna. She was sitting buried in thought, leaning her head on one hand, and slowly stirring her tea with the other.

"The doctor says Kouzma requires nursing."

"Then there is really danger?" asked Mary Petrovna, in a tone of alarm.

"Probably there is; otherwise, why should he require constant attention?

You will not object to nurse him, Mary Petrovna?"

"Ah, no, of course not! I have not started for the seat of war, and yet I am asked to do duty as Sister of Mercy. Let us go to him, he must be very dull all alone."

Kouzma smiled at us, as much as the swelling would permit, as we entered.

"How am I to thank you?" he said—"just as I was beginning to think I was forgotten!"

"No, Kouzma Fomitch, this is not the time to forget you, you require nursing. Now you see what comes of disobedience," said Mary Petrovna, smiling.

"And you really will nurse me?" asked Kouzma timidly.

"Of course I will, only you must be obedient."

Kouzma flushed with pleasure and closed his eyes.

"By the way," he said suddenly, turning to me, "just hand me the looking-glass, it is there on the table."

I handed him a little circular looking-glass: Kouzma begged me to give him a light, and with the aid of the looking-glass examined the bad place. After this his face clouded over, and though we all three endeavored to draw him into conversation, not a word did he utter the whole evening.

I heard to-day that the Militia is really to be called out shortly; I had thought as much, and was not taken by surprise. I might avoid the fate I so much dread. I might make use of somewhat influential friends, and stay in Petersburg, while still remaining in the Service. They could find something for me here, even if it were a billet as clerk in one of the Government Offices. But, in the first place, something restrains me from having recourse to such an expedient; and, in the second place, a something inside me, which I cannot define, sits in judgment on the situation, and forbids me to shun the war. "It would not be right," says the voice of my conscience.

The last thing which I should have expected to happen, has happened. I

went over to-day to relieve Mary Petrovna at Kouzma's bedside. She met me at the door, pale and exhausted after a sleepless night, and with eyes red from crying.

"What is the matter, Mary Petrovna? What has happened?"

"Softly, softly, pray," she whispered; "now all is over."

"What is over? Is he dead?"

No, not yet; but there is no hope. Both doctors—for we called in another—

She could not speak for weeping.

"Come and see for yourself. Let us go to him."

"Then dry your eyes first, and take some water; you will quite upset him."

"It does not matter. Do you imagine he is not perfectly well aware of it? He knew it last night, when he asked for the looking-glass. Of course he knew; why, he is nearly through his exams. as medical student."

The heavy smell of a dissecting-room greeted me. The sick man's bed was pulled out into the middle of the room. His long legs, his huge body, with the arms lying stretched down each side, were clearly defined under the bed-clothes. His eyes were closed, and his breathing came slowly and heavily. It seemed to me that he had grown thinner in one night: his face had assumed a terrible earthy tinge and was clammy and damp.

"But what is the matter with him?" I asked.

"He must tell you himself. You stay with him, I can't."

She went out, covering her face with her hands and quivering from suppressed sobs, and I took my place by the bedside and waited for Kouzma to awake. A deathlike stillness pervaded the room, the watch by the bedside kept ticking out its little tale, and besides, there was the labored and heavy breathing of the invalid. I gazed at him without recognizing him. Not that his features were too much changed—no; only I was looking at him from an entirely fresh point of view. I had known Kouzma for a long time, and was a friend of his (although there was no particular intimacy between us); but never before had I entered into his feelings as I did now. I recalled his

whole life, his reverses, his successes, as if they had been my own. I had always looked on the absurd side of his love for Mary Petrovna; now I seemed to realize what the poor fellow had been through. Surely he cannot be dangerously ill, I reflected. Impossible! such a trifling ailment as toothache cannot kill a man. Mary Petrovna is crying about him; but he will recover, and all will go smoothly.

He opened his eyes and saw me. Without any change of expression, he said slowly, pausing between each word: "How do you do? You see the state I am in. The end has set in. It has come upon me so unawares. How silly!"

"But, Kouzma, tell me, what is the matter with you? Perhaps it is not so serious."

"Not serious, you say? No, my dear fellow, it is very serious. In such an obvious case, mistakes cannot be made. Just look here."

And slowly and methodically turning down the clothes, he unbuttoned his shirt, and the intolerable smell of a dead body swept over me. On the right side, beginning at the neck, was a patch the size of the palm of one's hand, which was black as soot, and slightly covered with a dark blue efflorescence. It was gangrene.

It is now four days that I have watched, without closing an eye, by Kouzma's bedside; sometimes with Mary Petrovna, and sometimes with her brother. It seems as if life ought to be extinct, and yet his strong constitution still holds out. The doctor cut away a piece of blackened, dead flesh, threw it aside like a piece of rag, and ordered us to moisten the great wound left by the operation, every two hours. Every two hours we both, or all three of us, approach Kouzma's bed, turn and lift his huge body, lay bare the ghastly sore, and moisten it through a gutta-percha tube with a mixture of carbolic acid and water. The spray falls on the wound, and Kouzma can still find strength to smile, "Because," he explains, "it tickles." Like all people unaccustomed to being ill, he takes the delight of a child in being waited upon, and when Mary



Petrovna takes what he terms "the reins of government," that is to say, the gutta percha tube, in her own hands he seems quite contented, and says no one is as skilful as she, although her hand sometimes trembles so from nervousness that the whole bed gets sprinkled with water. How their mutual relations have changed! Mary Petrovna, who seemed to Kouzma something unattainable, something which he hardly dared to look upon, and who hardly bestowed a thought upon him, now frequently sits crying silently by his bedside while he is asleep, and nurses him tenderly; and he calmly accepts her services as his due, and talks to her just as a father might to his little daughter. At times he suffers horribly. The sore burns, and he shivers with ague. . . . Then strange thoughts come into my head. Kouzma seems to me to be merely one of many; one of many who make up the tens of thousands whom we read about in the accounts from the seat of war. By his suffering, I endeavor to estimate what must be the sum of that occasioned by the war. What suffering and sorrow there lies here, in one bed, in one room, in one breast—and yet it is but a drop in the ocean of sorrow and suffering of a large number of people, who are ordered to advance, ordered to retire, ordered to step over whole fields of the dead and of the dying, while still moaning, and whose blood-bathed bodies yet stir.

I am quite worn out by want of sleep, and sad thoughts. I must beg Lvov, or Mary Petrovna, to sit up instead of me, and I must get two hours' sleep.

I slept the sleep of the just, curled up on a little sofa, and was awakened by taps on my shoulder.

"Get up, get up!" said Mary Petrovna.

I started up, and for the first minute was quite dazed. Mary Petrovna was saying something in a quick and frightened whisper.

"There are spots! New spots!" I at last made out.

"What spots? Where are there spots?"

"Ah! he does not understand! Fresh spots have appeared on Kouzma

Fomitch. I have already sent for the doctor."

"Yes, but it may be a false alarm," said I, with the indifference of a man just awakened from sleep.

"False alarm? Come and see for yourself!"

Kouzma lay stretched out, sleeping heavily and restlessly, tossing his head from side to side, and groaning now and again. His breast lay exposed, and below the sore, which was covered with bandages, I perceived two fresh black spots. The gangrene had penetrated further under the skin, and had now made its appearance in two places on the surface. Although I retained but small hopes of Kouzma's recovery, still these unmistakable signs that his life was doomed caused me to turn pale.

Mary Petrovna seated herself in a corner of the room with her hands in her lap, and gazed at me silently with a look of despair.

"But you must not give way to despair, Mary Petrovna. The doctor is coming and will make an examination. There may still be hope. He may recover yet."

"No, he will not recover; he will die," she whispered.

"Well, say he does not recover, and he does die," I replied, equally softly; "of course it will be a great sorrow to us all, but that is no reason why you should make yourself so miserable now. I declare, in these few days you have become like a ghost."

"Have you any conception of the days of torture they have been to me? Why it should be so I cannot tell. Certainly there used to be no love on my side, and even now I do not believe that my love for him is equal to his for me. And yet, should he die, my heart will break. I shall always remember his fixed gaze, his constant silence before me, though he liked to talk, and was a great talker. At the bottom of my heart I shall always reproach myself for not taking pity on him, for not trying to appreciate his mind, his affection, his devotion. No doubt you think it all very foolish, but I am constantly tormented by the thought that, had I loved him, we might have lived our lives quite differently, everything would have fallen out

differently, and this awful and unlucky mishap would never have occurred. I think, and I think ; I try, and I try to exculpate myself ; and from the bottom of my soul I keep repeating, I was wrong, I was wrong—my God, I was wrong !”

Here I glanced up at the invalid, dreading that our whispers might awaken him, and perceived a change in his face. He had awoke and overheard Mary Petrovna, only he did not wish it to appear. His lips trembled, his cheeks burned, his whole face seemed illuminated as if the sun had lit it up, as the sun does light up a damp, dismal stretch of country when the overhanging clouds drift apart and sunshine streams through. Illness and fear of death must have been wiped from his memory ; one feeling only filled his heart and flowed over in two small tears which escaped from under the closed and quivering lids. Mary Petrovna gazed at him for some moments as if frightened ; then she blushed, and a tender look came over her face, and stooping down over the poor creature, who was already half a corpse, she kissed him.

“ Good God, how I long to live !” he murmured, as he opened his eyes. And suddenly I heard strange, low, sobbing sounds in the room, for it was the first time I had known the poor fellow to cry.

I left the room, restraining with difficulty an outburst of tears myself.

And I, too, feel the longing to live, and all those thousands have the same longing. Consolation has come to Kouzma in his last moments ; but how will it be on the battle-field ? Together with terror of death and physical pain Kouzma experiences another sensation, which is such that he would scarce exchange the present for any other portion of his life. No, it is quite another thing. Death must always be death, but to die surrounded by those nearest and dearest, or to lie grovelling in the dirt, and in one's own blood, expecting every moment that some one will come up and stick a bayonet into one, crushing one like a worm ! . . .

“ I speak the truth,” said the doctor, putting on his cloak and goloshes

in the anteroom, “ when I say that ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are fatal. However, in this case I found my hopes on the careful nursing, on the invalid's excellent frame of mind, and on his passionate wish to live.”

“ All sick people want to live, doctor.”

“ Yes, I know they do ; but in your friend's case he has other incentives,” said the doctor, with a smile. “ And so to-night we will perform an operation. We will make a new opening, we will effect a drainage, so that the syringing may take more effect, and we will not yet give up hope.”

He squeezed my hand, shook his fur cloak, and went off on his rounds, and in the evening he reappeared with his instruments.

“ Perhaps, as a budding doctor yourself, you would like to perform the operation ?” said he, turning to Lvov.

Lvov nodded assent, tucked up his shirt-sleeves, and set gravely and gloomily to work.

I watched him thrust some extraordinary triangular instrument into the flesh ; I watched the instrument cut in, and saw how Kouzma clutched the bed and snapped his teeth from pain.

“ Come now, no nonsense,” said Lvov gruffly, arranging the necessary appliances.

“ Very painful ?” inquired Mary Petrovna kindly.

“ Not very, darling ; but I am weak and worn out.”

They arranged the bandages, and after Kouzma had had some wine he quieted down. The doctor went away, Lvov went off to work in his own room, and Mary Petrovna and I began to tidy up the room.

“ Just arrange the clothes, will you ?” said Kouzma, in an even, hollow voice ; “ I feel a draught.”

I set to work to beat up the pillows and to put the clothes straight, according to his directions, which he gave very irritably, declaring that the bed could not have been properly made, as he felt a draught near his left elbow, and begging me to tuck the clothes under as best I could. I did my best, but, all my efforts notwithstanding, Kouzma continued to complain of feel-

ing cold, first in his side and then in his legs.

"What a clumsy fellow you are," he gently grumbled; "I still feel a draught at my back. Let her have a try." He glanced at Mary Petrovna and I saw plainly enough why I had been unable to give satisfaction. Mary Petrovna put down the medicine bottle she was holding, and came to the bedside.

"Shall I try?"

"I wish you would! Ah! now I feel quite comfortable—so warm!"

He gazed at her while she was engaged with the bed-clothes, then closed his eyes, and with an expression of childlike happiness on his weary face he dropped off to sleep.

"You are going home?" inquired Mary Petrovna.

"No; I have had a capital sleep and can sit up. But if I am of no use I will be off."

"Pray don't go. Let us talk a little. My brother is always busy over his books, and I feel lonely sitting watching the invalid while he is asleep, and thinking, so bitterly and so sadly, of his approaching end."

"You must be brave, Mary Petrovna. Sad thoughts and tears are forbidden to Sisters of Mercy."

"Yes, once I am a Sister of Mercy I shall not cry. But, all the same, nursing the wounded will not be so sad as nursing one who is so dear to me."

"And you intend to go, just the same?"

"I certainly do. Whether he recovers or whether he dies, I shall go just the same. The idea has taken such a hold of me that I cannot shake it off. I long to do some good work. I long to be rid of the remembrance of happy past days."

"Ah, Mary Petrovna, I fear going to the war will not bring you much comfort."

"Why not? I shall work hard, and that will bring me comfort. Take part in the war, in some capacity, I must."

"Take part in the war! Then it does not inspire you with horror? Fancy your talking in this way!"

"Yes, I do talk in this way. Who said I liked war? But now, how shall I explain myself? War is an evil, and

you and I, and a great many more, are of the same opinion; nevertheless war is inevitable; whether you like it, or whether you do not like it, it is all one; war there will be. And if you do not go and fight, some one else will have to go in your stead, and so, all the same, somebody will be wounded, or worn out on the march. I fear you do not understand me! I express myself so badly. This is what I mean; according to my view, war is a *general* suffering, a *general* pain, and though it may be lawful to abstain from taking part in it, I do not admire such conduct."

I was silent. Mary Petrovna had clearly expressed the undefined aversion that I felt to shunning the war in my own person. What she had felt, I too had *felt*; I had only *thought* differently.

"You seem to me only to care about getting an appointment here," she continued—"I mean, in the event of your being called out. My brother has talked to me about it. You know I have a very high opinion of you, as an excellent, good man; but this feature in your character does not please me."

"It can't be helped, Mary Petrovna! Every one takes his own views. What am I to say to you? I did not begin the war, did I?"

"No, you did not, neither did any of the poor fellows who have already been killed off, and who are even now being sacrificed. They would not have joined, either, if they could have helped it; but they could not help it, whereas you can. They go and fight, and you think solely of yourself and remain safe and sound in Petersburg, simply because you have influential acquaintances, who would think twice before sending off a friend to the seat of war. I am not sitting in judgment; possibly it may be excusable, only I do not approve of it." She shook her curly head energetically, and was silent.

It has come at last. Dressed in the regulation gray cloak, I have been instructed in the elements of drill, in manual exercise. My ears still re echo with "Eyes front!" "Open order!" "Attention!" "Present arms!"—and I executed eyes front, I took open or-

der, and I presented arms. And after a little, when I have arrived at great proficiency in taken open order, I shall be appointed to a detachment, and then we shall be put into the train, whisked off, and parcelled out among various regiments to replace those who have been killed. However, what does it matter? There is nothing more to be hoped for. I am now no longer my own master; I will swim with the current, and the best thing to do now, is neither to think nor to reason, but to submit without criticism to all the eventualities of life, and only call out when I am hurt.

They have placed me, as being "privileged," in a separate wing of the barracks. The wing is certainly supplied with beds instead of wide boards; but it is dirty enough, in all conscience. The housing of the "unprivileged" newly-joined men is filthy. According to the regiments to which they are appointed, they live in an enormous shed, which used to be a Riding School. It has been divided, by wards, into two stories. Some straw has been brought in, and the momentary occupants are left to shake down as best they can. In the passage leading down the centre of the Riding School snow and mud have collected from the yard with the constant tramp of feet, and have mixed with the straw into an inconceivable mess, and even on each side of the passage the straw is not over clean. Several hundred men are standing, sitting, or lying on the straw, in groups from the same Provinces: it is quite an ethnographical exhibition. There are men from the same Provinces and from the same Districts. There are tall, clumsy Little Russians in new tunics and Astrakhan caps, lying in silence, in close clusters of about ten.

"Good-day to you, my friends."

"Good-day."

"Have you left home long?"

"About two weeks ago. And you, who may you be?" asked one of them. I mentioned my name, which seemed known to them all. They brightened up a little at meeting some one from their own home, and became talkative.

"Do you find it tedious?" I asked.

"Tedious, indeed, I should think

we did! If we even had good food; but the food is such that words can't describe it."

"Where are you to be sent off to now?"

"Who can tell? I believe, against the Turks."

"And do you wish to go?"

"Why should I wish to go?"

I began questioning them about our town, and recollections of home soon loosened their tongues. They told me of a recent wedding, for which two pairs of oxen had to be sold, and soon after which the bridegroom was called out. They told me of the "process-server; we wish him a hundred devils on horseback galloping down his throat," and how the soil at home is now so risen in value that in that same year several hundred men had left the large village of Markovka, and migrated to the Amoor. . . . Conversation touched only on the past; of the future, of the hardships, the dangers, the sufferings which awaited us all, no one spoke. No one seemed to care to hear about Turks, or Bulgarians, or the undertaking for which we were on our way to die. As I was beginning to discuss the war, a half-drunken soldier, belonging to some local detachment, pulled up in front of our little group, and gave utterance to the following statement:

"We must give the Turks a thrashing."

"But why must we?" I asked, smiling at the confidence of the statement.

"Just for this reason, Bareen, for the honor of Russia. Think of the sufferings which the Turks have brought upon us! If they had behaved quietly and decently, and not rebelled, I should have been at the present moment at home with my parents, safe and sound. But their rebellion has brought sorrow on us all. You may take what I say for granted, for it is God's truth. Will you give me a cigarette, Bareen?" he suddenly broke off, facing about and saluting.

I gave him a cigarette, and, after saying "Good-day," to the other men, I took advantage of being off duty to turn my steps homeward. At Lvov's all is grief and despondency. Kouzma is very bad, though the sore is cleaning



up. He lies groaning and delirious in a burning fever. The brother and sister stayed with him the whole day, while I was engaged in the preliminaries of my instructions in soldiering. Now that they know I am going away, the sister is even sadder, and the brother gloomier than before.

"In uniform already," muttered Lvov, as I greeted him in his own room, which was filled with tobacco smoke and choked up with books—"a nice life you all lead me."

"A nice life we all lead you, Basil Petrovitch?"

"How am I to do my work?—that is what I mean; and time presses; they will not give us the chance of finishing our exams., but will pack us off to the seat of war, so that it will be impossible to get much good from the lectures, and then you and Kouzma come on the top of it all."

"Well, let us say that Kouzma dies, how do I affect you?"

"Perhaps you imagine you will not die too? You will not get killed, I dare say, but you will go off your head. Do you think I don't know your temperament, and do you think there have not been cases of the kind?"

"What cases? What similar cases do you know of? Just relate them to me, Basil Petrovitch."

"No; leave me alone, what is the good of distressing you still more? It is bad for you. Besides, I don't really know anything to tell; I was only talking idly."

But I insisted, and he related the following "similar case" to me.

"A wounded Artillery officer told me. It was in April, just after war was declared, and they had just left Kishenev. It rained so incessantly that roads had disappeared. Nothing remained but such a sea of mud that the gun-carriages and ambulance wagons sank in up to the axletrees. It was beyond the strength of any horses to extricate them, so they tied on ropes and made the men pull. On the second day's march the road was terrible; there were twenty hills in seventeen versts, and between each hill lay a swamp. They got in, and there they stuck. The rain lashed the men's faces. They had not a dry stitch on

their backs. They were hungry and weary, and had to set to work to pull. Well, they pulled and they pulled, till they dropped down senseless with their faces in the dirt. At last we reached such a quagmire that it was impossible to advance a step, and all the same the men went on pulling and straining. 'It is horrible to me to think of it even now,' said my artillery officer. We had a young doctor, a nervous fellow, who had just joined. He fell to crying. 'I cannot,' said he, 'stand this spectacle any longer; I shall go on in front.' And off he went. The soldiers cut down branches, and made what one might almost term an embankment, and at last we moved forward. They dragged the battery up the hill, and on looking up they beheld the doctor swinging from a tree . . . there is a similar case for you. The man could not stand the sight of so much suffering, and how are you going to stand it?"

"Basil Petrovitch, surely it is better to endure any amount of suffering than to kill one's self?"

"H'm, I don't know if it would not be better to string one's self up."

"My conscience would have nothing to accuse me with, at any rate, Basil Petrovitch."

"Now you come to subtleties, my friend. You can talk over that with my sister; she understands such matters. She can dissect Anna Karenina, or discuss Dostoevski, and no doubt your case has been analyzed already in some novel or other. Good-by to you, my philosopher."

And, laughing good-naturedly at his own joke, he held out his hand.

"Where are you off to?"

"To the Viborgskie wards."

I went over to Kouzma's room. He was awake, and Mary Petrovna, who was always by his bedside, told me he felt better than usual. Kouzma had not yet seen me in uniform, and it struck him unpleasantly.

"Do you remain here, or are they sending you off to the war?" he asked.

"They are sending me off. I thought you knew?"

He was silent for a while.

"Yes, I suppose I did know; but I forgot. It is little I am able to take in

or to remember now. However, in God's name, go ; it is your duty."

"And what of you, Kouzma Fomitch?"

"How do you mean, 'And what of you?' Am I not speaking the truth? What are your services that you should be spared? There are many men who are far more useful, far more industrious than you, and they have to go. Arrange my pillows—that's right."

He spoke fretfully, and in a low tone, as if wishing to avenge his illness on some one.

"I know all you say is true, Kouzma, and am I not going? Is it for myself personally that I protest? If I did I should remain quietly here; it could easily be arranged. However, I am not going to do so. I am wanted, and I intend to go; but at least you might allow me to have my own opinion."

Kouzma lay quite still, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as if not hearing me. At last, turning his head slowly toward me:

"You must not take all I say in earnest. I am weak and weary, and do not myself know why I am so irritable. I was cross enough, too, yesterday. It is high time I was dead."

"Now don't talk like that, Kouzma; you must take courage. The wound is cleaning up, it will heal, and all will go well. It is of living, and not of dying, that we must talk."

Mary Petrovna looked at me with her great frightened eyes, and I suddenly remembered her saying to me two weeks since, "No, he will not recover; he will die."

"Fancy, if only I did recover!" said Kouzma, with a feeble smile. "How capital it would be. You are off to the war, and Mary Petrovna and I would follow. And when you were wounded I would nurse you as tenderly as you have done me."

"He will talk, and it is bad for him," said Mary Petrovna; "and, besides, I am afraid it is time to begin tormenting him again."

He put himself in our hands, and between us we took off his bandages, and set to work on his huge and lacerated breast. And while I was directing the syringe on to the raw and

bleeding sore, on to the collar-bone, which lay exposed and shone like mother-of-pearl, on to the vein which crossed the whole sore and lay bare and visible, as if belonging to an anatomical model rather than to a living man, I thought of other wounds, far more horrible in kind and in number, and, above all, not inflicted by blind and indiscriminate chance, but by the conscious hand of man.

Not a word will I write here of what I go through at home: of the tears with which my mother greets and follows me, of the heavy silence which broods over us as we sit down to the family dinner-table, of my brothers' and sisters' little attentions. It is all hard enough to see and to bear, and it would be intolerable to write about. When I reflect that in a week's time I shall be deprived of all I hold dearest in the world, I feel a lump rising in my throat.

The good-bys have come at last. Tomorrow morning, at early dawn, our detachment is to start off by train. I have got leave to sleep at home for the last time. For the last time! Can any one who has not experienced it realize all the bitterness of the words? The family circle has broken up for the last time, and for the last time I enter my little room, and sit at the table lighted by the well-known little lamp and strewn with books and papers. I had not touched any of them for a whole month, and now for the last time I take them up and gaze on my unfinished work. It had been cut short, and there it lay dead, useless, and unmeaning. Instead of finishing it I am to be packed off to the ends of the earth along with thousands of others in similar case, just because the course of history stands in need of our physical powers. Oblivion is to be the lot of my mental powers—they are of no use to any one. The great mysterious physical organism over which I had got the upper hand now turns round and wants to throw me off; and what am I, to stand against such odds? I, a cypher among thousands. But I have scribbled enough. It is time to go to bed and try to get some sleep, for I must be up early.

I begged that no one should accompany me to the station, as it would only mean more tears. But no sooner am I seated in the train, which is crammed to overflowing, than my heart feels so heavy and lonely and such grief seizes me, that it seems as if I would give the whole world for a few more minutes with my loved ones. At last the time is up; yet the train does not stir; there is some delay. Half an hour passes, one hour, an hour and a half, and still the train does not stir. If I had known that there was an hour and a half I should have had plenty of time to go home. Perhaps some one may come. No; they all imagine the train has started long ago. No one would reckon on the delay. But they may come on the chance, all the same; and I gaze out in the direction from which they might come. Never had time dragged so heavily. The shrill sound of the bugle makes me start. The soldiers who had got out and were crowding the platform jump in hastily. The train is just starting, and I can see no one.

But I do see some one. Lrov and his sister rush breathlessly up to the carriage, and I am overcome with joy. I cannot recollect what I said to them—I cannot recollect anything they said to me beyond this: "Kouzma is dead!"

These are the last words in the notebook.

The scene lies now among open fields white with snow, and surrounded by small hills with rime-covered trees. The sky is heavy and lowering, and a thaw is perceptible. The cracking of rifles is heard, accompanied by the frequent boom of cannon: one of the hills is wrapped in smoke, which creeps gently down into the fields. A black mass appears to be moving through the smoke, and an attentive gaze shows it to be composed of black dots.

Many of these dots are motionless, but the others keep advancing and advancing, though their number grows smaller and smaller every minute, and they are yet a long way from their mark, which is only to be made out by the clouds of smoke which float over it.

The Reserve battalion, which is placed in position in the snow, has not piled arms; each man holds his rifle, and each of the thousand pairs of eyes follows the movements of the black mass.

"They are advancing, they are advancing! Ah, they cannot reach it!"

"But why are we kept down here? With assistance they could take it easily."

"Then you are tired of your life, are you?" muttered an elderly soldier, an old hand, gruffly. "Stay where you have been placed, my boy, and thank God for your whole skin."

"I am all right, old growler, don't you fear!" replied the bright-faced young soldier. "I have been in four engagements besides this. At first I was frightened, but I have got over all that. Look at our Bareen there, how he is imploring God for forgiveness. This is his first turn. Bareen! Hi, Bareen!"

"What is it?" replied a lean soldier with a small black beard, close by.

"You must cheer up, Bareen."

"Yes, I know, my boy. I shall be all right."

"Well, then, keep closer to me. I know what it is; I have been through it myself. We had a young Bareen like you before. He was a gentleman, like you, and hardly were we in action, and the bullets began to fly round, than he flung down his knapsack and his gun and ran; but a bullet overtook him, and caught him in the back. It was wrong of him, on account of his oath."

"You need not fear; I shall not run away," said the Bareen softly, "for every bullet has its billet."

"Of course it has; every one knows that. There is no running away from a rascally bullet. Holy powers! it seems as if our fellows were halting!"

The black mass halted, and was shrouded in the smoke from the volleys.

"Ah! they are going to use the guns from the rear. No, they are advancing. Now, most holy Mother of God, have mercy on us! What are they up to now? Good God! there lie the wounded, and no one picks them up!"

"Look out! look out!" is heard around. There is a whizzing in the air, and something goes whistling by. It is another shot flying over the Reserves. It is followed by another, and yet a third. The whole battalion looks alive.

"A stretcher!" shouts some one.

Four soldiers with a stretcher rush to the assistance of a wounded man. Suddenly, on a hill to the right of the point of attack, appear the small figures of horses and men; and, equally unexpectedly, there bursts forth a

round, dense puff of smoke, as white as snow.

"The brutes are firing at us!" shouts the bright-faced little soldier. With a squeaking and a grinding, a shell bursts. The bright-faced soldier ducks, and goes down on his face in the snow. When he lifts his head again he sees the Bareaen lying flat beside him, with outstretched arms, and with his neck unnaturally twisted. A rascally bullet had made a great black opening over his right eye.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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#### A DISCOURSE ON SEQUELS.

BY W. P. J.

"It is the fate of sequels to disappoint the expectations of those that have waited for them." So writes Mr. Louis Stevenson in his dedication of *Catriona*, which was his own sequel to his earlier tale of *Kidnapped*. That authors should go on producing sequels is a matter that need surprise no one. When the world makes friends with a character in fiction, it is only natural that it should desire to hear more of him, and equally natural that the author should be glad to gratify the world's desire. It is hard to say good-bye forever to a pleasant acquaintance even among mere mortals.

I suppose nobody ever read Shakespeare's *Henry the Fourth* without a lively desire to meet Falstaff again. That is just what Queen Elizabeth felt when she saw the play. Being a queen and a Tudor, she incontinently gave command for a sequel; at least tradition says that it is to Elizabeth's command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The tradition, it is true, dates from considerably later than Shakespeare's time. The earliest written authority for it, I believe, is John Dennis's dedication (dated 1702) to *The Comical Gallant*, a new version he made of Shakespeare's play; and it depended for its preservation upon the oral testimony of Nicholas Rowe, who was not born until some fifty years after Shakespeare died. From that day to this, however, the story has been

generally accepted. Queen Elizabeth, said Rowe, was so well pleased with the character of Falstaff that she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more and to show him in love. If Rowe was right, and the Queen's desire was to see the fat knight in love, the wish was something less wise and more womanlike than was usual with her. Falstaff in love would be a contradiction in terms, and Shakespeare could not so falsify his conception. This is how Falstaff himself in the play opens his design to Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol at the Garter Inn at Windsor. "My honest lads," says he, "I will tell you what I am about." "Two yards or more," interposes Pistol. "No quips now, Pistol," replies Sir John. "Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation." "The report goes," he adds, "she has all the rule of her husband's purse."

That was as near as Shakespeare could bring himself to the ordained task, and if Elizabeth was satisfied, she was less exacting than she sometimes showed herself. Some lingering after lust there is in the would-be seducer of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, and an unabated craving after lucre; but love!—not for the Queen's



command the bare suspicion of it in the two yards' girth of him.

Whether it was the fate of this sequel to disappoint the royal expectation tradition does not say. It may be that the taste that desired to see Falstaff in love was satisfied with the horse play of these merry wives. At any rate the play was a favorite with Restoration audiences; also with the late master of Balliol. We shall all, I suppose, with Hazlitt admit that it is an amusing play, with a great deal of humor, character, and nature in it. Yet will every right Falstaffian add with Hazlitt that he would have liked it much better if any one else had been the "hero" of it instead of Falstaff. The indignities suffered by Falstaff reminded Hazlitt of the sufferings of Don Quixote. There Hazlitt let his natural zeal outrun his critical discretion. Falstaff is the very last man in the world to be called Quixotic; but in the main Hazlitt is right. Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is not the man he was in *Henry the Fourth*. His degradations are too dishonoring, and how much his wit has degenerated a simple test will prove. Falstaff's sallies of wit are among the most current of the world's quotations. Not one quotation, I think I am right in saying, comes from the Falstaff of the later play. Falstaff's admirers would willingly believe that as the Mistress Quickly that was servant to Dr. Caius was a different person from that other Mistress Quickly, the poor lone woman who kept the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, so it was not Hal's Mentor, but "another fellow of the same name" that was crammed into the buckbasket with the foul smocks; and for all his protestation, that, if he were served such another trick, he'd have his brains taken out and buttered and give them to a dog for a New Year's gift, nevertheless endured the disguise of the fat woman of Brentford and the horns of Herne the Hunter. The most ingenious German commentator has not yet however ventured on so desirable an hypothesis; and indeed the presence of Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol is damning.

If Shakespeare himself did not write a satisfactory Falstaffian sequel, it was,

we must suppose, that his heart was not in the job. The tradition, according to Gildon, was that he took only a fortnight about it. Yet let not the profit column of the account be ignored. If Falstaff loses, Slender and Shallow gain. And there is the dear Welshman with his skimble-skamble and pribble-prabbles. So much there is to set to the credit side of sequels.

Cervantes also, another of the immortals, wrote a sequel, as one is reminded by Hazlitt's mention of Don Quixote. That sequels were generally unsuccessful was the opinion even in Cervantes's day. "People say," says the bachelor Sampson Carrasco at the beginning of the second part, "that second parts are never good for anything." But the whole of Spain was clamoring for more about Don Quixote and Sancho. "Give us more Quixotades," people were saying. "Let Quixote encounter and Sancho talk, and be the rest what it will, we shall be contented." So in the fulness of time Cervantes gave them more Quixotades, and the world on the whole has therewith been well contented. To think of Barataria is to class the second part of *Don Quixote* among successful sequels.

True there is a hostile opinion to take account of, an opinion never lightly to be regarded in literary matters, the opinion of Charles Lamb. Lamb could not forgive the practical joking at the Duke's castle, could not bear to see his high souled Quixote made the butt of duennas and servingmen. He thought Cervantes had been misled by his popular success to sacrifice a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries, to play to the gallery in fact. The whole passage in Lamb is delightful reading. *Incessu patet deus Carolus noster*, open the book at Elia where you will. But besides the impeccable literary critic, there is another Lamb of tender paradox and whimsical tirade, the discoverer of fairyland in Restoration comedy, the ultra-loyal lover of her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle. And one is inclined to say that this is the Lamb who declaims so against the second part of *Don Quixote*, when one finds him talking of the "unhallowed accompaniment of a Sancho" and of

the "debasement fellowship of the clown," wishing almost the squire altogether away even in the first part. For the very essence of Cervantes's conception is the balance and contrast between Sancho and his Dapple and Quixote and his Rosinante. And Lamb might have remembered from Sampson Carasco's discourse that in Cervantes's own day the knight had his special partisans no less than the squire, and that some there were who would gladly have been spared the full tale of Quixote's drubbings. Lamb, it must be remembered, was not indulging in a set criticism of *Don Quixote*. He was arguing how apt pictorial illustrators were to materialize and vulgarize literary subjects, an interesting contention, well worth consideration. In the pictures, he said, Othello was always a blackamoor, Falstaff always plump Jack. So in *Don Quixote* they emphasized the buffooneries, and showed the rabblement always at the heels of Rosinante.

Therefore I think that we may discount Lamb's displeasure; and when he inveighs against the duchess and that "most unworthy nobleman" her lord, we shall remember that they bestowed upon Sancho Panza the governorship of Barataria, and that but for their bounty we should not have listened to the wisdom of Sancho, which is second only to the wisdom of Solomon. And when Lamb is vexed because Sancho's eyes were opened to know his master's infirmity, it may occur to the reader that this was but the logic of events; that so shrewd a clown as Sancho, in continuing to accompany Quixote upon his sallies, must needs have had his eyes opened pretty wide. And when Lamb complains that people read the book by halves, mistaking the author's purport, which was tears, we shall be inclined to reply that it is no less possible to read the book by halves another way, mistaking the author's purport, which was laughter at least as much as tears. Indeed, who should read *Don Quixote* by halves, hearing only the tears in it, who should wince from watching duennas and serving-men practising on the infirmity of the "Errant Star of Knighthood made more tender by eclipse," if not Charles

Lamb, that had himself dwelt within the penumbra of eclipse and devoted a life to tending the sister whose first aberration had been so tragic?

A strange thing happened to Cervantes. Before his sequel appeared it had been forestalled by a sequel from another hand. Cervantes thus had a better excuse for publishing a sequel than the popular wish or a queen's command. He had to oust a bastard claimant. The history is curious. Cervantes's first part was published in 1606, his second part not until 1616; and in 1614 there had appeared a "Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote," purporting to be by "the Licentiate Alonzo de Fernandez de Avellaneda." There was no such man as Avellaneda, and who the ingenious gentleman really was, who devised this very unquixotic sally, has in spite of numerous conjectures remained a secret to the present moment. That a book of this kind should have been published pseudonymously under the highest ecclesiastical sanction in the Spain of that day, seems to Mr. H. E. Watts (a famous student of the Don) proof enough, not only that it was a plot to injure Cervantes, but also that the author was some considerable person; Mr. Watts suggests the great Lope di Vega himself, Cervantes's life-long rival. It is a matter about which the doctors disagree, and disagree fiercely; the Cervantists have indeed been described as a body rent with the fiercest blood-feuds known among mortals. As to Avellaneda's literary merits, it is to be said that the spurious sequel had the esteem of the author of *Gil Blas*, and that it has been printed among the Spanish classics in the national Library of Spanish Authors. As to his motives and moral merits on the other hand, there is clear evidence of malice. The pseudonymous supplanter made personal attacks on the man whose work he professed to be continuing; he cast in Cervantes's teeth his age, his maimed hand and his ignorance, and boasted that he should deprive him of the profits of his work. No wonder Cervantes was hurt. The public was impatient for the preface of Cervantes's new book, expecting resentments, railings, and invectives;

but it was destined to be disappointed. Cervantes replied only to the taunts on his age and his wound, reminding his adversary that his hand had suffered fighting for his country in the victory of Lepanto. The provocation considered, the fun Cervantes makes of his rival in the later chapters of his second part is certainly good-humored.

Apart from the personal motive, it would not be historically just to judge Avellaneda's action precisely as it would be judged to-day. We are far more punctilious and pugnacious nowadays than were our forefathers about proprietary rights in literary conceptions. It has been lately contended, for instance, that nobody but Mr. Thomas Hardy has any business to write about Wessex. Seeing that Wessex was before Mr. Hardy, this is putting the proprietary claim perhaps as high as it will go. When Mr. Walter Besant the other day wrote, greatly daring, a sequel to *The Doll's House*, it was only Mr. Besant's genial controversial method, or fifty thousand Ibsenmen had known the reason why. Throughout the height of Dickens's great popularity his books were accompanied by a crop of imitations, but these were flat piracy. Seriously it is hardly possible to imagine any one but Mr. Kipling venturing to write about Mulvaney, or another than Mr. Bret Harte telling fresh tales of Jack Hamlin or Yuba Bill; nor would anybody but M. Daudet have dared to send Tartarin upon his fool's errand to Port Tarascon. Things were different in the old days of epic and romantic cycles. Then every minstrel was at liberty to try his hand on a new lay of Achilles or Helen, a new romance of Roland or Lancelot, or another geste of Robin Hood. When a hero or heroine caught the world's fancy, the world could not have enough tales about them. There is the secret of the interminable fertility of cyclic poets and romancers. It is not possible to reconcile all the versions of Helen's or Tristram's or Sigurd's stories. Many of the greatest legends and romances grew up by accretions contributed by successive hands. And this sense of common property in the literary stock survived later. The free use made by Shakespeare, who was

contemporary with Cervantes, of literary material that he found to his hand and to his purpose, has been the subject of common remark. His contemporary Lodge seems not to have grudged him his own Rosalind. It was Molière, I think, who boasted (and certainly no one could make the statement with stricter truth) that he took possession of his property wheresoever he found it. Indeed, the very same thing that happened to Cervantes happened also in the case of the other Spanish classic *Guzman de Alfarache*, where also the genuine conclusion was forestalled by a sequel from another hand.

The fun Cervantes makes of his rival in his sequel is, as I have said, good-humored, but elsewhere he spoke of the "disgust and nausea" which the sham Quixote had caused him, and it was unquestionably to prevent further personations that he consented to his own Quixote's death. For despite his defeat by the false Knight of the Moon, there was no real call for Quixote to die. He was just about to turn with hardly diminished zest from the knight-errantry of the romances to the idyllic life of the pastorals; and Sancho, for all the unsealing of his eyes, was steadfast not to leave him, as eager for the curds and cream as the knight was about the shepherdess queens. But now there had risen before Cervantes's eyes the fear of more spurious sequels. So he buried Quixote with sanctions and solemnities, bidding presumptuous and wicked historians and plagiarists beware of profaning his subject and attempting a burden too weighty for their shoulders, expressly warning "Avellaneda" to suffer the wearied bones to rest in the grave. It may have been something of the same feeling that led Shakespeare to give us his true Falstaffian sequel, the inimitable scene in *Henry the Fifth*. There was an end worthy of the beginning, in Mistress Quickly-Pistol's unforgettable description of Falstaff a-dying, and Bardolph's supreme epitaph, "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, in heaven or hell." It was the same feeling that moved Addison to make an end of Sir Roger de Coverley. Foreseeing, we are told, that some nimble gentleman

would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it, he said to an intimate friend, his relative Eustace Budgell probably, with a certain warmth of expression, which he was not often guilty of, "By G—, I'll kill Sir Roger that nobody else may murder him!" And so there befell "the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire," and there was not a dry eye in the club when the old butler's letter was read with the bad news.

This extreme precaution is not always sovereign. It is a point not absolutely determined in Shakespearian chronology whether Falstaff was actually dragged from his grave to make an Elizabethan holiday. At any rate Quixote him dragged from his grave to flaunt him on the English stage by no less a person than Henry Fielding. Fielding was properly apologetic about it. He was only twenty-one when he wrote *Don Quixote in England*, and but for the solicitations of the distressed actors of Drury Lane would not have consented to its performance. For five years he had left it on the shelf conscious of the danger of the attempt to rival Cervantes, an opinion in which he was confirmed by Mr. Booth and Mr. Colley Cibber. Yet was it with an adventure not wholly dissimilar that Fielding embarked upon his true career as a novelist. For *Joseph Andrews* was conceived as a satirical sequel to *Pamela*, and Samuel Richardson's feelings toward Fielding were in consequence about as amiable as Cervantes's to "Avellaneda." Nor has Falstaff been left altogether at peace in Arthur's bosom. You will find a letter of Lamb to Coleridge warmly recommending a new volume of *Original Letters of Falstaff*. That sounds a pretty rash adventure, and you might be astonished at Lamb's commendations if you did not remember that James White, the author, was at Christ's Hospital with Lamb, and how good a friend Lamb was. Lamb genially suggested to Coleridge that he might get the book puffed in the reviews. Though a great critic, Lamb was very human. Very likely, as he told Coleridge, these letters were far superior to *Falstaff's Wedding* by a Dr. Kendrick.

The real excuse for such usage is that characters like Quixote and Falstaff become a substantial part of the world's heritage. Their authors really are creators, to use the cant term with which commonplace novelists comfort themselves against the critic's contempt. It is in its way a tribute to the creative gift of Cervantes that Fielding should have written about Quixote in England, just as he might have written about Peter the Hermit in England, if only he had known as much about Peter the Hermit as about Don Quixote. Few historical characters are so real to us as the Quixotes and Falstaffs. Mr. Justin McCarthy's notion of a *Donna Quixote* was, by the by, anticipated by *The Female Quixote* of Charlotte Lennox (Dr. Johnson's friend), to which Fielding devoted two laudatory columns in his *Covent Garden Journal*.

Balzac had a characteristic idea of writing a sequel to Molière's *Tartuffe*, in order to show how dull the household was after the expulsion of the hypocrite. Molière himself was not given to sequels, and it is surely no wonder that he left *Tartuffe* alone, seeing what a storm the play roused against him in the religious world. Molière, however, should have been used to storms. There had been no small ado after the performance of *L'Ecole des Femmes*. To that play Molière did write a kind of sequel. He made privately among his friends such dramatic fun of his critics, that the Abbé Dubuisson suggested he might make a play of them. And he did; he put his critics on the boards, and *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes* ran merrily at the Palais Royal Theatre for thirty-one nights. A man named Boursault replied with *Le Portrait du Peintre*. Molière, at the personal suggestion of Louis the Fourteenth, rejoined with *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. Not even the interposition of the King put an end to the quarrel, for a certain De Villiers still returned to the attack with *La Vengeance des Marquis*. It was veritably a war of sequels. It is, perhaps, the pleasantest thing that one knows about the Grand Monarch, that as a boy he had his ears boxed by Mazarin for reading Scarron's novels



on the sly, and that in his maturity he was so good a friend to Molière.

Thackeray has told us in one of the pleasantest of his *Roundabout Papers* how familiarly he lived with the heroes and heroines of fiction : how he would love to welcome Mignon and Margaret ; how gladly would he see Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe stepping in at the open window from his little garden ; and Uncas and noble old Leatherstocking gliding in silently ; and Athos, Porthos, and Aramis swaggering in, curling their mustaches ; and dearest Amelia Booth on Uncle Toby's arm ; and Crummles's company of comedians with the Gil Blas troupe ; and Sir Roger de Coverley and the greatest of crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha with his blessed squire. A pretty skill in parody testified to his intimacy. Somewhere, I think, he mooted a proposal for a novel to deal altogether with the leading characters of other novels. The method after all is as legitimate as Lucian's and Landor's.

To create characters so much alive is the main business of the novelist, more so even (as M. Daudet has remarked with a pardonable fling at the Flaubertists) than to write fine prose. M. Daudet has confessed the thrill of paternal pride with which he has heard people in the crowd say, "Why, he is a Tartarin," or "a Delobelle." He called his own Tartarin a Quixote of Southern France. For such characters not only live ; they beget descendants. Hamlet begat Werther, and Werther René, and René Obermann, till at the present day the family of Hamlets is past counting. And the Quixotes are nearly as numerous as the Hamlets. Hudibras, and Sir Roger de Coverley, and Uncle Toby, and Dr. Syntax, and Colonel Newcome, and Mr. Pickwick are all descendants of Don Quixote. Thus is Tartarin of Tarascon kin to Mr. Pickwick.

M. Daudet, if all he says be true, had as good reason to leave Tartarin alone as Molière had to leave Tartuffe. The wrath of Tarascon was notorious. This resentment of a whole town lay heavy on M. Daudet's spirit ; safe in Paris, he could yet see in his mind's eye, when the good citizens opened

their shops of a morning and beat their carpets on the banks of the Rhone, how the fists would clench in his direction and the dark eyes flash. One angry man of Tarascon actually penetrated to Paris on a mission of vengeance ; and if a friend of the novelist had not distracted the provincial's attention in a whirl of Parisian excitement, heaven knows what might have happened. Yet in spite of this strong local feeling, M. Daudet dared to write a sequel ; and, whatever Tarascon may have felt about it, Tartarin's other friends were delighted with the fresh tidings of him ; for Tartarin in the Alps was quite his old delightful self, and his mountaineering exploits were Tartarinesque to the last degree.

M. Daudet used to give Tarascon a wide berth when he was travelling south. One day, however, journeying with his son and the Provençal poet Mistral, he found to his horror the train stopping at the fatal station. "Father, how pale you are," his son said. Was it any wonder, says M. Daudet pathetically ! Over and over again threats had reached him of what would happen to him if he ever dared to set foot in Tarascon. A commercial traveller, who had for a joke signed "Alphonse Daudet" in the visitors' book of his hotel, had been mobbed, and came within an ace of being ducked in the Rhone. Well might the poor author turn pale. If it had been one man he had to deal with, even Tartarin himself in all his exotic panoply, he might have faced it ;—but a whole townful, and the Rhone so deep and rapid ! Verily a romancer's life was not a bed of roses. When the train stopped and the travellers got out of the station, lo and behold ! not a soul was in the place. Tarascon was a desert, the people, as it turned out, having followed Tartarin a-colonizing to Port Tarascon. And thus it was that yet another Tartarin sequel came to be written. That was how the perfidious novelist finally avenged himself on the exasperated town, and how Tartarin's great heart came to be broken, and the reader's with it.

Baumarchais was another writer who was encouraged by the success of a first sequel to proceed to a second,

though I dare say many readers perfectly familiar with *The Barber of Seville* and *Figaro's Marriage* have hardly heard of *La Mère Coupable*, the second sequel, in which the immortal Figaro degenerated into respectability and dullness. But if the second sequel was a failure, the first is perhaps the most successful on record. *Figaro's Marriage*, besides being a famous comedy, is acknowledged to be better than *The Barber* to which it was sequel. It was the *Marriage* that Mozart, having first choice, chose for his opera, leaving *The Barber* to Rossini. Assuredly this is the sequel with the most famous history; it is really a vivacious page of the history of France. It was a saying at the time, that great as was the cleverness it took to write *Figaro's Marriage*, it took a great deal more cleverness to get it acted. Possibly M. Daudet's fervid imagination had something to do with his trouble with Tarascon. Cervantes's trouble with the sham Quixote may be regarded by a Philistine world as a storm in the literary teacup. But the difficulties of *Figaro's Marriage* were affairs of State, and its production a political event presaging and helping actually to precipitate the French Revolution. It was not without obstacles and delays that *The Barber* had been brought to a performance. Accepted by the Comédie Française in 1772, it was put off from Carnival to Carnival, first owing to the dramatist's quarrel with the Duc de Chaulnes, and afterward to his quarrel with the Parliament, and was not played until 1775, when it failed completely. People had heard so much talk about the precious *Barber* that when he came they found him prolix and disappointing. Beaumarchais, nothing daunted, revised it, cutting it down to four acts (the *Barber* had been drawn and quartered, said the wags), and advertising it as "*The Barber of Seville*, Comedy in Four Acts, Played and Damned at the Théâtre Français." This time it was brilliantly successful, and had an unusual run.

These troubles however were child's play to the stormy career of the sequel. That was a veritable duel of the dramatist with principalities and powers. Beaumarchais had against him the po-

lice, the magistracy, the ministry, and the King himself. The play was ready for performance in 1781. The police authorities read it, and perceiving at once its dangerous tendencies in the unsettled state of France, prohibited the performance. Thereupon Beaumarchais threw himself heart and soul into a campaign of intrigue to procure the license. The memoirs of the time are full of the affair with all the moves and countermoves. Beaumarchais circulated a saying of Figaro's that "only little men were afraid of little writings," and, flattering the courtier's foible of independence, won over several leading personages in society to protect and befriend his *Barber*. There was the Count d'Artois, the personal friend of the Queen, the Baron de Breteuil, Madame de Polignac and her set, and M. de Vaudreuil. Then he set cleverly to work to pique the curiosity of society and the court. It became the fashion to give readings of *Figaro's Marriage* in drawing-rooms. Society talked of nothing else. Everywhere people were to be heard saying, "I have just been," or "I am just going" to a reading of Beaumarchais's new play. The King himself at last could no longer resist the growing curiosity. He sent to M. Le Noir, the lieutenant of police, for the manuscript. One morning when Madame Campan entered the Queen's private room, she found the King and Queen alone, and a chair placed in front of a table with a pile of papers on it. "It is Beaumarchais's comedy," said the King. "I want you to read it. It is difficult to read in places by reason of the erasures and interlineations; but I desire that the Queen should hear it. You are not to mention this reading to a soul." So Madame Campan began, and as she read, the King kept exclaiming at the bad taste of passage after passage; and when she came to Figaro's monologue, with its attack on the administration, especially the tirade against the State prisons, he leaped to his feet crying: "It is detestable; it shall never be played! We should have to pull down the Bastille to prevent the consequences. The fellow makes a mock of everything that should command respect." "It is not to be

played then?" asked the Queen. "Certainly not," replied Louis. "Of that you may rest assured." And Beaumarchais outside was saying with unabashed audacity, "So the King refuses his permission; very well, then, my play *shall* be performed." He was confident of winning in the end, and that success was only a matter of time. Society was also sanguine about it, and bets were freely offered on the event. Beaumarchais's backers, continuing to count on success despite the King's refusal, distributed the parts to the Comédie Française; and taking advantage of the tacit good will of the Count d'Artois, M. de la Ferté lent them the stage of the Hôtel des Menus Plaisirs, the King's own particular theatre. The rehearsals were almost public. Tickets were issued for a performance on the 12th of June, 1783. Carriages were already arriving, the hall was half full, the Count d'Artois was on his way from Versailles, when an order arrived from the King, who had heard of the affair for the first time that morning, forbidding the performance. Great was the general disappointment, and the King's action was keenly resented. Madame Campan says that not even during the days immediately preceding the downfall of the throne were the words "oppression" and "tyranny" more in people's mouths. Beaumarchais, once more baffled, was furious. "Very well, gentlemen," he cried. "So my piece is not to be played here! Well, I swear that played it shall be, if it has to be played in the choir of Nôtre Dame."

The King, perhaps foreseeing the end, had said upon one occasion, "You will see, Beaumarchais will prove stronger than the authorities." Well, only three months after the last incident a private performance was given by the Comédie Française before three hundred spectators at the house of M. de Vaudreuil. The Queen was not well enough to be present, but the Count d'Artois was there and the Duchess de Polignac. The performance was winked at upon the pretext that the objectionable passages were to have been excised. Madame Campan's father-in-law, who was there, hearing all the incriminated passages delivered,

while everybody kept repeating that they had been cut out, shrugged his shoulders and quoted the well-known remark of the mystified Basile in *The Barber*, "Faith, gentlemen, I don't know which of us is being cheated, but the whole world seems to be in the plot." The points which told most against society, society most vigorously applauded. Beaumarchais was beside himself with his triumph. Madame Vigée Lebrun, an eye-witness, has described how, when somebody complained of the heat, he went round breaking the windows with his cane; hence came the phrase, *Qu'il avait doublement cassé les vitres*.

Encouraged by so much applause and complicity, Beaumarchais chose to construe a vague private remark of M. de Breteuil into an official permission, and boldly arranged a public performance for February 1784. Again M. le Noir and the police were compelled formally to interfere, and the performance once more was stopped. But the siege was on the point of being raised. The King at length withdrew his veto, being apparently sanguine enough to believe, after all that had taken place, that the play would be damned on its merits; and on the 27th of April, 1784, the performance took place.

The excitement was indescribable. Princes of the Blood tumbled over each other in their eagerness for tickets. The author was inundated with personal solicitations from the highest ranks. The Duchesse de Bourbon's footmen waited at the box office from eleven in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon. Great ladies were smuggled into actresses' boxes, taking their dinner with them. Three hundred persons dined at the theatre for fear of losing their places. The performance was very long, but it was one long triumph. The piece ran for over a hundred nights, a run then unprecedented. Beaumarchais, a passed master in the art of advertisement, knew how to keep up the excitement. He took advantage of an application by some ladies for a *loge grillée* to reply, in a letter addressed to a supposititious duke and carefully made public, that he had no consideration for ladies who could demean themselves to view in

secret a piece they thought improper. This letter proved a most successful advertisement. When the play reached its fiftieth night, Beaumarchais invented the "charitable performance." He chose "nursing mothers" as the objects of the charity, Rousseauism being the fashion.

Even in the height of Beaumarchais's triumph, the King did him one more bad turn. The dramatist got into controversy about his charitable performance with an anonymous antagonist. That antagonist, unfortunately for him, happened to be the future Louis the Eighteenth, who, stung by Beaumarchais's sharp tongue, appealed to the King. Louis was playing cards at the time. He scrawled on one of the cards an order committing Beaumarchais to St. Lazare, the common prison for thieves and prostitutes; and so the literary lion of the hour was dragged off from a fashionable supper party and thrown into jail, there to remain for six days amid the scum of Paris, and then to be liberated without any charge being preferred. It was a monstrous outrage; but Beaumarchais had his revenge. In the first place the King had to pay him compensation to the tune of 2,150,000 livres. But there was other compensation dearer to an author's heart. A performance of *The Barber of Seville* was actually given at the Petit Trianon by the Queen's private company, the Queen herself acting Rosine, the Count d'Artois Figaro, and M. de Vaudreuil Almaviva; and the author was invited! Even Beaumarchais must have been satisfied.

*Figaro's Marriage* was, as I have said, more than a theatrical triumph; it was a political event. You may read it to-day, and find it an amusing play, but with little in it calculated, as you might think, to upset a constitution. But so electrical was the atmosphere that every allusion to the failings of the ruling classes or the institutions of the State became charged with significance. It is matter of history that it helped to precipitate the revolution. Napoleon said that Figaro was the revolution already in action.

The suggestion for this sequel also, by the way, came from without. It was the Prince of Conti who first put

the idea into Beaumarchais's head. Figaro's creator took heart and soul to the idea; he had so vivid a conception of his Figaro (who, be it said, bore a strong family resemblance to himself) that he had no difficulty in imagining the versatile barber in the more complicated situations proposed by the Prince. There you have the secret of the sequel in a nutshell. When a character is so real to the author that he spontaneously imagines him in fresh situations, and divines how he will behave therein, the difficulty of the sequel is solved. Thackeray has described the close intimacy in which he lived with the characters of his novels. He was afraid people would say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pennilesses and Newcomes." When he was asked why he married Esmond to Lady Castlewood, his answer was,—"I didn't; they did it themselves." There are a dozen similar stories of Balzac. Once Balzac accosted his sister with all the importance of a gossip bursting with a piece of news: "What do you think? Félix de Vandenesse is going to be married, and to one of the Grandvilles, too—a capital match!" Some readers interested in the air of "a man with a past" worn by Captain de Jordy in the novel *Ursule Mirouet*, once appealed to Balzac to tell them what this past has been. Balzac reflected seriously, then remembered that he had not known De Jordy till he came to live at Nemours. And another time, when Jules Sandeau was speaking of his sister's illness, Balzac interrupted him with the absent-mindedness of genius and suggested that they should come back to real life and discuss Eugénie Grandet. Such a real world to Balzac was his *Comédie Humaine*; and that of course is the secret of its producing, in spite of its many marvellous characters and melodramatic occurrences, so strong an illusion of reality on the mind of the reader. The *Comédie Humaine* is a system of sequels and interlacing narratives. The careers of some of the characters, as of Lucien de Rubempré and to some extent of Vautrin, may be traced in a strict series of sequels. The lives of other personages the reader has to piece



together from several novels; a biography, for example, of Maxime de Trailles has to be collected from very nearly a dozen. The student of Balzac almost feels as if he were engaged in original research. The same system to a less elaborate extent was employed by Trollope in those lifelike scenes of clerical life, the Chronicles of Barsetshire, and also in his political tales. Indeed Trollope was even more successful almost than Balzac in producing a convincing representation of a substantial world.

Thackeray, for all the company he kept with his Pendennises and Newcomes, did not indulge much in the sequel proper. *The Virginians* is the one example, and in quality it is but a typical sequel for *Esmond*. It contains, however, in the age of the Baroness Bernstein as sequel to the youth of Beatrix Esmond perhaps the cleverest and cruellest development of character in the whole range of sequels. Nor did Dickens write sequels, the ineffectual reappearance of the Wellers in *Master Humphrey's Clock* being, I think, his sole effort in that direction. Nor did Sir Walter, for *The Abbot* is really a distinct novel from *The Monastery*. Scott's great French successor, on the other hand, the inexhaustible and unconfined Dumas, would carry his sequels through the centuries with amazing vivacity and success. Dumas's secret, you would say, was rather fecundity of invention than the vitality of his individual characters. Yet as you say so, Chicot and the Musketeers rush to your recollection. Chicot's vitality is so considerable, that a successful novel about him has been produced in France within the last few weeks, and the Musketeers are alive enough for anything. A friend of mine who loves each member of this fine Quadruple Alliance, though perhaps he loves Porthos best, is forever challenging me to produce from the superior pages of novelists who affect to despise incident a finer achievement in character-drawing than the gradual individualization and divergence of the four characters in the course of the years covered by the eleven volumes. It is a challenge that I have never met to his, nor indeed to my own satisfaction. Are not

in truth these Musketeers sufficient of their sole selves to take away the reproach from sequels forever? One would like to clinch the question by claiming the *Odyssey* as a sequel to the *Iliad*, but between us and that devout consummation flow floods of German ink.

When we acquiesce in the common condemnation of the sequel, I suppose it is hardly of Don Quixote or Figaro or of Balzac or Dumas that we are thinking, but rather of the more ordinary run of sequels, of the thousand and one mechanical continuations wherein industry takes the place of inspiration. Even with so competent a craftsman as Lytton the spirit flags after the five hundredth page. Nay, with a writer of genius like George Sand, after three volumes of *Consuelo* the ordinary reader gladly leaves the *Comtesse de Rudolstadt* upon her shelf. That there is a special danger and difficulty about the sequel, there is no denying. The sequel is likely to disappoint expectations, for the very reason that there are expectations to disappoint. The writer is handicapped by his own record; as Scott said of Campbell, he is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him. The original book robs its successor of the advantage of novelty, and at the same time fixes a difficult standard of comparison. It is not easy to imagine cleverer sequels than *Alice through the Looking-Glass* and *Tartarin sur les Alpes*. If they stand in estimation below the original *Tartarin* and *Alice in Wonderland*, it can surely only be because they necessarily had not the captivating freshness of the earlier books. Herein lies the difficulty of the sequel. And the danger is the temptation to yield to demands from without or the desire from within, and to try to repeat a success mechanically and without inspiration. The most notable example, because following the most notable success, is the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Bunyan tried to repeat his success; but Christiana was always Christian's worse half, and her personally conducted tour is but a poor reflection of her husband's pilgrimage. Many of us may have read recently in Lowell's corre-

spondence, how his friends and admirers kept urging him to resuscitate Hosea Biglow and to continue the *Biglow Papers*. He was so simple as to try, he said, but found that he could not. When afterward he did write a

belated Biglow Paper, it was clean against his critical judgment. "For," said he, "I don't believe in resuscitations. We hear no good of the posthumous Lazarus."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE, third son of Sir Robert Walpole and his wife, *née* Catherine Shorter, was born in Arlington Street, 5th October 1717. The youngest of six children, an interval of more than ten years separated him from his next brother Edward, and it seems to have been not wholly without foundation that the scandal of the day averred that some of "Lord Fanny's" blood flowed in his veins, and that Carr, Lord Harvey, elder brother of the exquisite so brutally lampooned by the immortal satirist of Twickenham, was his real father. Horace was at any rate a Harvey all over, and the marked neglect with which Sir Robert regarded him during his childhood was made up to him by the fond affection of a mother who anxiously watched over her sickly boy with care the most commendable. The first gratification which seems to have made any impression on his mind was seeing the king. Through the intervention of one of the rival Sultanas of the Hanoverian harem, the Duchess of Kendal, "a very tall ill-favored old lady," as she appeared to Master Horace, Lady Walpole readily obtained the unusual honor for a child of ten years old, of kissing the royal hand. The king, "an elderly, rather pale man, with dark tie wig, plain coat, waistcoat, snuff-colored stockings and breeches," took the boy up in his arms, kissed him, and chatted with him awhile. This was the night before George I. left England on his last journey to his German dominions, whither he was going, it was presumed, to make some inquiries touching the death of his hapless consort, who had been released from her protracted imprisonment a few months previously. On the road he was overtaken by a fatal attack of apoplexy, which lovers of the marvellous described as a visitation

of his injured wife from the other world. At any rate, he returned no more, unless, as the Duchess of Kendal surmised (the "Maypole," as she was irreverently styled by Londoners, to distinguish her from Lady Kilmarnock, who was preposterously fat and known as the "Elephant and Castle"), a large raven flying into one of the windows of her villa at Isleworth was the soul of the departed monarch.

Horace was sent to Eton 1726, and here his remarkable progress drew from his father the remark that "whether he had or had not a right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honor." Three of his companions were distinguished with a fervency of regard unusual even among schoolboys. The first and dearest of these juvenile friends was Gray the poet. Richard West (his mother a daughter of Bishop Burnet), and Asheton, afterward a preacher at Lincoln's Inn, completed the "quadruple alliance" to which Walpole refers so agreeably in his early letters. Though he found neither taste nor leisure for boating, cricket, or football, Horace yet led a pleasant life at Eton, and in later years looked back, recalling, like melancholy Gray,

"its pleasant shades  
And fields beloved in vain."

In 1735 Horace Walpole passed in due course to King's, and now commenced that delightful correspondence which has rendered him the most entertaining writer of the last century. At college, as at school, young Walpole appears to have found no gratification in the rude pleasures of his associates. He declares that when he first went up to the University it was intended that he should read mathematics with the famous blind Professor Sanderson; but he had not attended lectures a fort-

night ere his tutor assured him that he had no capacity for such studies. Among old companions at Cambridge was Gray, now become a scholar of Pembroke. There was at this time but one difference between them: the poet never liked Cambridge, though in later years he made it his home, while Walpole, writing when an old man (1777), declares that he still dotes upon his *alma mater*, and that the exceeding great beauty of the chapel of King's filled him with visionary longings to be a monk therein. Lady Walpole died August 1737, and in the following spring Sir Robert Walpole thought proper to enter into a second marriage with a Miss Skerrett (the *Phryne* of Pope's satires), a lady with whom he had already carried on an intimacy by no means to the credit of either party.

That home-keeping youths have ever homely wits, was quite as much the opinion in the days of Walpole as in those of Shakespeare; and a course of foreign travel was regarded as giving a finishing touch to the rough hewing of school and college. Accordingly, among the passengers who landed, 29th March 1739, at Calais, after a very stormy voyage, might have been remarked Horace Walpole and his friend Gray. Bound for Italy, the months of April and May were spent in the French capital. September found them rambling among the mountains of Savoy, and in November they crossed the Alps, carried in low arm-chairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, gloves, and stockings, and protected by muffs and bearskins. On the threshold of the Land of Promise, however, a singular misfortune befell them; a gaunt young wolf, hard pressed by hunger, sprung suddenly from the covert in the broad sunshine and carried off Walpole's little black spaniel as he frolicked by the side of his young master. Horace screamed and wept, but Gray wrote no copy of verses on the incident such as commemorated the mischance which befell the "pensive Selima," the lord of Strawberry's favorite cat, who was drowned in the china vase. Turin safely reached, on 7th November they passed to Genoa and Bologna, descending ere long through a winding sheet of mist into

the streets of *Firenze la bella*, where Horace Mann's servant met the travel-stained youths at the gates and conducted them to the house which was to be, with some slight interval, their home during the next fifteen months. Mann, whom Gray pronounced "the best and most obliging person in the world," was then British Resident, and afterward became Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Tuscany. He had received his appointment from Sir Robert Walpole, though when he quitted London, 1738, to repair to his post, he little thought that he was destined to occupy it for well-nigh half a century, and that he was never again to set eyes on his native land. In the house of Horace Mann, then, the friends took up their abode. "We get up," says Gray, describing these lotus-eating days in the city of the Medici, "at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till four, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again."

In April 1741 the friends proceeded to Reggio, where occurred the famous quarrel, which, though healed through friendly intervention within three years' time, was nevertheless the cause of their immediate separation. Twelve years of brotherly intercourse were thus severed in a day, but elements of discord had been long at work, the travellers were unequally yoked, the one journeyed for pleasure, the other for instruction. Gray cared for the beauties of Nature, but Walpole lingered in the gallery of Florence and the fair at Reggio, rather than found delight on his ride to the Grande Chartreuse or a visit to Naples. "I had just broke loose from the restraints of the University," he writes, after the poet's decease, "with as much money as I could spend, and Gray, though infinitely more a man, was yet not enough so to make allowance." Thus it came to pass that Gray went on his way homeward by himself, and Walpole reached England alone in September 1741, only ten days later than his quondam companion. And now commenced that correspondence with Mann which continued till his death in 1786. The wanderer's heart burned within him at

sight of his native land. "The country towns," he writes to his friend in Italy, "delight me; Canterbury, which at setting out I thought deplorable, is a paradise to Modena, Reggio, Parma, etc., but the *summum bonum* is small beer and the newspaper." To which Mann replies, "If we could alter some things (many things), and totally change the climate, England would be preferable to all other places." Forty-three years afterward the lord of Strawberry writes:—

"I have been counting how many letters I have written to you since I landed in England, 1741. They amount—astonishing! to above 800; and we have not met in three-and-forty years! a correspondence surely without parallel in the annals of the Post Office!"

"Orestes and Pylades," writes Mann, 1780, "were nothing to us; they cultivated their friendship personally, but our separation has been so long that perhaps we should not know each other were we accidentally to meet."

As the Resident was stationed at Florence partly to report the sayings and doings of the Pretender, Walpole is duly informed of the departure of the son from Rome, January 1744, disguised as a Neapolitan courier. Mann is half ruined by feasting the crowd of English who visit Italy, "exhibiting themselves for brutes everywhere." Garrick, Wilkes, the "paltry mountebank" Duchess of Kingston and the fallen Minister, Lord Bute, are of the number; the latter told Mann that if he visited Sicily, he would certainly write to Walpole from Otranto, "the scene," continues the Resident, "of your charming novel"—an intimation which provoked the somewhat ruffled rejoinder that Otranto is in the kingdom of Naples. Mann figures as a kind of general agent; he sends wine and liqueurs to Ministers at home, knick-knacks to fine ladies, statuettes and articles of *vertu* to half the nobility, besides purchasing pictures for George III., "King There," as some Italians called him, in contradistinction to "King Here," as the same people styled the old chevalier. In subsequent years, when the building of the new Gothic castle at Twickenham was undertaken, Mann exerted himself to assist in its decoration. Among other things he procured from the Grand Duke's wardrobe the ebony box with

silver ornaments, representing the judgment of Paris, and attributed to Benvenuto Cellini; the bronze bust of Caligula found at Herculaneum; the portrait of Bianca Capello from the Vitelli Palace, to say nothing of the famous eagle lately discovered within the precincts of Caracalla's baths at Rome, which stood so long on its altar at Strawberry Hill, and was purchased at the sale by the Earl of Leicester for £210. Now and again Walpole breaks off from the recital of choice bits of scandal to tell his old Florence friend how flourish the lilacs and orange trees, how the grand staircase approaches completion, and what new glories are being added to his old, old, very old castle. Nor is he altogether behind in the matter of gifts. Among the presents sent to the Residency at Florence was a double Windsor chair; and the ladies and their *cicisbeos* were vastly pleased with a seat so appropriate to their tender whisperings. "The fame of my new double-chairs, which we call *cicisbeatoji*," says Mann, "has put me much in vogue." By and by, the friends begin to feel the weight of years, and each communicates to the other the greater frequency and longer continuance of the attacks of their old enemy the gout, and Walpole has to keep indoors, preferring his climate "framed and glazed." Sometimes he longed to see his old friend in England. "How sad," he writes, "the thought that you are *never* to see your presents arrayed and displayed here with all the honor I can confer on them." The closing words of a letter, September 5th 1786, "I am quite exhausted," must have prepared the lord of Strawberry for the announcement that after having remained in a state of delirium for many days, his friend, at the age of eighty-five, had passed away without a pang. We have, however, somewhat anticipated.

When the tall, thin young man returned from Italy, it is hardly to be wondered at that he was more disposed to arrange the cameos and antiques he had acquired than to enter upon a political career as M.P. for Callington, even though stimulated by highly satisfactory evidence of its advantages in the shape of lucrative appointments in



the Exchequer. After talk about Domenichinos, Guidos, and Gothic architecture, what a falling off was there in the conversation which the traveller describes so piteously on his return, between men

"Who are mountains of roast beef, and only just roughly hewn into outlines of human form like the giant rock of Pratinolo! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve . . . I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin."

The nights at his ancestral home at Houghton in Norfolk were worthy of being red lettered in the calendar of good fellowship, what time his father Sir Robert passed his holidays bawling after dogs or boozing with Gargantuan consumers of beef and punch.

The summer of 1747 marked an era in Horace Walpole's life, for he then became possessor of Strawberry Hill, originally a little farm which stole somewhat obscurely into existence under the title of "Chopped Straw Hall," having been built, it was said, with ill-gotten gains by a former coachman of Lord Bradford. By and by the place passed into possession of Mrs. Chenevix, who kept a toy-shop in London in days when toy merchants dealt in other wares besides playthings—in cogged dice for instance, in assignations, masks and dominos—and from her Walpole purchased the property.

"The house is so small that I can send it you in a letter to look at," he writes to Mann, "a little plaything house, the prettiest bauble you ever saw, set in enamelled meadows with filigree hedges, barges solemn as barons of the Exchequer move under the windows, and dowagers plenty as flounders inhabit all around."

But he could not tolerate the name, and so Chopped Straw Hall became Strawberry Hill, a name which he found in one of the title-deeds. The castle was formed at different times by additions to the little old house, and proved the first step to a renaissance of Gothic art in this country. "Every apartment," says Macaulay, "is a museum, every piece of furniture a curiosity: there is something strange in the form of the shovel; a long story belongs to the bell-rope." Here, amid rural sights and rural sounds, we find him restoring the tone of languid Nature: "he has had a sheep shearing,

a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing of three gold-fish out of his pond, a present from his neighbor Mrs. Clive." The tide of fashionable emigration set strongly in the direction of the new Gothic castle.

"We shall soon be as celebrated as Baïx or Tivoli," wrote Walpole. Kitty Clive and Mrs. Pritchard formed a great addition to the society of the place, but the great acquisition was Lady Suffolk, who remembered the mother of George I., had herself been the favorite of George II., and passed her summer at Marble Hill, which cost the king ten or twelve thousand pounds. Pictures, marbles, MSS., coins, gems and articles of *vertu* accumulated in every corner of his Gothic castle, and visitors crowded to see the house, so that its lord wrote, "I wish I could think as an old sexton did at King's: one of the fellows told him he must get a great deal of money by showing it. 'Oh, no, master,' replied he, 'everybody has seen it now.'" Scarcely a month passes without some important arrival. "Strawberry Hill is grown a perfect Paphos," he writes, June 1759; "it is the land of beauties—on Wednesday the Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond and Lady Ailesbury dined. There never was so pretty a sight as to see them all three sitting in the shell" (a seat in the form of a large bivalve). The Duke of York, following the example of his brother the hero of Culloden, visits him, and catches him in his slippers: but like a true courtier, Walpole rushes to the foot of the stairs, kneels down, kisses his hand, and shows him, among other curiosities of the castle, the pictures of the Pretender's sons. One bright summer day in 1767 he entertains a party of ambassadors; French horns played in the cloister during dinner, and after coffee a syllabub was prepared, the cows being brought up to the terrace for the purpose. The Duchess of Bedford begs for a ball at Strawberry, but the proposal is peremptorily vetoed. "Not for the universe. What! turn a ball, and dust and dirt, and a million of candles into my charming new gallery!" "Well, then," says she, "it shall be a dinner." "With all my heart, I have no objection; but no

ball shall set its foot within my doors." In 1757 a printing press was added to the other curiosities of Strawberry Hill, "Elzevirianum" as Walpole playfully called it, and Gray's odes were selected for a first essay in typography. On each side of his bed was hung up Magna Charta and the warrant for King Charles's execution, on which was inscribed *Major Charta*; yet in spite of all his boasted Republicanism, which was really only skin deep, the lord of Strawberry was at heart as thorough a worshipper of courts and courtiers as though he had spent a lifetime in studying the accomplishments of a page of the backstairs.

While the higher circles in Paris were still indulging in a Belshazzar's feast, and unwilling to give ear to the warning words in which he strove to point out the handwriting on the wall, Walpole paid several visits to France. He arrived in Paris 13th September 1765, and was enraptured with everything save the dirt and the thieves who boldly stole his portmanteau from his chaise at noon. Unfortunately, like Hume, he could not speak the language. The "silliest Frenchman," he writes to his friend Lady Hervey, who had kindly furnished him with introductions, "is eloquent to me, and leaves me embarrassed and obscure." Sometimes he made ludicrous mistakes, as when the Duchess de Choiseul begged him to forward her *du taffetas pour des coupures*, and received, instead of a supply of court plaster, several varieties of stuff. At first the soft atmosphere of Parisian salons and the freedom of *petits soupers* brilliant with wax lights and odorous with flowers, proved somewhat too dazzling for the dilettante friend of Madame du Deffand. But he quickly felt his way amid all the frivolity and licentiousness, and was shrewd enough to recognize in the boasted philosophy of the time a species of *Aqua Tofana*, tasteless, colorless poison which was slowly but none the less surely eating away the moral existence of the doomed country. Among celebrated characters to be found in Paris about this period were David Hume, a "superficial mountebank," as Walpole styles him, but who was none the less wel-

come to the beauties, wits, and philosophers who composed French society; Madame du Deffand, the whole of whose papers subsequently passed into possession of her friend, and were sold at the Strawberry Hill sale to Mr. Dyce Semboe for some £160; Hénault, whose suppers were held in greater favor than his chronology; the Comtesse de Boufflers who, during a residence in this country, paid that memorable visit to Dr. Johnson at his lodgings in the Temple; and Madame de Geoffrin, concerning whom the story is told that one of her foreign visitors having one day inquired of her, "What have you done with the poor man whom I always used to see here, but who never spoke a word?" replied with all the *sang-froid* of a Frenchwoman of the age of Louis XV., "Ah, that was my husband, he is dead." During his residence in Paris, Walpole left off dinners, but sat up late, ate supper, played loo with the ladies, lying in bed next day until he was once again ready to enter upon the same round of profitless pleasure. He quickly became the fashion, "like Queen Elinor in the ballad:" he says of himself:—

"I sunk at Charing Cross and have risen at the Faubourg S. Germain: I have been sent for about like an African prince or a learned canary bird, but I shall resign my crown with great satisfaction to a *bouillie* of chestnuts just invented, and whose annals will be illustrated by so many indigestions that Paris will not want anything else these three weeks."

Early in May 1766 he visited the fair scene of so much revelry, but three years later he paid another short visit, suffering severely on his return from the inclemency of the weather. During a dreadful passage of eight hours, he was wetted to the skin by rain, had his lap full of waves, was washed from head to foot in the boat at ten o'clock at night, finishing by stepping into the sea up to his knees. Nevertheless, the summer of 1771 found him in Paris again. This time things are worse than ever, the gay butterflies are indeed dancing over a volcano—mere precedence in dancing a minuet was near bringing about a revolution at Court; but no one seems to have devoted even a passing thought to the onward progress of that moral earth-

quake when the "devils should escape out of the swine and overrun the earth headlong." Four years later he visited Paris for the last time, bidding defiance to the element whence sprang the Goddess of Beauty, that he might once again behold his old friend Madame du Deffand. Like so many others, he too is enchanted with the Queen. "Hebes, Floras and Graces," he writes, "are street-walkers to her, who is a statue of beauty when standing or sitting, grace itself when she moves."

Perhaps no writer ever enjoyed so long and so extensive an acquaintance with the great folks of the time as Horace Walpole. In addition to having been acquainted with every political leader from Bolingbroke to Pitt and Fox, he had kissed the hand of each of the four Georges, and complimented every Court beauty from sweet Molly Lepell and Prior's Kitty, ever beautiful and young, to the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Crewe. His letters are a valuable contribution to the history of the times: never was such a scene of fine dresses, fine jokes, fine equipages, glitter and sparkle as that through which he leads us. It would be vain to search in history for such traits as he records of old Balmerino under sentence of death. When the warrant arrived he was at dinner, and his lady fainted. He said, "Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach!" In the same tone of resolution on getting into the coach he said to the jailer, "Take care or you will break my shins with this damned axe." He descants on the extravagance of the age: a younger brother gives a flower woman half a guinea every morning for a bunch of roses for his buttonhole; West gets three hundred pounds for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney; scarce heads in books sell for five guineas since the mania for Grangerizing; and Wedgwood's Etruscan vases fetch from two to five guineas. Who can forget his pictures of Westminster Hall and its trials, of the Abbey and the funeral of the old king and the coronation of the new, of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, or the sterner representation of the horrors of the Gordon riots,

when zeal threw off the mask and owned its name to be plunder, and London and Southwark were in flames? While politics seem to have interested him but little, his voice was always raised on behalf of humanity. He was one of the first to denounce the horrid traffic of selling negroes; while deploring the loss of Kempenfeldt in the *Royal George*, he felt far more for the hundreds of poor babes deprived of their parents; his Christianity revolted at the propagation of the Gospel by the mouth of cannon; and when Byng was so cruelly sacrificed to popular tumult, Horace Walpole denounced it as a murder. He foresaw no less clearly than did Chatham the disastrous results of the American war, and as he beheld British troops everywhere defeated, and laying down their arms, what wonder that he was tempted to predict "that we should moulder piecemeal into insignificant islandhood"? His memory has perhaps suffered most on account of his conduct toward Chatterton, yet his sole crime lies in not at once patronizing a young man who endeavored to impose upon him a few stanzas as ancient; and the fate of that unhappy son of genius, "whose ghost with a laurel crown looks out on us in history so pale and sad," is rather at the door of the public at large than of the lord of Strawberry Hill. In the literature of the day Walpole took no great interest, and against most of the literary men he had strong prejudices. "That bear Johnson," he detested, but Spence he deemed "a good-natured, harmless little soul, more like a silver penny than a genius." Dread lest his reputation as a fine gentleman should suffer by his association with that of an author by profession, seems never to have been absent from his mind.

"Pray, my dear child," he writes to Mann, "don't compliment me any more upon my learning; there is nobody so superficial; except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I? I who have always lived in the big busy world; who lie abed all the morning, who sup in company; who have played at Pharaoh half my life, and now at loo till two or three in the morning. How I have laughed when some of the magazines have called me the learned gentleman! pray don't be like the magazines."

But while he thus affected to whistle his fugitive pieces down the wind to take their fortune, he none the less in reality watched their fate with all the anxieties of authorship.

As age crept slowly on, Walpole suffered much from the "arthritic tyranny" of gout, by which he had been more or less tormented since he was twenty-five years old; "but never man suffered with more patience," remarks Hannah More, the "sedate Hannah" as he called her. Sometimes he would smilingly observe that he must set up an inn, for he could chalk up a score with more ease and rapidity than any man in England. "I am a statue of chalk, I shall crumble to powder and be blown away from my terrace, and hoary-headed Margaret (his housekeeper) will tell the people who come to see my house—'one morn we miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill.'" He tried Bath, but it proved not at all to his taste. "These watering places," he writes, "that mimic a capital and add vulgarisms and familiarities of their own, seem to me like Abigails in cast gowns, and I am not young enough to take up with either." By degrees the familiar voices which had gladdened the chambers of Strawberry rang through it no more. Of all the celebrities of the Twickenham of long ago, but one now remained, Kitty Clive, the incomparable low comedy actress. Separated early in life from her husband, the brother of Baron Clive, her fair fame was never spotted by calumny. She was bitten by the prevailing vice of gambling, and few better stories are told of her than how, one evening at quadrille, her opponent, a hoary-headed dowager, demanded payment for two black aces. "Two black aces!" cried Kitty, "I'd like to give you two black eyes, you old white cat!" Johnson had a very high opinion of her powers: "Clive, sir," said he to Boswell, "is a good thing to sit by; she always understands what you say;" and she, nowise awed by the great man, used to say of him, "I love to sit by Dr. Johnson; he always entertains me." Walpole frequently refers to her performances—sometimes styling her "the Clive," at others *Muscovita*, in allusion to one of her favorite char-

acters; and he wrote the epilogue with which she took leave of the stage in 1769 when about fifty-eight years old.

"Here lived the laughter-loving dame,  
A matchless actress, Clive her name;  
The comic muse with her retired,  
And shed a tear when she expired."

Such was the inscription commemorating this accomplished woman on an urn in the shrubbery of little Strawberry Hill, or Clive's den, as Walpole sportively called it, and which afterward became the abode of the Berrys, his latest friends. It was in the winter of 1788 that Mary Berry, then in her twenty-sixth year, and her sister Agnes, a year younger, young ladies of great mental and personal attractions, first made the acquaintance of Horace Walpole when he was upwards of seventy years of age. An intimacy then commenced which surpassed in tenderness, on his part, the most ardent affections of his youth. The elder sister is *suavissima Maria*, "an angel both inside and out;" the younger is "my sweet lamb." Writing to his "twin wives," his "strawberries," as he calls them, in one letter he thanks them for a double missive from "Dear Both," adding playfully that "its duplicity makes it doubly welcome." The death of his nephew, the third Earl of Orford, in January 1791, made him possessor of Houghton and a coronet, but he never took his seat in the House of Lords, and so lightly did he value his nobility that for many months he merely subscribed his letters, "uncle of the late Earl of Orford."

"An estate and an Earldom at seventy-four,  
Had I sought them or wished, 'twould add  
one fear more,  
That of making a Countess when almost  
fourscore."

And yet it has always been said that to the elder, and afterward, when refused, to the younger, of the Berrys he offered his hand and coronet. Meanwhile he still continued to receive his friends with all the suavity of the old school; he begs them not to "my lord" him—"let me be Horace still." The bright days of his youth come back upon his memory, the dead come to life again, and for his dear friends the Berrys he writes his reminiscences of the Courts of the first two Georges.



When he died, he left to each the sum of £4000, and to Mary and Agnes jointly for their lives the house and gardens of little Strawberry Hill, which continued to be their country residence for many years; and when, after surviving their aged admirer for upward of half a century, they died, both unmarried, within a few months of one another, they were buried in one grave in Petersham churchyard, "amid scenes," as their epitaph records, "which in life they had frequented and loved."

Yet another bright star hovered over the declining years of Walpole's existence—General Conway's daughter, whom he loved as his own, Mrs. Damer the sculptress, to whom for her life he bequeathed his "dear Strawberry," where she lived till 1821, when she parted with it to Lord Waldegrave. After the death of her husband, she passed some winters abroad, and Walpole introduced her to Sir Horace Mann at Florence. She made the acquaintance of Josephine when Madame de Beauharnais, and by her was introduced to Napoleon, to whom she promised a bust of Fox—a promise which was fulfilled during the hundred days when she saw the Emperor in Paris, and received from him in return a diamond snuffbox with his portrait, which is now in the British Museum. Among her other friends was Nelson, who sat to her for his bust after the battle of the Nile; but while her energies thus flourished, her cousin was fast declining, and a sense of approaching desolateness and desertion came over him. "At home," he writes somewhat mournfully, "I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages,

who are brought to me once a year to stare at me as the Methuselah of the family," and yet he tells Hannah More:—

"When one can afford to pay for every relief, comfort, or assistance that can be procured at fourscore, dare one complain? Who has more cause to be thankful to Providence than I? My gout is tolerable, my eyes perfect, my hearing but little impaired, my spirits are good, and though my hands and feet are crippled, I can use both, and do not wish to box, wrestle or dance a hornpipe."

Still he lingered at "dear Strawberry;" well-nigh half a century had he resided there, converting it by pains unwearyed into the fairy palace which it had gradually become, making of it a quaint and rare repository of relics such as Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during the progress of his last sea fight, the spur with which Dutch William urged Sorrel through the waters of the Boyne; and planting with his own hands the acacias which he was still permitted to watch as they waved to and fro beneath the ripening breath of summer. As the winter of 1796 drew on, his friends urged him to return to London, and in the waning light of a brief November day the feeble old man took a last fond look of his "glorious windows," and of the battlements and machicolation which frowned over the lawn. Then he returned to Berkeley Square, whither he had moved after the expiration of the lease of the residence in Arlington Street, bequeathed to him by his father, where on the 2d of March following he breathed his last, and was buried in the family vault at Houghton, near his father, the last of Sir Robert Walpole's Lord Orfords by the side of the first.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### LORD BEACONSFIELD AS A PHRASE-MAKER.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

ALTHOUGH close upon thirteen years have passed since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the interest which is felt in his personality by English folk generally has not appreciably diminished. Much of the admiration for his genius

which, during his life, was pent up by the supposed necessities of party, is now able to be displayed; and not even the harshest critic of his political career is likely at this day to deny that Benjamin Disraeli will live in our lit-

erary and social history as one of the most striking figures in the England of the nineteenth century. One indication of the influence he left behind, quite apart from the special cult crystallized by the Primrose League, is the tendency—even the growing tendency—of certain of our journalistic instructors to attempt to give point to some phrase by adding “as Lord Beaconsfield used to say.” The statesman, could he know how his name was thus employed, would smile one of the grimest of his curiously grim smiles; for the phrases attributed to him by the “Society papers” are customarily so banal and insipid, and occasionally so hoary with age, that it is an impertinence to a great man’s memory to link him with their use.

This affectation of the moment partly arises from the reputation Lord Beaconsfield won as a phrase-maker; but that reputation was achieved by the employment of phrases which were worth making, and it was not gained without much thought and prolonged endeavor. The epigrams were not the spontaneous outcome of a brilliant moment. Pope, with his customary disregard for literal accuracy, boasted how, when—

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;

for Pope, like Disraeli, was a conscious artist, and the “impromptus” of each never lacked all the polish that careful thought could give. Of Disraeli, indeed, it may be said that—

He looked for phrases, and the phrases came.

When once he was possessed with the idea for an effective epigram, he was never satisfied until it had made its mark. If it did not strike the popular imagination the first time of using, he would wait for years, and then give it another chance; and some of his most historic phrases had been employed more than once before the world took heed.

There was, indeed, in this matter a display of much of the quality of permanent determination and persistent endeavor which marked Disraeli in political life, and which served to make him famous. Just as in his earliest novel, “Vivian Grey,” he introduced

“Lord and Lady Beaconsfield” to the literary world, and forty years afterward secured the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield for his wife, and in another eight years that of Earl of Beaconsfield for himself; so over the whole period of his political life he carried his phrases from the point of elaboration to that of execution. In the early forties, he had written in “Coningsby” of certain noble lords who “in a public capacity plundered and blundered in the good old time.” Thirty years later, wishing to indite a slashing attack upon the first Administration of Mr. Gladstone, then in its dying days, he declared, in the famous Bath letter to “My dear Grey,” that he thought the country had “made up its mind to close this career of plundering and blundering.” He had waited a long time for the phrase to become effective, but its chance had arrived at last.

Another of the “Coningsby” phrases was to be repeated until it was made famous, for it was Lucretia in that tale who had passed her life in “golden saloons.” The phrase still took that form in 1849, when Disraeli, in discussing that old political topic, “the state of the nation,” which has for the time gone out of fashion, averred in sonorous tones that “in the golden saloon, and in the busy mart of industry, in the port, in the Exchange, by the loom, or by the plough, every man says, ‘I suffer, and I see no hope!’” But it was developed into its best known form in the famous Slough speech of May, 1858, when, hitting straight at the *Times* and its editor’s frequent appearance at the assemblies of Lady Palmerston, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer declared that “leading organs now are place-hunters of the cabal, and the once stern guardians of popular rights simper in the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons.” And so pleased was Disraeli with the later variant that he who had claimed to be on the side of the angels, told the House of Commons on the night Mr. Gladstone’s Irish University Bill was defeated, in 1873, that they lived in an age when young men prattled about protoplasm, and when young ladies, in gilded saloons, unconsciously talked atheism. The late Mr. Bright

once, and in the year of the Slough speech, referred to "gilded chambers," but "gilded saloons" are Disraeli's own.

In a more elaborate fashion, and even by frequent use, was the most famous Disraelian phrase of all, "Peace with honor," developed. The idea involved was, of course, not original. It is not merely to be found, like so many other good things, in Shakespeare, Volumnia having, in "Coriolanus," appealed to her son concerning a "companionship in peace with honor;" but in a speech delivered at Liverpool in 1812, when the great European war was still proceeding, by no less noteworthy a person than John Gladstone, the father of the present Prime Minister, the germ is to be discovered. Presiding over a dinner in celebration of the first election of Caning for that constituency, and defending himself from the imputation of having changed from Whig to Tory, the elder Gladstone said, "I remained the firm friend of peace while I thought it was practicable for peace to be obtained with safety and with honor;" and again, "While peace with safety and with honor appeared to me attainable, I joined with them [the Whigs] in pursuit of this object." But not only did John Gladstone have the idea: his more distinguished son, William E. Gladstone, employed a very similar phrase before Disraeli used it. In June, 1850, occurred the famous "Don Pacifico" debate, in which Peel joined for the last time, and Palmerston made his greatest speech, upon a motion of Roebuck's, which submitted "that the principles which have hitherto regulated the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government [with Russell as Premier and Palmerston as Foreign Secretary] are such as were required to preserve untarnished the honor and dignity of this country, and at all times best calculated to maintain peace between this country and the various nations of the world." Here was the idea: now for the phrase. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of the debate, exclaimed, "I understand it to be the duty of a Secretary for Foreign Affairs to conciliate peace with dignity."

The idea, indeed, is to be found in

many another place, from the early Victorian ballad, which observed that "We'll have peace, but it must be with honor," down to a despatch of Émile Ollivier, in those few days of July, 1870, when he could say that "peace with honor" was all France asked, and could still talk of possessing a light heart. Russell, speaking as a member of the Palmerston Administration, in the autumn of 1863, had used the precise phrase, submitting that "as Secretary for Foreign Affairs it has been my object to preserve peace with honor;" but its first use by Disraeli had been nearly nine years before, when, in February, 1855, during the Crimean War, he told the Commons that "if the country believes that peace with honor can be achieved by the noble lord [Palmerston, who had just become Premier], the Ministry may count upon the earnest support of this House." The phrase, in fact, was so much after Disraeli's heart, that he used it with variations no fewer than four times in the Slough speech previously referred to. "You will remember that peace has been preserved, while the honor of the country has been vindicated," he informed the assembled diners. "We have vindicated the honor of England; we have preserved peace," he assured them once again. "We have vindicated your honor, maintained the peace of Europe," he added a few minutes later. And, then, as if the point could not be too frequently insisted upon, he declared that the Derby Government would still pursue "that determined, but yet prudent and conciliatory, system which, while it will, in our opinions, maintain peace, will do so with honor." But it was not until the historic occasion of July 16, 1878, when Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury were welcomed back from the Berlin Congress, and the former, speaking from a window in the Foreign Office, said, "Lord Salisbury and myself have brought you back peace, but a peace, I hope, with honor," that the phrase "Peace with Honor" became lastingly linked with Lord Beaconsfield's name. At the time many a fantastic legend was invented to account for its use by the then Prime Minister, but he had so frequently employed it before that

no external explanation was necessary.

This is illustrative of the Disraelian method. A phrase thought worth using was to Disraeli something the public ought to remember, and, if they did not take to it at once, it was served to them again. As far back as 1851, when proposing a resolution calling upon the Russell Government to introduce, without delay, measures for relief of the owners and occupiers of land, he held that the Commons were able to build up again the fortunes of the land of England, "that land to which we owe so much of our power and of our freedom, which has fulfilled the union of two qualities, for the combination of which a Roman emperor was deified, *Imperium et libertas*." The phrase fell for the moment on barren soil, to be no more remembered of men until the "Peace with Honor" period, when it was revived with striking effect. "I speak freely to the citizens of London," Lord Beaconsfield exclaimed, at Guildhall, on the Lord Mayor's Day of 1879, the last occasion upon which he ever spoke there, "because I feel sure that they are not ashamed of one of the noblest of human sentiments — patriotism — and would not be beguiled into the belief that in maintaining their Empire they might forfeit their liberties. One of the greatest of Romans, when asked what were his politics, replied, *Imperium et libertas*." That would not make a bad programme for a British Ministry." But Guildhall was the sounding-board for more than one Disraelian echo. "Turtle makes all men equal," exclaimed Adriana Neuchatel, in "Endymion:" it had the effect of making Adriana's creator reminiscent. He had spoken in Parliament, in 1862, of the influence of England in Continental affairs, and had submitted that the real cause might be found in the circumstance that ours is the only country which, when it enters into a quarrel that it believes to be just, never ceases its efforts until it has accomplished its aim, "whereas it was always felt in old times that, with scarcely any exception, there was not a State in Europe, not even the proudest and most powerful, that could enter into a

third campaign." Yet at the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1876, and at a moment when all Europe was hoping, rather than expecting, that a Russo-Turkish War might be avoided, Lord Beaconsfield repeated the argument almost in terms. "If England enters into conflict in a righteous cause—and I will not believe that England will go to war except for a righteous cause—if the contest is one which concerns her liberty, her independence, or her Empire, her resources, I feel, are inexhaustible. She is not a country that, when she enters into a campaign, has to ask herself whether she can support a second or a third campaign. She enters into a campaign which she will not terminate till right is done." That speech created considerable stir on the Continent, but scarcely more—in Germany, at least—than the one delivered in the same hall two years before, in which Disraeli had observed that "the working-classes of this country have inherited personal rights, which the nobility of other nations do not yet possess. Their persons and their homes are sacred. They have no fear of arbitrary arrests, or domiciliary visits"—an allusion which was at once connected in the public mind with the arrest, only a month previously, after a domiciliary visit, and by Bismarck's orders, of Count Arnim, the late German Ambassador in Paris. The then Prime Minister endeavored to remove this impression by a special *communiqué* to the *Times*, to the effect that the Arnim case was not present to his mind when he spoke; but he might have pleaded with even more effect that he had used the identical idea in the House of Commons just a quarter of a century before. "I know of no great community existing since, I will say, the fall of the Roman Empire, where the working population have been, upon the whole, placed in so advantageous a position as the working-classes of England. I speak not of their civil rights, which are superior to those which princes enjoy in other countries—I speak simply of their material position."

It is a commonplace of criticism that some of Disraeli's best-known phrases are not original, but it is a striking testimony to the power he possessed of



fusing other men's ideas in his own mental crucible that, even when he admitted the fact, the popular voice persisted in attributing the expression to himself. Nine out of ten would to-day declare him to have invented the famous paraphrase, "*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*," and yet Disraeli frankly credited it to "a very great man, and a very great scholar—he would have been considered a great wit if he had not been so great a scholar," who flourished two or three centuries ago. But it was not always thus: the extraordinary parallelism between the eulogium pronounced by Thiers in 1829 on Marshal St. Cyr and that of Disraeli in 1852 upon the Duke of Wellington, like that between an outburst of Urquhart in 1841 on Central Asia and one of Disraeli in 1846 on the Corn Laws, as well as others which are known to the political and literary student, may be considered outside any discussion of purely Disraelian phrase. But there are further specimens which are fairly within the compass, and the best known of these is the exclamation of Mr. Phœbus, the artist, in "*Lothair*:" "You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art." Disraeli was obviously fond of this idea, for, in his preface to the same work, he had said, "There are critics who, abstractedly, do not approve of successful books, particularly if they have failed in the same style;" but it sadly lacked originality. Some have found it in Balzac; it may certainly be seen in Landor, who makes Porson, in one of the "*Imaginary Conversations*," observe, "Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners, those who have failed as writers turn reviewers." But, more curious still, a well-known journalist—the late E. M. Whitty—applied this very idea, in a series of parliamentary sketches, to Disraeli himself, in his political relations with Mr. Gladstone, seventeen years before "*Lothair*" was published. Disraeli had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852, and, being defeated on his Budget, was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone; and Whitty, writing in July, 1853, remarked, "There is an immemorial right in authors who have

failed to convert themselves into critics; and a Chancellor of the Exchequer who brought a Ministry down with his Budget . . . may deem himself fully entitled to carp at a partial mistake in his too felicitous successor."

"I had to educate our party," was the assertion of Disraeli after carrying his Reform Act in 1867; but twelve months previously Bright, in a Reform speech, had described Lord Derby, the then Prime Minister, as no leader of his party in a high sense: "he is not its educator;" and Lord Beaconsfield, in "*Endymion*," used the idea once more in his description of the prelate who was "one of those leaders who are not guides." The coincidence between the expressions used by Bright and Disraeli does not necessitate the belief that the latter consciously borrowed from the former; but Disraeli must surely have had Sydney Smith in his mind when he exclaimed, in 1839, of Spring Rice in particular, and the Melbourne Ministry in general, "How he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and how the Government to which he belonged became a Government, it would be difficult to tell. Like flies in amber, one wondered how the devil they got there." Pope, the originator of the phrase, had not mentioned flies:

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!  
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Sydney Smith, however, in "*Peter Plymley's Letters*," had given the exact line: "He is a fly in amber; nobody cares about the fly; the only question is, How the devil did it get there?" In the same fashion, the much-criticised "ropes of pearls," which figure twice in "*Lothair*," can be traced to another source. Disraeli was so in love with the phrase that not only did he make Ruby, the jeweller, remark, "The Justinians have ropes of pearls," but Theodora observes, "Once I was decked with jewels and ropes of pearls, like Titian's Queen of Cyprus." She might with even more appropriateness have said Lucina, wife of Maximus, who figures in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy "*Valentinian*," before whose entrance upon one scene it is asked:

Are the jewels and those ropes of pearl  
Laid in the way she passes?

It is, however, to consider too curiously, as some have done, whether Disraeli derived the idea of describing at Manchester the members of the first Gladstone Administration as "exhausted volcanoes," from the "extinct volcano" mentioned in Thomas Hope's "Anastasius," for the phrase is more obvious than was the Disraelian wont, and had not Arthur Pendennis boasted that his breast was "an extinct volcano"? Similarly, it has been argued that there is "a very singular resemblance" between parts of "Lothair" and the "Half a Million of Money" of Miss Amelia B. Edwards; but it might just as fairly be charged against him that he appropriated his titles, as well as his tales, because Keats wrote an "Endymion," or because "Lothaire, a Romance," is to be found in the advertisement columns of the London newspapers in the year of Waterloo, and "Arthur Coningsby," John Sterling's novel, admired by Carlyle, in the time of the first Reformed Parliament. But, concerning "Lothair," there is a singular coincidence to be recorded, which seems hitherto to have escaped attention. In the earliest number of *Punch* for 1845—and that one, indeed, which deserves immortality, as having contained the introduction to "Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures"—there appeared a burlesque sketch of the once-favorite melodrama, "The Miller and his Men," under the heading "Punch's Pantomime;" and in this the character of "Lothair, sometimes called Young England, afterward Harlequin," was allotted to "Mr. D'Israeli."

But, although Disraeli may have obtained credit for some phrases which were not wholly his, it is to be considered that others which were his have become attached in the popular memory to different names. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, in speeches at Birmingham in 1887, and again in 1894, advocated the formation of "a national party;" but sixty years ago Disraeli, in a brochure entitled "What is He?" had written, "If the Tories despaired of restoring it [the aristocratic principle], and were sincere in their avowal

that the State could not be governed with the present machinery, it was their duty to coalesce with the Radicals, and permit both political nicknames to merge in the common and the dignified title of THE NATIONAL PARTY." It would, of course, be as absurd to imagine that Mr. Chamberlain had gone to "What is He?" for his phrase as to hint that Disraeli, when he told Sir Charles Wood, in 1852, that "insolence is not invective, nor abuse argument," had been drinking inspiration at the fount of Joseph Hume, who, in 1826, had similarly informed Palmerston that "abuse is not argument." Yet, this latter has gravely been done, though, by a like process of reasoning by coincidence, John Leech could be shown to have been indebted for the idea of his most famous cartoon directly to Thackeray, and indirectly to Disraeli. In the history of what was known forty years ago as "The Roman Catholic Aggression," Leech pictured to the readers of *Punch* Lord John Russell as a street lad, running off with lump of chalk in hand, after disfiguring Dr. (subsequently Cardinal) Wiseman's door; and attached was the legend: "This is the boy who chalked up 'No Popery!' and then ran away." Let the apparent genesis of this be traced. Disraeli, when writing "Coningsby" in 1843, referred to middle-aged politicians who thought to serve their party by "occasionally publishing a pamphlet, which really produced less effect than chalking the walls;" and he was so struck by the phrase that he told the Commons, in August of the same year, that "the leader of the Government in another House [the Duke of Wellington] was chalking 'No Popery' on the walls." Nearly eight years later Thackeray drew a sketch for *Punch*, showing a butcher instructing his boy—on the ground that "Popes are enemies to butcher's meat on Fridays"—to "take this bit of chalk and chalk up 'No Popery!'" And in another few weeks Leech put into a cartoon the boy who had acted upon that advice. This is a fine pedigree, even for so striking a picture, but it may be doubted whether the child knew its father.

It is, in fact, the fate of some phrases

to be revived, just as it is of others to die. At one period there was no Disraelian saying more famous than his allusion to "Popkins's plan," used in the House of Commons on the night the Corn Law Repeal Bill was read a third time, and palpably explained, two years later, in a reference to a tariff scheme of John MacGregor, a Glasgow member. "And is England to be governed by Popkins's plan?" Disraeli indignantly asked; but Popkins and his plan alike are now in the Silences, and are remembered no more. The same is to be said concerning another Disraelian phrase, "Administrative Reform;" and yet it was under this banner that Dickens made a sudden irruption into semi-political life, and even addressed great meetings in Drury Lane Theatre in the summer during which the Crimean War was wearing to a close. But another Disraelian phrase lives in history, and it is one of which its author was so proud that he publicly claimed credit for its invention. "The great leaders of the school of Manchester," he called Cobden and Bright in the spring of 1848; "the members of the Manchester school" he termed them in the autumn; and in the next year, having referred once more to "the Manchester school," he added, "I have a right to use that phrase, for I gave them that name."

Not alone in politics was Disraeli thus felicitous in epithet. "A handsome cab—'tis the gondola of London," he exclaimed in "Lothair;" and, although the idea is said to have been borrowed, the expression is excellent: while the description of the Derby as "the blue ribbon of the Turf," used in the "Life of Lord George Bentinck," has become a part of the language. Lord Goderich as a "transient and embarrassed phantom," during his premiership in succession to Canning, could not be improved; and the "Batavian grace" of the late Mr. George Bentinck, like the description of the once famous Edward Horsman as "a superior person," delighted the politicians of thirty years ago—though Disraeli had been unconsciously anticipated in this latter phrase by Monckton Milnes (the first Lord Houghton), who wrote to his mother, in 1829, his

opinion that "the youngest Gladstone of Liverpool"—but lately Premier—was "a very superior person." In some of his phrases Disraeli, it may be claimed, was nearer the actual truth than he may himself have thought at the moment they were uttered. The description of Peel's political life as "one vast appropriation clause" hit not only that statesman's public changes of policy, but a habit of mind which made him in his private letters use phrases like "as Robinson would say," "as the *Morning Post* says," and "to borrow a word from Lord Castlereagh;" while even his fondness for discovering three courses—which many to-day imagine to be the creation of Mr. Gladstone—can be traced back to a source other than himself, but with which he was in communication in the days when Canning and he were in the same Cabinet. Even more subtle was the sneer in "Coningsby" at Peel's presumed desire, when forming his first Administration, to appoint "some moral lords of the bedchamber," for we now know that Sir Robert, when pressing a place at that crisis upon Lord Ashley (afterward Lord Shaftesbury), observed that, as his object was to win the confidence of the country by his appointments, it was to persons of Ashley's character that he looked.

Disraeli, in short, was a phrase-maker by nature, and his fame in that direction was well deserved. He touched the height in his attacks upon Peel, when personal feeling aided native cleverness to its most epigrammatic expression. His description of Peel as having caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes—turned against himself twenty years later on the Reform question—was felicitous in a special degree; while his assertion that the statesman's precedents were generally tea-kettle precedents—"he traces the steam-engine always back to the tea-kettle"—though less generally remembered, was a happy illustration of Peel's method, as it might fairly be viewed by a keen opponent. Even thus early, however, there were signs of the over-elaboration which prevented many of the later epigrams from having their due "bite." After, for instance, the Whigs had had their

clothes stolen amid the laughter of the House, the orator added: "The right honorable gentleman has left them in the full enjoyment of their liberal position, and he is himself a strict conservative of their garments," with the result of lowering rather than heightening the effect he had created by the simpler and briefer preceding sentence. And the over-elaboration reached its climax in the attack upon Mr. Gladstone, in 1878, as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents, and to glorify himself," for the hit would have been far more keen had the orator stopped at "verbosity." There was a certain sense of strain, in short, in the epigrams of Disraeli's later years. He once told the present Lord Salisbury that his satire "lacked finish;" and, although Lord Salisbury may have felt tempted to return the criticism when called by Disraeli, at a moment they were in the same Cabinet, "a master of gibes, and flouts, and jeers," it was not finish that Disraeli's later phrases wanted, but simplicity. The

consequence was that the compliment to our army in Abyssinia—that through their efforts the standard of St. George had been hoisted upon the mountains of Rasselas—evoked a smile rather than enthusiasm; while his speech upon the death of Princess Alice, with its reference to some of her achievements as worthy to be carved on gems, was widely felt to be out of strict tune with the occasion. But to the last there were flashes of the old power of concentrating in a sentence what many clever men would occupy a column in saying. He provoked criticism by describing the earliest news of the Bulgarian atrocities as coffee-house babble; but even journalists proudest of their profession could forgive being told somewhat later that "the government of the world is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraph writers, or by the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity." Some of his epigrams have been forgotten; some will pass into history with the political circumstances which gave them birth; but no statesman of the century put so many clever things into such small compass, and Disraeli as a phrase-maker deserves study and remembrance.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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#### THE STAMP-COLLECTING CRAZE.

BY W. ROBERTS.

It would be as difficult to measure clouds as to satisfactorily explain the widespread passion for collecting postage-stamps. To an outsider, the most curious thing in connection with it is that it increases as time goes on. There are at least two thousand stamp dealers in Europe, and the number of people who make a living directly out of this eccentric calling runs well into five figures. In London last season no less than from £15,000 to £20,000 worth of stamps were sold under the hammer by three or four auctioneers. One dealer retired after having accumulated, it is said, the very respectable fortune of £50,000. The "trade" in London is represented by nearly a dozen journals, and its literature could

only be indicated by a portly volume of bibliography. The composition of the Philatelic Society of London is interesting, for among its members are many eminent and distinguished men (to say nothing of four ladies) whom the general public would little suspect of a weakness for such unconsidered trifles as stamps. The President and Vice-president respectively are the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha and the Duke of York. Its list of ordinary members includes one prince, two earls, a whole host of army and navy officers of various ranks, and the remainder is chiefly made up of "Esquires." In the autumn of 1892, Mr. Castle, the editor of *The London Philatelist* (the official organ of the Society) issued to



116 members of the society residing in Great Britain a series of queries concerning their particular collections, and from the tabulated replies we glean that the number of stamps in the possession of the 109 who replied to the circular amounted to over 825,000. The value of one collection was placed at £10,000, a second at £6,000, two at £5,000, two at £4,000, eight at amounts varying from £1,200 to £3,000 each, and ten at £1,000 each. The estimated value of the collections of members of the society resident out of Great Britain is placed at £100,000, a total which cannot include the enormous collection of Herr Philip von Ferrary, of Paris, which in itself is certainly not worth less than £100,000. These figures do not take any account of the stocks of dealers, for only private collectors are admitted members of the Philatelic Society. Can stamps be regarded as trifles light as air after such appalling figures? It will be at once seen that to be a stamp collector on a dignified scale, a man must be rich.

Herr von Ferrary's collection above-mentioned is absolutely unique, and by the side of it every other fades into insignificance. This gentleman purchases, at any price, examples of which he has no specimens, and has had for years two specialists devoted to the custodianship of his collection, at salaries of £400 a year. Another Parisian collector is said to possess over a million stamps preserved in a hundred and thirty richly bound volumes. The Tapling collection, valued at £60,000, and now in the British Museum, is supposed to rank second to that of Herr von Ferrary. The Czar of Russia has a very fine collection, valued at about £30,000, and takes a very personal interest in his stamps, particularly those of Asiatic issue. The Prince of Wales, as well as his brother and son already mentioned, has a good collection. Her Majesty also has a good collection; one of the greatest rarities of it is an example of the first Garfield issue of the United States.

The genesis of stamp collecting is full of interesting facts. The mania (if its devotees will excuse the expression) is supposed to have originated in Belgium, and to have quickly spread

to Germany and France, in the latter of which, not unnaturally, it developed almost into a public scandal. The infection appears to have soon found its way into England, and early in 1862 an informal kind of Exchange had established itself in Birchin Lane, London, which became such an unmitigated nuisance—promising at one time to rival the historic tulip mania in Holland—that it was put down by the police, as a similar institution on the Boulevard Sebastopol had been suppressed by the Parisian authorities. Even by 1862 there was plenty of scope for collectors' study and attention. Between 1840, when stamps were first issued, and 1860, two thousand four hundred examples of various kinds had been published; by 1870 that number had increased to six thousand four hundred. The first systematic "Handbook" of the subject was by Dr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum; the first edition of a thousand copies of this little book of fifty-four pages was sold out in twenty days, and five subsequent editions (the fifth extended to two hundred and twenty-six pages) appeared in rapid succession. On April 1st, 1863—a somewhat unfortunate date—a *Stamp Collectors' Magazine* appeared, and existed for twelve years. The movement scored another advance on March 18th, 1872, on which date the first stamp auction was held at 13, Wellington Street, Strand, when the cream of the stock of J. W. Scott & Co. came under the hammer, and realized a total of £258, the two highest individual figures being £6 for a St. Louis 20 cent and £8 12s. for a variety of the same.

The day for forming a complete collection of stamps is over, for it is no longer possible. Nearly every collector is now primarily a specialist, but the majority keep a more or less wary eye open to completing their collections so far as it is now possible. Most collectors make a specialty of the stamps of the country of which they happen to be native. In England the demand is greatest for English stamps; in America the United States stamps are most in request, and realize consequently better prices there than elsewhere. Beyond this general rule, fash-

ions in stamps vary as often and as rapidly as fashions in other things. The other day the rage was for stamps of British India and Ceylon; now old and scarce Europeans, especially unused, and early Colonials, particularly those of the West Indian Islands, the Cape of Good Hope, and Mauritius, are all the rage. One or two eminent collectors take up a particular line, and all the others follow like a flock of sheep—just as all the ladies of England would imitate the Queen if Her Majesty donned the crinoline! There is no disobeying the dictates of fashion, however idiotic that fashion may be. Then again many collectors, finding that a complete collection is quite impossible, devote their energies (and their money) to the grouping together of the various shades of particular issues, the gradations, for instance, from light red to dark red—and these variations sometimes number half a dozen in one issue. Whether the slight differences have been caused by exposure or by some alteration in the composition of the ink, no one knows, but there are the variations, and they have to be taken into account. When stamp collecting narrows itself down to this species of hair-splitting, it unquestionably becomes a mania, as it does when it comes to measuring the margins and counting the perforations. A couple of perforations or the fraction of an inch more margin may make a great difference in the value of a stamp. One can sympathize with the very natural desire for a complete and perfect stamp, just as one prefers a perfect to an imperfect book, but when it becomes necessary to provide one's self with a "stamp measure," which splits an inch up into twenty-five sections, or with a "perforation gauge," the sublimity of the philatelic craze seems to verge upon the ridiculous. With all these bewildering contingencies and side issues, the innocent hobby of the schoolboy receives a fatal blow. It is an unnatural appetite which can only find satisfaction in these infinitesimal trifles. The man who pays £50 or £100 for a stamp may have the satisfaction of possessing something for which he has been looking for many years, or of something which no one else can show; but what

is his real unalloyed pleasure compared to that of the schoolboy who adds a dozen mediocre stamps to his modest album?

There are about a dozen stamps whose rarity has achieved for them a fame which would certainly be denied on any other score. That this number should be actually worth, in the open market, £2,000, is a fact which almost takes one's breath away. Curiously enough, not one of these items is a thing of beauty; on the contrary, they are almost as ugly and inartistic as it is possible for such things to be—and that is saying a good deal. The nominal value of these at the time of issue would be about half-a-crown. A poor book collector may be pardoned for fancying what magnificent additions he could make to his shelves with this money—to say nothing of having his library in a garden, like the late Professor Solly! A big, in fact the biggest, slice in this total of £2,000 is swallowed up in the purchase of two unlovely stamps, the 1d. and 2d. "Post Office, Mauritius," of the first issue, which appeared in September, 1847. It is probable that not more than eight sets of these stamps are in existence, and in only two or three cases do they occur together. The last pair sold were first acquired by Madame Dubois, of Bordeaux, having been found in a merchant's office there. This lady sold them in 1867 to M. E. Lalanne, who, in his turn, recently disposed of his collection (including this pair) for 60,000 francs to M. Piet Latuderie, a well known French collector, and from whom Messrs. Stanley Gibbons & Co. purchased the two Mauritius for the record price of £680, for an English collector, who apparently has more money than he can conveniently spend. The Mauritius are not by any means the rarest stamps in the world, for there are several of which only one copy exists. A rarer stamp is the 2 cents, rose, of the first or 1850 issue of British Guiana, of which only six are known—and as three of these are in the British Museum they are beyond the reach of the private buyer. This stamp is quite the most clumsy one ever issued, resembling a careless post-mark more than anything else. The

1856 issues of the same place are also exceedingly rare, and each is worth nearly £100, while an error of this issue, the 1 cent, on crimson paper, has been valued at £250. The first issue of the French Island of Réunion is rare from an adventitious circumstance: the stock was nearly entirely consumed by philatelic white ants within a few days of having been printed, and the market value of the pair, 15 and 30 centimes, is about £100. The earliest issues, 2, 5, and 13 cents (all blue), of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, 1851, are also among the rarest stamps, and are, in fact, practically unobtainable; if an example of the 2-cent issue came into the market it would realize probably not less than £200. In connection with these Hawaiian stamps it may be mentioned that they were set from types with an ornamental border, the value occupying the centre. They were struck off "from time to time as required, and printed on any kind of paper that happened to be in the market. The result was that there were a great number of slight variations in the minutiae of paper and shade of color, which are all-important to the genuine philatelist." The Hawaiian Government has for a long time manufactured and reprinted stamps solely for collectors, "the result of which is that the postal surplus, which was *nil* before the reprinting era, now averages £40,000 per annum." Quite the ugliest stamp in the world, the first issue of Moldavia, fetches very high figures in the market. In 1873 the three stamps of this issue were to be had for the total of 3s. 3d.—they would now realize perhaps £150; one example alone sold at auction three years ago for £49, and is now valued at £70. The 10 centavos, green, of Bolivar, 1863, the smallest stamp in existence, is now worth £8 to £10: twenty years ago this could have been had for 2s. 6d. Certain Cape of Good Hope stamps are much sought after and are appraised at fancy prices by collectors. Several of these owe their popularity to the carelessness of the printer. In the 1861 issue of provisionals of the triangular stamp, a 4d. block was accidentally inserted instead of the 1d.; used it is now valued at about £30, un-

used it sells readily for £150; twenty years ago this stamp was to be had at 3s. each, and probably then found fewer buyers at that price than at the present prohibitive one. The investment in this case might certainly be considered a good one. A good investment also, but not quite so good as the illustration taken from the Cape, would be the 12d. black of Canada, 1851, which sold in 1873 for 10s., and is now worth about one hundred times that amount if in fine condition.

Such are some of the top prices in philately. The guiding principle of this science, or hobby, or in whatever other category it may be placed, is clearly neither beauty nor utility, but simply and solely one of rarity. In book collecting the rule is entirely different. A book may be of the greatest rarity and yet have no commercial value, for rarity is only one of the several attributes which give a definite value to a volume. On the other hand, a book may be extremely common in itself, but if it have a binding by some master workman it is at once relieved from the plebeian associations of the fourpenny box. Many people are quite content to put up with reprints of rare stamps, as of rare books, for the practical utility of the one is as great as that of the other. Sentiment is an impossibility in stamp collecting: the pastime is harmless and pleasant enough when it is not carried to a passion; but to suggest, as many philatelists have endeavored to do, that there is anything great or ennobling about a lot of dirty and useless postage-stamps, is simply nonsense of the most unqualified description.

A comparison of past and present prices of stamps (not previously mentioned) will be found of very great interest, even to those who have no sympathy with philately. It would be neither desirable nor possible to enter into an exhaustive comparison, but a few of the more striking illustrations will be found sufficient. Twenty years ago it was a most uncommon thing to come across a stamp priced at £1 or over in a dealer's catalogue; the majority of items, in fact, came well under 1s. each. The Bahamas 1d. stamp of 1859 and the 6d. one of 1861 might have

been had together in 1873 for 8d.: today they sell for close on a £5 note. Many of the early Ceylon issues are of considerable rarity and fetch correspondingly high prices: the blue 1d. might have been had in 1873 at 9d. per dozen used: they are now worth 1s. each; the 8d. chocolate (1857) once retailed at 3s. per dozen, now sells by auction at five guineas each; but one of the greatest rarities in the Ceylon issues is the 8d. octagonal yellow brown (1861), of which unused examples have risen in twenty years from eighteenpence to over £1, while an American dealer prices an example at 30 dollars. In fact, all the Ceylon issues, 1857 to 1867, have greatly increased in value.

Among the highest priced stamps in 1873, Antioquia came at the head with its 2½, 5, and 10 centavos, for this three were then offered together at the high figure of £4. In January last, Messrs. Cheveley sold a very good set of this trio for the lump sum of £36 10s. Dealers, of course, would put a considerably higher price on them. So, too, the 20 centimos of Fernando Po (1868), which was sold at 15s. unused in 1873, has now doubled in value, the unused being worth only about 1s. more than the used example, then priced at 10s. The two French stamps, 10 centimes cinnamon, and 25 centimes blue, issued during the Presidency of Napoleon in 1852, were offered at 4s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. respectively in 1873; now the former realizes £1, and the latter about 6s.

As regards the stamps of this country: the 1d. black, with the initials V.R. in the upper corner, maintains its position, both on the score of rarity and of price. Many collectors refuse to admit it into their collections, on the theory that it was never actually issued, and is, consequently, only an "essay" and not a legitimate stamp. They also argue that the few used examples were simply appropriated by officials for their private letters, and escaped detection in going through the post. The best philatelic authorities, however, are of opinion that the V.R. is a genuine postage-stamp; at all events, its 1873 value of £2 has now increased to five times that amount. This, as already stated, is our only

valuable stamp, but the Mulready envelope has increased from 3s. 6d. to £1. The 1s. stamp of 1847, however, which, unused, sold at its facial value twenty years ago, is now worth nearly £3, while the 6d. violet of 1864 is now priced at about £1. In January last, a "magnificent unused strip of three" examples of the 8d. brown, "with gum intact," realized £16; an unused block of six of the 2s. salmon realized £18, at Messrs. Cheveley's auction—in each case an uncommonly good investment for the original purchasers. Buyers of unused English stamps at par value can always console themselves with the reflection that they are never likely to *lose* over the transaction, for the stamps of this country are never demonetized.

India had in its 1854 or first issue two half-anna stamps, one of which, the blue, is common enough, and sells for a few pence, but the red variety is very rare, and realizes from five to seven guineas under the hammer. Many of the early Newfoundland stamps also fetch high prices in the auction-room, particularly the 1s. issue of 1857, which is sometimes found orange-vermilion, and at others carmine-vermilion in color, the prices ranging from £5 10s. to £7 10s. according to condition, "a tiny tear at left side" in one instance making a difference of £1 15s. in the value! Even in 1873 these stamps were rare, the then high amount of 10s. each being asked. Few Peruvian stamps realize fancy prices, the chief exceptions being the medio peso, rose, of 1858, very fine examples of which now realize from £11 to £12 each. Another South American Republic, Buenos Ayres, included among its first issues a few stamps which have since become very rare, notably the 5 pesos, orange, 1858, a used example of which was valued at £2 10s. as far back as 1873, but which is now worth about twelve guineas; the 4 pesos, red, of the same issue has only advanced from £3 to from six to nine guineas, and the 3 pesos, green, has advanced from 15s. to £3, more or less, in a similar period.

If the United States stamps are not as a rule beautiful, they are, at all events, very numerous, and that, perhaps, is sufficient for the average Ameri-



can. A complete collection of the United States issues would involve the expenditure of much time and money. To begin with, the provisional issue of the 5 cents Brattleboro', 1846, would cost the mere trifle of £250, and perhaps all but impossible to obtain even at that price, for there are only three or four known. Next to this, perhaps, comes the only known example of the 5 cents blue stamp issued by the Alabama Government during the Confederacy, which recently sold at auction in New York for 780 dollars. The stamps issued by the Confederate States are now of the greatest rarity; recently one of these (? 2 cents green) of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, "went for 99 dollars to a man who said his name was Philip," as the New York reporter quaintly put it; another, the 5 cents of the same place, realizing 98 dollars. The two St. Louis 5 and 10 cents stamps are among the rarest, or, at all events, the most costly of the local issues. In 1872 the former realized just over 17s. each, and the latter about 12s.; fine examples of these now realize from six guineas to £8 10s. respectively.

But the most curious of all the various developments of stamp collecting may be here alluded to, and that is the high price set upon errors, and upon this phase alone quite a long article might be written. A few examples of the United States 15 cents and 24 cents 1869 issues, with inverted centres, got into circulation, and are now appraised at £17 and £18 10s. respectively, the values of the correct impressions being less than half as many shillings. In the Mauritius 1848 2d. blue, the early impressions read "pence" instead of "pence:" the example with the error is valued at £10, but the one without at about five guineas. But perhaps the most famous of all "errors" in this direction is the "Connell" stamp of New Brunswick, in which the then postmaster, thinking that his own portrait would be as acceptable to the natives as that of his sovereign, had 5 cent stamps so ornamented in 1861. Not many, however, got into circulation. In 1873 it was selling at 7s. 6d. each unused; a good specimen now sells readily at £20.

Even the apparently innocent pastime of stamp collecting is not without its speculative phase. Philately has often been the arena of "bulls" and "bears;" and in dealing in stamps it is as necessary for one to be wide awake as in speculating in the shares of remotely situated silver and other mines which a ubiquitous gang of swindlers periodically bring forward for the philanthropic purpose of filling their own pockets. An attempt at "a corner" is said to have been made in regard to the United States Columbian issue, but it was unsuccessful. A similar move was made when the United States Government was about to cease the issue of 10 cent stamped envelopes. A certain dealer bought 10,000 examples, for which he paid 1,000 dollars, and was sufficiently "previous" to issue a circular to the effect that collectors would be able to buy examples, after a certain date, at a fancy figure. The Postal Department was inundated with protests from those who had not taken time by the forelock. The department was furious at the trick, and the decision to suspend the issue was revoked, and 150,000 more were printed off. The dealer has learned by this time that it is possible to be too smart. Another illustration may suffice to "point a moral" in this direction. A certain Don Juan Cardillas, Monte Video, collected over 100,000 examples of the Uruguay 5 cent blue of 1883, with the figure of General Santos. But a very large number of this issue had been struck off, and the unfortunate speculator would not have realized a profit on his transaction until he had reached the age of Methuselah, so, not content to wait, and finding it impossible to make this stamp rare by fair or other means, Don Cardillas set fire to the lot.

Much might at one time have been urged in favor of stamps as an investment, but only the very few recognized the extent to which the hobby has developed itself. They "held on" in the anticipation of "a rise," and the rise has come. It is now too late for others to enter into the fray in the expectation of making a good thing out of it, for all the chief rarities have been swallowed up. Stamps are either very rare

or very common—very expensive or very cheap. The dozen or so rarities to which allusion has already been made will soon be absorbed by public institutions, the proper sepulchres of so many useless antiquities! In the

future, therefore, mediocrity must become the bane of stamp collections, and who will care to ride a hobby in which the best can only be fifth-rate?—*Fortnightly Review*.

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TWO NEW ATLANTIC CABLES.

THIS year, two additional Telegraph Cables are to be laid between Europe and the United States at a cost that cannot be much below one million sterling. One of these will be laid for the Anglo-American Telegraph Company from Heart's Content, Newfoundland, to Valentia, Ireland; and the second cable will also be from the Kerry coast, but its transatlantic terminal point has not been stated.

These cables will be put into position under circumstances widely different from those that prevailed when the early Atlantic cables were laid about thirty-five years ago. A year or two before the first attempt to lay an Atlantic cable, there were only eighty-seven nautical miles of submarine cables laid; now, the total length of these wonderful message-carriers under the waves is 139,500 nautical miles, or over 160,500 English statute miles. The charter which Mr. Cyrus W. Field obtained for the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was granted in the year 1854. It constructed the land-line telegraph in Newfoundland, and laid a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but this was the commencement only of the work. Soundings of the sea were needed; electricians had to devise forms of cable most suitable; engineers to consider the methods of carrying and of laying the cable; and capitalists had to be convinced that the scheme was practicable, and likely to be remunerative; while Governments were appealed to for aid. Great Britain readily promised aid; but the United States Senate passed the needful Bill by a majority of one.

But when the first Atlantic cable expedition left the coast of Kerry, it was a stately squadron of British and American ships of war, such as the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*, and of merchant

steamships. The Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and of British railways, were there, with representatives of several nations; and when the shore-end had been landed at Valentia, the expedition left the Irish coast in August 1857. When 335 miles of the cable had been laid, it parted, and high hopes were buried many fathoms below the surface.

The first expedition of 1858 also failed; the second one was successful; and on the 16th of August in that year Queen Victoria congratulated the President of the United States "upon the successful completion of this great international work;" and President Buchanan replied, trusting that the telegraph might "prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations." But after a few weeks' work, the cable gave its last throb, and was silent.

Not until 1865 was another attempt made, and then the cable was broken after 1200 miles had been successfully laid. Then, at the suggestion of Mr. (afterward Sir) Daniel Gooch, the Anglo-American Telegraph Company was formed; and on the 13th July 1866 another expedition left Ireland; and toward the end of the month, the *Great Eastern* glided calmly into Heart's Content, "dropping her anchor in front of the telegraph house, having trailed behind her a chain of two thousand miles, to bind the Old World to the New."

But the success of the year was more than the mere laying of a cable: the *Great Eastern* was able, in the words of the late Lord Iddesleigh, to complete the "laying of the cable of 1866, and the recovering that of 1865." The Queen conferred the honor of Knighthood on Captain Anderson, on Profes-

son Thomson, and on Messrs. Glass and Channing; while Mr. Gooch, M.P., was made a Baronet. The charge for a limited message was then twenty pounds; and it was not long before a rival company was begun, to share in the rich harvest looked for; and thus another cable was laid, leading ultimately to an amalgamation between its ordinary company and the original Anglo-American Telegraph Company.

Then, shortly afterward, the Direct United States Cable Company came into being, and laid a cable; a French company followed suit; the great Western Union Telegraph Company of America entered into the Atlantic trade, and had two cables constructed and laid. The commencement of ocean telegraphy by each of these companies led to competition, and reduced rates for a time with the original company, ending in what is known as a pool or joint purse agreement, under which the total receipts were divided in allotted proportions to the companies. These companies have now eight cables usually operative; and it was stated by Sir J. Pender that these eight cables "are capable of carrying over forty million words per annum."

In addition to the cables of the associated companies, the Commercial Cable Company own two modern cables; and one of the two additional ones to be laid this year is to be laid by this company—the other by the original—the Anglo-American Company. But the work is simple now to what it was thirty years ago. Then, there were only one or two cable-ships; now, in his address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr. Preece enumerates thirty-seven, of which five belong to the greatest of our telegraph companies, the Eastern. The authority we have just named says that "the form of cable has practically remained unaltered since the original Calais cable was laid in 1851;" its weight has been increased; and there have been

additions to it to enable it to resist insidious submarine enemies. The gear of the steamships used in the service has been improved; while the "picking-up gear" of one of the best known of these cable-ships is "capable of lifting thirty tons at a speed of one knot per hour." And there has been a wide knowledge gained of the ocean, its depth, its mountains, and its valleys, so that the task of cable-laying is much more of an exact science than it was. When the first attempt was made to lay an Atlantic cable, "the manufacture of sea-cables" had been only recently begun; now, 140,000 knots are at work in the sea, and yearly the area is being enlarged. When, in 1856, Mr. Thackeray subscribed to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, its share capital was £350,000—that being the estimated cost of the cable between Newfoundland and Ireland; now, five companies have a capital of over £12,500,000 invested in the Atlantic telegraph trade. The largest portion of the capital is that of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, which has a capital of £7,000,000, and which represents the Atlantic Telegraph Company, the New York and Newfoundland, and the French Atlantic Companies of old.

Though the traffic fluctuates greatly in some degree according to the charge per word (for in one year of lowest charges the number of words carried by the associated companies increased by 133 per cent., while the receipts decreased about 49 per cent.), yet it does not occupy fully the carrying capacity of the cables. But their "life" and service is finite, and thus it becomes needful from time to time to renew these great and costly carriers under the Atlantic; and this, as stated, at a cost of nearly one million sterling is to be effected for two of the companies about midsummer this year.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

RECENT estimates show England spends annually about £140,000,000 for drink and £6,000,000 for books; this shows the difference between drinking and thinking.

GREAT regret is felt in scientific and university circles of Germany at the death of Professor Heinrich Hertz, which took place at Bonn recently. Next to Helmholtz, he was considered by many the greatest physicist in Germany.

NEARLY all of the modern books of Guy de Maupassant's library were presentation copies, and were found with their leaves uncut.

MADAME BELOC, who knew George Eliot well, says that she was "the living incarnation of English Dissent. She had 'chapel' written in every line of the thoughtful, somewhat severe face—not the flourishing Dissent of Spurgeon or Parker, or the florid kindliness of Henry Ward Beecher, or the culture of Stopford Brooke, but the Dissent of Jonathan Edwards, of Philip Henry, of John Wesley, as he was ultimately forced to be—everything about her, to me, suggested Bunyan in his Bedford prison, or Mary Bosanquet watched by Fletcher of Madeley as she bore the pelt-ing of the stones in the streets of Northampton."

STOPFORD A. BROOKE's work, "Tennyson; his Art and Relation to Modern Life," is completed, and will be published by Messrs. Isbister about the middle of April. Besides a critical survey of the principal poems, the volume deals with Tennyson's faculty as an artist, his relation to Christianity and to social politics, his attitude toward nature (in which he differed from the great poets of the century), and his speculative theology.

THE latest photograph of Mr. Swinburne in a grizzled beard shows a much better-looking man than the Swinburne of his sentimental youthful portraits. He is now fifty-seven years old and lives in a handsome bachelor home at Putney with his friend, Theodore Watts. He is always more or less busy. The long list of over thirty volumes which bear his name will doubtless have several additions before death stills his pen. His new book, "Astrophel," has already reached a second edition in England.

HOWELLS'S TRIBUTE TO GOLDSMITH.—What Mr. Howells has recently written concerning literary style, says the *New York Tribune*, ought to be traced in gold above the desk of every young author. "Kindness and gentleness," he says, "are never out of fashion; it is these in Goldsmith which makes him our contemporary, and it is worth the while of any young person presently intending deathless renown to take a little thought of them. They are the sources of all refinement, and I do not believe that the best art in any kind exists without them. The style is the man, and he cannot hide himself in any garb of words so that we shall not know somewhat what manner of man he is within it; his speech betrayeth him, not only as to his country and his race, but more subtly yet as to his heart, and the loves and hates of his heart. As to Goldsmith, I do not think a man of harsh and arrogant nature, of worldly and selfish soul, could ever have written his style, and I do think that in far greater measure than criticism has recognized, his spiritual quality, his essential friendliness, expressed itself in the literary beauty that wins the heart as well as takes the fancy in his work. I should have my reservations and my animadversions if it came to close criticism of his work, but I am glad that he was the first author I loved."

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD's "Marcella" has already passed into a fourth edition, in three volumes.

*The Critic*, New York, hears that a copy, in excellent condition, of Poe's "Tamerlane" (1827), a very rare book, has recently been discovered, and is held at \$1625. It is said to have been picked up in a second-hand book-store in Boston sixty years ago, and to have remained in the possession of the purchaser ever since. Another copy was sold privately a year or two ago for \$2500.

MR. FRANK B. SANBORN, of Concord, Mass., is preparing a much enlarged edition of Thoreau's letters, which will be published in Boston, in the summer, under the title "Familiar Letters of Henry Thoreau."

MRS. RAMONA WOLFE, whose first name has become famous by reason of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's romance, has just died. San Diego



visitors take much interest in the little adobe church there where Ramona and Alessandro were married.

THE Amir of Afghanistan is engaged in writing his autobiography, and has already completed fifteen chapters, bringing events up to the close of the Durand Mission. The work is said to throw a curious light on the relations between Abdurrahman and the Indian newspapers at the time of his exile in Russian Turkistan.

THE CIRCULATION OF EMILE ZOLA'S WORKS.—Some interesting statistics are given by the *Daily News* Paris correspondent respecting the circulation of Zola's works. "La Débâcle" is the one that had the best sale, and yet it is not like 1870 as Mrs. Crawford remembers it. It had an issue of 175,000 volumes, "Nana" of 166,000, "L'Assommoir" of 127,000, "La Terre" of 100,000, "Le Rêve" of 88,000, "Germinal" of 88,000, "L'Argent" of 83,000, "Pot Bouille" of 82,000, "Une Page d'Amour" of 80,000, "Doctor Pascal" of 80,000, "La Conquête de Plassans" of 25,000, and "La Fortune des Rougon" of 26,000. M. Zola is as systematic and as sure to do a certain number of pages, and no more, a day as the late Anthony Trollope. Each book contains about 500 pages of forty lines a page. "La Débâcle" sold better in Germany than any of his other works; 20,000 copies were bought there, 15,000 in Russia, 10,000 in Italy, 5000 in South America, 5000 in England, and 4000 in Spain. M. Zola has made 250,000 francs with "La Débâcle."

THE death of Professor Henry Morley has been speedily followed by that of Dr. Morris, a philologist by natural instinct, who, although he enjoyed few advantages in early life, did more to advance the study of Early English than any other man of his time, unless it be Professor Skeat. His services to the Early English Text Society were beyond price, and on schoolboys he conferred a signal benefit by compiling his "Historical Outlines of English Accidence"—the first volume of the kind that could be called scientific—while his "Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar" and his selections from Chaucer have attained a very wide popularity. In his later life he devoted his chief attention to Pali, and worked zealously for the Pali Text Society. He was a quiet, modest man, who never put himself forward or advertised himself, and probably for this reason

no Prime Minister ever dreamed of bestowing ecclesiastical preferment on one of the most learned clergymen of his age. He lived and died a schoolmaster, and even as a schoolmaster he never obtained any lucrative post; only in 1890, when his health was beginning to fail, was he appointed to the headship of a small grammar school in Essex.

THE representatives in this country (England) of Mr. R. L. Stevenson have made arrangements to issue a collected edition of his works, which have hitherto been produced by different publishers and in various forms. The total number of volumes will amount to twenty, subdivided into sections, such as Travels and Excursions, Tales and Fantasies, etc.; and the volumes in each section will be numbered separately, so as to allow of the addition of any future works. It is proposed to include articles and papers not hitherto published in a collected form, such as: "The Pentland Rising" (1866); "The Philosophy of an Umbrella," written in college days; the suppressed "Amateur Emigrant" (1880), giving the author's experiences in the steerage of an American liner; and many unsigned contributions to the *Portfolio*. Mr. Stevenson is himself revising and rearranging these miscellaneous papers, though the actual publication will be under the supervision of his friend, Mr. Sidney Colvin. With the exception of some frontispieces, including an etched portrait of the author by Mr. W. Hole, it is intended that the books shall be printed without embellishment, but with the best materials and workmanship that modern resources can supply. A special paper is being made, with R. L. S. for watermark on each page; and it may be that an entirely new type will be cut. The size will be a moderately large octavo, about 6 by 9 inches; and the binding will be in plain cloth (with paper back-titles), resembling in ruddy hue the forty-eight-volume edition of the Waverley Novels. The public subscription will be limited to one thousand copies, each guaranteed by the signature of Mr. Charles Baxter, of Edinburgh, to whom "Kidnapped" was dedicated. The printers chosen for the work are Messrs. T. & A. Constable; the London agents are Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It is hoped that the first volume will be ready for issue by October.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has been interviewed by a representative of the *St. James's Gazette*, and this is what he said of America in general

and New England in particular : " Meanwhile, you yourself go back to New England after your holiday here ? " asked the reporter. " Yes. It suits my purposes, for the time. " " Apparently the climate suits you, " said our representative, glancing at Mr. Kipling's healthy brown cheeks. " Oh, the climate is excellent for nine months of the year. A lovely green country and soft gold sunshine all the summer ; and a perfect winter. Snow three feet deep, and such sleighing ! Did you ever sleigh ? No ; then you don't know one of the best things in life. Then the still clearness of the cold is delightful. There is hardly a stir of wind for days together, and with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero you can't catch cold if you try. I admit, when the wind *does* come it is pretty bad—a blizzard fit to blow the plates off the side of an iron-clad. The New England spring, too, is a surprise—frost, wind, and baking sun, in layers as it were, in three consecutive days. Still, on the whole, the climate is a good one for a foreigner. Whether it is just the sort to build up a tough race is another question. It is too dry—the air is too highly oxygenated. It makes brain better than muscle, and nerves more than either. Our moist gray English weather is the thing, after all, to keep the blood in the veins and the gastric juices in work. Now the Yankee does not seem to be able to sleep o' nights, or laugh out loud, or assimilate his food in peace. "

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#### MISCELLANY.

THE ROMANCE OF ORCHID-COLLECTING.—There is no real justification for surprise at the sometimes fabulous prices paid for orchids. The cost of obtaining them is so great, both in money and in human life, that the wonder really is they are so cheap. And some orchids are cheap. You can stock a greenhouse with specimens of a hundred varieties bought at an average of half a crown a piece. But you can also spend as many guineas as there are days in the year on one ugly little bulb which is the sole representative of a new species or variety ; or which is a departure from the established type of a known variety, either in color or in some other detail. These are the orchids which daring men seek in almost unknown regions. The adventures attending the search would fill many books. Generally Germans, but sometimes Frenchmen or Englishmen, the collec-

tors must have the patience of Job, the courage of Nelson, the lingual fluency of a courier, and the knowledge of a professor of science ; combined with power to endure years of hardship.

Some years ago, a collector for an English firm was sent to New Guinea to look for a *Dendrobium*, then very rare. He went to the country, dwelt among the natives for months, faring as they fared, and living under very trying conditions, and he found about four hundred of the plants. He loaded a little schooner with them ; but he put into a port in Dutch New Guinea, and the ship was burnt to the water's edge. He was ordered to go back for more, and he did. He found a magnificent collection of the orchids in a native burying ground, growing among exposed bones and skulls. After much hesitation, the natives allowed him to remove the orchids, some of them still in the skulls, and sent with the consignment a little idol, to watch over the spirits of the departed. Little wonder that these plants sold at prices ranging from five up to twenty-eight guineas each.

The dangers of the collector's task are terrible. Eight naturalists seeking various specimens in Madagascar once dined at Tamatave, and in one year after there was but a single survivor. Even this favored person was terribly afflicted, for, after a sojourn in the most malarious swamps, he spent twelve months in hospital, and left without hope of restored health. Two collectors seeking a single plant died one after the other of fever. A collector detained at Panama went to look for an orchid he had heard of ; and the Indians brought him back from the swamps to die. A man who insulted a Madagascar idol was soaked with paraffine by the priests and burnt to death. Mr. Frederick Boyle shows that these dangers must be encountered invariably, if rare or new orchids are to be found, for he speaks of one which " clings to the very tip of a slender palm in swamps which the Indians themselves regard with dread as the chosen home of fevers and mosquitoes. "

And the difficulties of the work are as great as its dangers. One collector was known to wade up to his middle in mud for a fortnight seeking for a specimen of which he had heard ; another lived among Indians for eight months, looking in untracked forests for a lost variety. To obtain the orchids which grow on trees, the collector must hire a certain area of woodland with the right to fell the timber. The

natives cannot be trusted to climb to the summits and gather the plants, and the collector cannot spare the time. So the wasteful plan of felling the trees is adopted; natives are employed to do the work, and the collector gathers his specimens from the fallen trunks. This, however, generally takes place far inland; the plants have then to be brought home. In one case they have to be carried six weeks on men's backs from the mountains to the Essequibo River; then carried six weeks in canoes, with twenty portages to Georgetown; then to England over the ocean. Mr. Boyle talks of a journey to the Roraima Mountain as quite easy travelling, yet it involves thirty-two loadings and unloadings of cargo; and in another direction "one must go in the bed of a torrent and on the face of a precipice alternately for an uncertain period of time, with a river to cross almost every day." Moreover, after all this trouble, the specimens often die on the journey, and the speculator has to risk the loss of one thousand pounds on a single cargo. What wonder that orchids are often dear?

Yet it is not so much the difficulty and danger which make them dear as rarity or peculiarity. Among a lot of the commonest orchids, some years ago, was found a plant similar to the rest in every characteristic except the color of its stem, which was green instead of brown. When it flowered, the bloom should have been green; but it was golden, and the plant became in consequence practically priceless. It was divided into two parts, and one was sold to Baron Schroeder for seventy-two guineas; the other to Mr. Measures for one hundred guineas. This latter piece was several times divided, selling for one hundred guineas each time; but Baron Schroeder's piece was never mutilated, and is now worth one thousand guineas! It would bring that sum, say the authorities, in the public saleroom. The good fortune of orchid buyers is sometimes remarkable. Bulbs which have not flowered, and give no sign of peculiarity, are often treasures in disguise. An amateur once gave three francs on the Continent for an *Odontoglossum*; it proved to be an unknown variety, and was resold for a sum exceeding one hundred pounds. Another rarity, bought with a lot at less than a shilling each, was resold for seventy-two guineas to Sir Trevor Lawrence, who has one of the finest collections, if not the finest, in England. A *Cattleya*, developing a new and

beautiful flower, at once advanced in value from a few shillings to two hundred and fifty guineas; it was afterward sold in five pieces for seven hundred guineas. Simply because its flower has proved to be white instead of the normal color, two hundred and eighty guineas have been given for a *Cattleya*; and hundreds of guineas are available at this present moment over and over again for rare or extraordinary orchids either in private collections or in the market. A plant no bigger than a tulip bulb has been sold for many times its weight in gold; and "a guinea a leaf" is a common, and often inadequate, estimate of the worth of rarities.

Only quite recently there was something in the nature of a pilgrimage of orchidists to the hothouses of Messrs. Sander & Co., of St. Albans, where a wonderful new orchid was on view. It is named "*Miltoniopsis Bleni Nobilus*," and carried sixteen blooms, each nearly five inches in diameter. The color is a flesh white, two rose wings of color spreading laterally, and in the centre of each blossom is a blotch of cinnamon tint with radiating lines. But it is altogether indescribable in the exquisite beauty of its hues. Nature has rarely been so lavish as over this gem. It is the newest and probably the most magnificent of all orchids.

The orchid mania is not diminishing; on the contrary, it is more active now than ever it was. In spite of the constant risk of loss, and the inevitable difficulties and dangers of the enterprise, one nurseryman in this country devotes himself entirely to the orchid trade. He deals in nothing but orchids, and trusts to the high price which the collectors will pay for a rarity to recompense him for the expenses of the collector's journey, and the losses which occur in the transfer of the plants from one continent to another. And there must be rarities for many years to come; because, although there are some two thousand varieties of orchids in cultivation, it is estimated that there are probably ten thousand in existence, could they all be found.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**PAGANS AT PLAY.**—It is probable that few of us who are in the habit of attending pantomimes, circuses, race-meetings, or athletic sports, ever take the trouble to glance backward in order to compare these modern spectacles, their conduct and arrangements, with their prototypes of two thousand years ago.

One thing is certain—namely, that if a Roman who had witnessed the shows organized by Julius Caesar or Nero could have the opportunity of assisting at even the most thrilling of our nineteenth-century entertainments, he would be terribly bored, and would go away loudly lamenting the decadence of modern pleasures and the squeamishness of modern pleasure-seekers. He would look back with regretful longing to the splendid realism of the colossal spectacles that took place annually under the Empire—the large sums that were spent, the blood that was shed, and the lives that were sacrificed, in order “to make a Roman holiday.”

It was easy for an emperor to achieve popularity in pagan Rome. Not freedom, not reform, not education, but “bread and games” were all that the people demanded, and perhaps in their hearts the games were held more necessary than the bread. Under the Republic there were seven performances annually, lasting in all about sixty-six days. These were paid for by the State, and usually cost a couple of thousand pounds of our money. Sometimes, however, games were given by some public-spirited individual who desired to gain popularity, or by sorrowing mourners at the funeral of friends or relations. Under the Empire the time occupied by these spectacles was increased to a hundred and seventy-three days annually, and even more, while the cost of a brilliant show rose to seven or eight thousand pounds. The games, which usually began at sunrise and lasted till sunset, consisted of three distinct kinds—i.e., horse-and-chariot races, combats between gladiators, and combats between men and wild beasts; but into these many variations were introduced. The performances were advertised by means of *affiches* pasted on walls or buildings. On one of these placards, discovered at Pompeii, it is announced that shelter will be provided for the spectators in case of rain; in another that the arena will be well watered, in order that the dust may be laid. The night before the spectacle began a great banquet was given to the gladiators, presumably the volunteers or hired champions. At daybreak these heroes marched in procession to the amphitheatre, and after the signal had been given by a blast of trumpets, the fun began. Any symptom of fear on the part of a gladiator roused the fiercest wrath of the assembled multitudes, and the timid or hesitating were encouraged with whips and red-hot irons. During the pauses for rest and re-

freshment, fresh sand was sprinkled on the blood-stained arena, and the dead were carried out by men wearing the mask of Mercury. Other officials, under the disguise of the Etruscan demon Charon, brought hot irons, with which they made sure that the apparent corpses were really dead, and not shirking. Biers were in readiness to carry the bodies to the mortuary chamber; and here, if a spark of life was found yet lingering in any poor mangled wretch, he was promptly put out of his misery.

New effects had constantly to be devised in order to stimulate the interest of the people, who became sated with blood and horrors. Combats by lamplight were organized, as well as contests between dwarfs and even women, but the latter were soon forbidden. The introduction of wild beasts into the arena added a fresh sensation to the public games. The first animal combat took place in the year *n.c.* 186. Bulls, bears, stags, and many other beasts, exotic or home bred, fought together or with men, who were called *bestiaries*. A hundred years later rarer creatures were introduced, such as crocodiles, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, and even the giraffe. The appearance of such animals says much for the cleverness of the hunters employed to cater for the Roman spectacles, since from gladiatorial days down to the early part of the present century no giraffes or hippopotami were brought to Europe owing to the extreme difficulty of capturing them alive. At the *fête* of a hundred days given by Titus in the year 80, five thousand savage beasts of various kinds were shown in one day, and at the spectacle given by Trajan, which lasted four months, no less than eleven thousand animals were exhibited. The animals were usually introduced into the arena ornamented with variegated scarves, metal plaques, gold leaf, and tinsel. They were also painted in gaudy colors. Bulls were painted white, sheep purple, ostriches vermilion, and the lions had their manes gilded. The Roman animal trainers must have been men of extraordinary genius, and would certainly have put our modern trainers to the blush. We hear of Julius Caesar being lighted to his house by elephants carrying torches in their trunks, and Mark Antony being drawn through the streets by lions harnessed to his chariot. In one of the spectacles given by Domitian a performing lion carried hares into the arena in his mouth without hurting them, let them go, and caught them again. Elephants wrote Latin verses,



and danced on the tight-rope. Pliny tells of one of these animals who learnt less quickly than its fellows, and being anxious, presumably, to catch them up, or to escape punishment, was discovered rehearsing its lesson in the middle of the night.

Far more horrible and demoralizing than the combats were the wholesale executions of prisoners, who were bound to posts in the middle of the arena, and devoured by the beasts that were let loose upon them. Sometimes the poor creatures were provided with arms, which only served to prolong their agonies for a few moments. In the year 47 multitudes of Breton prisoners were massacred in this fashion at Rome, while at the conclusion of the Jewish war 2500 Jewish prisoners perished at Cæsarea during the public games. Pantomimes and *tableaux vivants* were terribly realistic entertainments under the Empire. Criminals appeared dressed in magnificent garments, from which flames suddenly burst forth and consumed the wearers. Ixion was shown on his wheel, and Mucius Sævola holding his hand in a brazier until it was reduced to ashes.

The first occasion on which the amphitheatre was flooded and a naval combat represented was at one of the triumphs of Julius Cæsar. A second, on a larger scale, was given by Augustus in the year 2 B.C., when a sea-fight between the Athenians and the Persians was acted by thirty battleships, equipped with 3000 men. But this was far eclipsed by a naval battle given by Claudius in celebration of the completion of the canal which was intended to carry the waters of Lake Celano across a neighboring mountain. Two enormous fleets, one supposed to be Sicilian, the other Rhodian, appeared on the lake, armed with 19,000 men. The banks of the lake and the hills in the neighborhood were covered with immense crowds of spectators, who had come from all parts of the country. The combatants, though criminals, fought bravely, but as the ships were surrounded by rafts guarded by cohorts, there was no chance of escape. The rise of Christianity, with its doctrines of the sanctity of human life and the universal brotherhood of men, gradually put an end to these barbarous spectacles.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A GREAT ASTRONOMER.—The most picturesque figure in the history of astronomy is undoubtedly that of the famous Danish as-

tronomer, Tycho Brahe. He is alike notable for his genius and for his character, though the latter was by no means perfect. His romantic career and his taste for splendor, his ardent friendships and his furious quarrels, make him an ideal subject for a biographer, while the magnificent astronomical work which he accomplished has given him imperishable fame. Tycho sprang from a noble stock. His family had flourished for centuries, both in Sweden and in Denmark, where his descendants are to be found at the present day. The astronomer's father was a privy councillor, and he had filled important positions in the Danish Government. He was ultimately promoted to be governor of Helsingborg Castle, where he spent the last years of his life. His illustrious boy, Tycho, was born in 1546, and was the second child and eldest son in a family of ten. It appears that Otto, the father of Tycho, had a brother named George, who was childless. George, however, longed to have a boy on whom he could lavish his affection and to whom he could bequeath his wealth. A somewhat singular arrangement was accordingly entered into by the brothers at the time when Otto was married. It was agreed that the first son who was born to Otto should be forthwith handed over by the parents to George to be reared and adopted by him. In due time little Tycho appeared, and was immediately claimed by George in pursuance of the compact. But the parental instinct here interposed. Tycho's father and mother receded from the bargain and refused to part with their son. George thought he was badly treated. However, he acquiesced until a year later, when a brother was born to Tycho. The uncle then felt no scruple in asserting what he believed to be his rights by the simple process of stealing the small nephew whom he considered to belong to him. After a little time it would seem that the parents became content, and thus it was in Uncle George's home that the future astronomer passed his childhood.

It was the wish and the intention of his uncle that Tycho's education should be specially directed to those branches of rhetoric and philosophy which were then supposed to be necessary for one whose career was to be that of a statesman. Tycho, however, speedily made it plain to his teachers that though he was an ardent student, yet the things which interested him must be the movements of the

heavenly bodies and not the subtleties of metaphysics.

On October 21st, 1560, an eclipse of the sun occurred which was partially visible at Copenhagen. Tycho, boy though he was, took the utmost interest in this event. The circumstance which chiefly excited his ardor and astonishment was the fact that the time of the occurrence of the phenomenon could be predicted with so much accuracy. With his desire to understand the matter thoroughly Tycho sought to procure some book which might explain what he so greatly wanted to know. In those days books of any kind were but few and scarce, and scientific books were especially unattainable. It so happened, however, that a Latin version of Ptolemy's astronomical works appeared a few years before the eclipse just mentioned. Tycho managed to buy a copy of this book, which was then the chief authority on celestial matters. Young as the boy astronomer was, he studied hard, but perhaps not always successfully, to understand Ptolemy, and to this day his copy of the great work, copiously annotated and marked by the schoolboy hand, is preserved as one of the chief treasures in the library of the University at Prague.

Always of a somewhat turbulent disposition, it appears that, while at the University of Rostock, Tycho had a serious quarrel with another Danish nobleman. They fought, as perhaps it was becoming for two astronomers to fight, under the canopy of heaven in utter darkness, at the dead of night, and the duel was honorably terminated when a slice was taken off Tycho's nose by the insinuating sword of his antagonist. For the repair of this injury the ingenuity of the great instrument maker was here again useful, and he made a substitute for his nose "with a composition of gold and silver." The imitation was so good that it is declared to have been quite equal to the original.

Before Tycho was seventeen he had commenced the difficult task of calculating the places which the planets occupied on the sky. He was not a little surprised to find that the actual positions of the planets differed very widely from the places which were attributed to them by the best calculations that could be made from the existing works of astronomers. With the insight of genius he saw that the only true method of investigating the movements of the heavenly bodies would be to carry on a protracted series of measurements

of their places. This, which now seems to us so obvious, was then an entirely new doctrine. Tycho at once commenced regular observations in such fashion as he could. His first instrument was, indeed, a very primitive one: he placed his eye at the hinge of a pair of compasses, and then opened the legs of the compass so that one leg pointed to one star and the other leg to the other star. The compass was then brought down to a divided circle, by which means the number of degrees in the apparent distance of the two stars was determined.

An event occurred in 1572 which stimulated Tycho's astronomical labors, and started him on his life work. On November 11th in that year, he was returning home to supper after a day's work in his laboratory, when he happened to lift his face to the sky, and there he beheld a brilliant new star. One of the chief theories then held was, that just as the Star of Bethlehem announced the first coming of Christ, so the second coming, and the end of the world, was heralded by the new star of 1572.

The researches of Tycho on this object were the occasion of his first appearance as an author.

For twenty years Tycho labored hard at Uraniborg in the pursuit of science. His island home provided the means of recreation as well as a place for work. He was surrounded by a family, troops of friends were not wanting, and a pet dwarf seems to have been an inmate of his curious residence. By way of change from his astronomical labors he used frequently to work with his students in his chemical laboratory. It is not indeed known what particular problems in chemistry occupied his attention. It appears, however, that he engaged largely in the production of medicines, and as these appear to have been dispensed gratuitously there was no lack of patients.

Later we find him in Bohemia a prematurely aged man, and he died on October 24th, 1601, exhorting with his latest breath his friend Kepler to continue the important work on which he had engaged.—*Good Words*.

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.—Lecturing on "Literature and Journalism" at the Royal Institution, Mr. H. D. Traill said that newspapers would notice the discovery of a new plant, but that of a new poet would not be considered any item of news at all. Now the dis-

covery of a new poet had ceased to be news because of its monotonous and fatiguing frequency. It might be asked whether this periodical reincarnation of Shakespeare was of service to literature, and it was true that a blur of falsity became spread over that which ought, before all things, to be the mirror of truth. Nevertheless, it was not going too far to say that no important addition could be made to human thought and knowledge by the man of letters, but the journalist was at hand to seize upon it, and carry it from the narrow circle of perhaps only hundreds of readers to which the printed book addressed itself, and bring it, within a few hours it might be, to the ears of hundreds of thousands, possibly millions, whether they would hear or whether they would forbear. If that was rendering a service to literature, then, beyond all question, that service was rendered by journalism. The latter was on its defence when it was asked, "Is thought itself really served by being boiled down and dished up daily to every applicant who presents himself, with a penny in his hand, to this vast literary soup kitchen of the world?" Great writers -- Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay -- made their way in spite of newspapers, which had no word to say of them until they had won their spurs. Many of us disliked what is called a "boom," and there could be no doubt that this excessive attention to literature entailed the frequent necessity of sensations, mostly shams. New stars were perpetually being discovered in the literary firmament, and some day we should see it announced that such and such a discovery was not made in time "for our first edition." Every new extravagance or absurdity in fiction, every achievement of record-breaking theology, must at once be announced in the daily papers. Was journalism guilty of cheapening literature to a greater extent than the writers of books? Did not the ceaseless issue of manuals, primers, little volumes on great subjects, books about books, cheapen literature as much as the daily Press itself? It might be retorted that these little works were not intended as short cuts, but as finger-posts -- were not meant to satisfy, but to whet the literary appetite. The journalist, however, might say the same thing, and claim to be put on a level with the author of such works. The newspaper article was as good as the book of chatter about Shelley. No doubt the cloth-bound volume was outwardly a more

respectable member of society than the newspaper. The book might be said to be to the newspaper what a man in a frock-coat was to a man in his shirt-sleeves. Still, the difference might only be external -- for stitching, binding, and hot-pressing could not turn nonsense into sense. In any point of view, however, the deficiencies of journalism could hardly injure literature.

THE PARLIAMENTS AND MINISTRIES OF THE CENTURY. -- The first Parliament of the United Kingdom, which was merely the continued existence of one elected in 1796, met in January, 1801, and was dissolved in the autumn of the following year. Pitt was at this time the one indispensable man who alike possessed the king's confidence and the capacity to govern. Addington tried to do it for a while, but Pitt alone was equal to the times, and he was Premier when he sank beneath the cares of office in 1806. This was a year which was marked by events of great constitutional importance. It was then, for the first time since the rise of Pitt in 1783, and for the last time until 1830, that the Whigs held office. Those who are accustomed to the present uniform swing of the pendulum from one side to the other, may well reflect with amazement upon a time when one of the great parties in the State, with one brief exception, was excluded from office for nearly half a century. It is a fact which is eloquent with a meaning. This Whig Ministry, the "Ministry of all the Talents," with Lord Grenville as Premier and Fox as Foreign Secretary, had a very brief existence. They proposed a measure of Catholic Relief. The king not only forbade them to introduce the bill, or even to offer him any advice upon the subject, but also endeavored to extort from them a pledge that they would never presume to do so again. They refused, were dismissed, and a Tory Ministry with the Duke of Portland at its head was appointed in their place. It was in this government, it may be noted, that Lord Palmerston, then a young man of twenty-three, held his first office as a Lord of the Admiralty. This Ministry immediately advised a dissolution, and taking advantage of the favoring breezes of the hour, they succeeded in obtaining a substantial majority. Then ensued in home politics a long period of monotonous routine. If the administration was safe, it certainly was dull. It was an age of respectable mediocrities. Burke's stately eloquence, Fox's gen-

erous ardor, and Pitt's administrative genius, were a memory to treasure, and that was all. When the mantles fell, there were none to take them up. The Duke of Portland died in 1809, and was succeeded by Spencer Perceval, a conscientious minister, whose useful services did not screen him from the gibes of the malicious and the witty. It was recorded to his credit that he was "faithful to Mrs. Perceval and kind to the Master Percevals;" but it was somewhat cruelly added that "if public and private virtues must always be incompatible," it were better that "he destroyed the domestic happiness of Wood or Cockell, owed for the veal of the preceding year, whipped his boys and saved his country." Perceval was assassinated in the lobby of the House in 1812, and for nearly fifteen years the country submitted to the soporific rule of the "arch-medocrity," the industrious Earl of Liverpool. He retired from ill health in 1827, and was succeeded by the brilliant and meteoric Canning, who at least for his contributions to the *Anti-Jacobin* will always find a grateful posterity. A few months of office killed him, and Lord Goderich, whom Disraeli dubbed the "transient and embarrassed phantom," took for a time the vacant place. He made way for the Duke of Wellington in 1828, and for the first and last time a great soldier became Prime Minister of England. For nearly three years he saw to it that the king's government should be carried on, and his administration was marked by an event of great constitutional importance, the passing of the Act for Catholic Emancipation. The overwhelming interest excited by the passing of the Act has thrown into the shade an aspect of the case which is equally important. George the Fourth yielded where George the Third had stood firm, and in surrendering the position, he marked, as will be seen, the final consummation of a change in our constitutional practice which had long been impending.

The spirit of innovation was everywhere abroad, and the Don Quixotes of Conservatism began to labor heavily beneath the cumbersome armor of a bygone age. The new Parliament of 1830 contained a majority favorable to reform. The Duke of Wellington resigned, and Earl Grey formed a Whig administration. Earl Grey successfully appealed to the country in 1831, and after a great historic conflict with the Lords passed the first Reform Bill into law. Earl Grey retired in 1834, and

Lord Melbourne took his place. This amiable and easy peer, the "indolent Epicurean," who was content "to saunter over the destinies of a nation and lounge away the glory of an empire," had not held office many months when William the Fourth used his prerogative in a way of which something will presently be said. He believed, or affected to believe, that the Commons did not truly represent the opinion of the country. He dismissed the Whig Ministry and sent for Sir Robert Peel, who advised a dissolution. But the king was wrong, and Peel, rather than meet a hostile majority in the House of Commons, resigned. Lord Melbourne returned to power and formed one of the longest administrations of the century. His authority in 1839 began to ooze away, and his government suffered a virtual defeat on a measure which involved the suspension of the constitution of Jamaica. He resigned; Sir Robert Peel was sent for, and his attempt to form a government gave rise to one of those events which, though trivial in themselves, produce more important consequences. On this occasion it was a question of the removal of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, which, though a purely personal question, constrained Sir Robert to give up his undertaking, and prolonged the Whig Ministry until 1841. In that year occurred an incident which has since been turned into a very formidable precedent. A motion of want of confidence was for the first time in the history of the House of Commons successfully carried against the Ministry of the day by a majority of one. This historic resolution, which was moved by Peel himself, deserves particular record. It ran as follows: "That Her Majesty's Government do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem essential to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution." It was a strongly worded claim by the Commons for a paramount position which is now without question accorded to them. . . . In 1868 Benjamin Disraeli, the "superlative Hebrew conjurer" of Carlyle, became Prime Minister of England; and he who was at first laughed down with derision, commanded the respect and obedience of the House. To use his own expression, which is more forcible than elegant, he had climbed to the top of the greasy pole.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.